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NARRATIVE

OF A

MISSION TO BOKHARA.

Mirza Abdul Wahab del.

NARRATIVE

OF A

MISSION TO BOKHARA,

IN THE YEARS 1843—1845,

TO ASCERTAIN

THE FATE OF COLONEL STODDART AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY;

BY THE

REV. JOSEPH WOLFF, D.D., LL.D.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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TO

HIS EXCELLENCY SIR STRATFORD CANNING,

British Ambassador at Constantinople,

WHOSE SINCERE FRIENDSHIP, DISTINGUISHED PROTECTION, AND KIND HOSPITALITY, I AM PROUD TO ACKNOWLEDGE;

TO

CAPTAIN GROVER,

MY WARM AND ZEALOUS FRIEND, THE PRESIDENT OF THE STODDART AND CONOLLY COMMITTEE;

AND TO

THE GENTLEMEN OF THAT COMMITTEE,

EQUALLY ESTIMABLE FOR THEIR TRUE ENGLISH PHILANTHROPY AND CHRISTIAN COMMISERATION FOR THEIR BRETHREN IN DISTRESS AND IMPRISONMENT.

I DEDICATE THE FOLLOWING PAGES.

JOSEPH WOLFF.

PREFACE.

Few words will suffice to lay so simple a story as the causes which led to the production of the Work now before the public. In 1843 I undertook, at the desire of the Stoddart and Conolly Committee, to ascertain the fate of these officers. It will, I trust, appear that I have realized what I then undertook. I claim no further merit than having kept my word to them. They supplied me with pecuniary means to undertake the journey. I have to thank the Foreign Office for furthering the object I had in view, by all points short of making me a British Envoy. The exertions of the Envoy at Teheraun, it will be seen, in procuring a letter from the Shah, saved my life. I owe that, undoubtedly, twice to the friendly Power of Persia. It will be further

fully apparent, from the letters of Colonel Sheil, our Envoy at Teheraun, that he dared not venture on writing to me, since that step would probably have occasioned my death; so that my danger at Bokhara may be distinctly gathered from that circumstance alone.

I have to acknowledge on my wanderings, the kindness of Admiral Sir Edward Owen, Sir Patrick Stuart at Malta, Mr. Stevens at Erzroom, my generous and noble-minded friend Colonel Williams, Mr. James Brant, and Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse; and also that of Colonel Sheil at Teheraun. But most especially must I thank Sir Stratford and Lady Canning, for their great kindness during my stay at Constantinople: nor must I omit to mention Their Excellencies Count and Countess Stürmer, Count Von Medem, and Monsieur Titow.

For the quietude of soul of the friends of those murdered officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, I have to observe that they

were both of them cruelly slaughtered at Bokhara, after enduring agonies from confinement in prison of the most fearful character; masses of their flesh having been gnawn off their bones by vermin, in 1843. The cause of these foul atrocities being practised on them, the positive agent of their entire misery, was the Nayeb of Nasir Ullah Behadur, Ameer of Bokhara, Abdul Samut Khan. I charge on that pretended friend of the English nation this foul atrocity. I wish that this open declaration of mine should find insertion in the Persian newspapers published at Lahore and Delhi. I wish it to reach the Ameer of Bokhara, in order that that Sovereign, whose ear has been much abused by that foul miscreant, should perceive that he has been led to act under false and erroneous impressions with regard to the real objects at heart of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and that Abdul Samut Khan intended to have added me to their bloody graves. I appeal to his understanding, whether a letter from England then received from any of

our Authorities, would not also probably have led me, a simple traveller, to share the fate of these Diplomatic Agents of England. I assert that Abdul Samut Khan, the Nayeb, wished me further to give him thirty thousand tillahs, to effect the death of the very Sovereign who has so highly honoured him. These are grave charges,—let the Persian come into the lists and disprove them.

In the progress of this Work, I have to acknowledge my obligations to Professor Haughton, for the translation of a valuable Persian paper in the Appendix, written by Captain Conolly: to the Reverend H. G. Williams, for the translation of the paper of my Mirza, Abdul Wahab: to Major Ouseley, for the translation of several letters: to Professor Forbes, for aid in the Narrative of Abdul Wahab: to the Reverend C. J. Smith*, and my friend the Reverend Christopher Bird, Rector

* The portion of this gentleman's labours forms APPENDIX No. I.

of High Hoyland, for their united exertions in a valuable digest of a portion of the Oriental Liturgies.

To Mr. Vigne I have also to return my thanks for the Portraits of Abdul Samut Khan and Muhammed Shah Nakshbande. Also to Mr. Frank Macnaghten, brother-in-law of Captain Conolly, for his care of my son during my absence.

But most of all are my acknowledgments due to my excellent, kind-hearted, and learned friend the Reverend J. W. Worthington, D.D., who arranged and corrected most kindly the whole of my Narrative, and took besides such a warm and brotherly interest in my welfare as I *never never* can forget.

June 30*th*, 1845.

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NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

Mysterious state of the Pagan World. Life of Dr. Wolff: converted to Christianity; banished from Rome; begins his Missionary Labours in 1821. From 1821 to 1826, occupied in Missions among the Jews in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Crimea, Georgia, and Ottoman Empire. From 1826 to 1830, similarly occupied in Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean; commences a fresh Mission in 1831. In Asia Minor meets with Armenians; passes thence to Kurdistaun. Adventures with the Head Tearer, Muhammed Kale Khan Kerahee. Is made a Slave; saved from his Captivity by Abbas Mirza. Arrives at Meshed; goes to Sarakhs, Mowr, Karakol, and Bokhara, where he is well treated by the Ameer. Crosses the Oxus to Balkh; thence to Peshawr; enters the Punjaub; proceeds to Simlah. Kindly received by Lord and Lady W. Bentinck. Crosses into Cashmeer; Conversation with Fakeers, Brahmins, and Muhammedans. Reaches Delhi; then Agra. Cawnpore; meets here with Lieutenant Conolly; Kindness of Lieutenant Conolly. Lucknow; disputes with the Muhammedan Mullahs before the King of Oude. Benares; Remarks on the Buddhists. Visits Calcutta; Masulipatam; Hyderabad. Seized with Cholera Morbus. Reaches Madras; Trichinopoly; Cochin; meets here with Black and White Jews. Goa; Poonah; Bombay; Mocha; Jiddah; Suez; Cairo. Reaches Malta, March 20th, 1834. Prepares his Travels for Publication.

"Verily Thou art a God that hidest Thyself! Oh God of Israel, the Saviour!" This must be the exclamation of every man whose eye has attentively marked the ways of Providence in the East. To one who, like myself, has gazed on the children of the

Gentiles in their large scatterings, and on my own Israel in her deep dispersions, the above passage comes home to the soul with all the deep and solemn impression that a sinking sunset in a tropical land produces. The heart is filled with the deep mysteries of creativeness, when it reflects on the wonderful providence of God in the yet partial revealing. To me the darkness that has gathered over earth appears fast dissipating,—the iron scourge of the church of God for thirteen centuries seems fast corroding in its strongest hold, and the prophecies of its downfall seem rapidly hastening to fulfilment. The powerful force of events of this character has attracted the attention of even the busy politicians of the East, and they have owned they see the action of a more than ordinary might, and the Turks themselves speak clearly of the speedy rule of the Giaour.

My own life has been as the scenes I have witnessed. I began life as one of the dispersed people of God. At an early period I received pure Christianity in the schools of the enlightened Friedrich Leopold, Count of Stolberg, the well-known Poet, celebrated Greek Scholar, and Statesman; next from the distinguished Roman Catholic Bishop, Johannes Michael Sailer, Frint at Vienna, Bolzano at Prague, and the writings of Fenelon, Pascal, and Bossuet. I was then introduced to that excellent Pope, Pius VII., to Cardinal Litta, and the present Cardinal

Ostini, and entered the Collegio Romano, and then the Propaganda at Rome; and though I am indebted to the Propaganda for many excellent things I witnessed, and though I shall always feel obliged to speak with gratitude of Pius VII. and Cardinal Litta, I nevertheless heard many sentiments, and saw many practices in the Church, against which my conscience revolted, and I was openly obliged to protest against them, which induced Pope Pius VII. and Cardinal Litta to decree my banishment from Rome. In the convent of Val-Saint, in Switzerland, amongst the monks of the order of the Congregatio Sanctissimi Redemptoris, or the so-called Ligorians, I became still more convinced that my sentiments differed from those of the Church of Rome. I therefore came to Cambridge in the year 1819. Under the direction of Professor Lee, I studied the Persian and Arabic, and by the fatherly attention of that holy man, the Rev. Charles Simeon, of King's College, Cambridge, I acquired theology, and when this further light broke in upon me, became a member of the Church of England. My inner world has thus been as this outer, in which I have walked.

Let me now, in connexion with the causes that produced the present work, give a brief summary of the past labours that led to my last mission. I began in 1821, and accomplished in 1826, my mis-

sionary labours among the dispersed of my people in Palestine, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Persia, Krimea, Georgia, and the Ottoman Empire. My next labours among my brethren were in England, Scotland, Ireland, Holland, and the Mediterranean, from 1826 to 1830. I then proceeded to Turkey, Persia, Tūrkistaun, Bokhara, Affghanistaun, Cashmeer, Hindūstaun, and the Red Sea, from 1831 to 1834. Bokhara and Balkh—when, in 1829, at Jerusalem—occupied especially my attention, on the ground that I expected to find in them the traces of the lost Ten Tribes of the Dispersion. This led to my first visit to Bokhara. Before, however, I proceed to this, I am induced, at the solicitation of many kind friends, to dwell on a few leading circumstances before my arrival in that city. They will also be necessary in great part to the clear understanding of the subsequent portion of this narrative.

In passing through Asia Minor, I held numerous and interesting conversations with the Armenians and the Mussulmans. With the latter especially I omitted no opportunity that was afforded me, consistent with their habits, of inculcating a far higher reverence for Christ, than that profound respect even in which they hold his name. I omitted no opportunity, I say also, of examining both Armenian, Persian, Hebrew, Arabic and Greek MSS. In the Armenian Bible, for example, I found an important

variation. In Daniel viii. 14, they read 2068, whereas in our version it is 2300. In this passage, a MS. in the possession of the Jews of Bokhara, reads 2400 instead of 2300. With the Yesedee, or worshippers of the devil, I held long conversations. This singular people, amid one of their strange rites, dance annually around the ruins of ancient Babylon.

In Kurdistaun I had long conferences with the Jews, whom I found possessed of much learning. I spoke with them in Hebrew and Chaldean, which they mix considerably with Turkish. Several rabbins, however, spoke Hebrew remarkably well. I had also, in Teheraun, affecting interviews with the Jews, in which I expounded to them the Scriptures. Various curious conversations that I had with the Sheahs, or followers of Ali, in Persia, would fill volumes. With the Guebres, or worshippers of fire, how often also have I conversed in Shiraz, Isfahan, and Kashaun. How singular and wild the aspect of the sons of fire! How analogous their angel history to the Jewish! How similar to the rites of Vesta! How like that early adoration when my people bowed to the luminous Shechinah of the Lord! Yet if idolatry has been rife on my path, rarely has my step fallen where I did not trace Christianity. In Egypt I found the Kopts; in Palestine, the Maronites, Syrians, Grceks, Armenians, and Armenian Catho-

lics; in Mesopotamia, at Merdeen, Mosool, Arbel, and Bagdad, I met the Jacobites, the followers of Nestorius, and Roman Catholics; in Asia Minor, at Trebizond, Bayazid, Shooshe in Karabagh, again Armenians; at Tiflis, the Georgians. Again, how singularly did I find in these regions the same great differences of Calvinism and Arminianism that exist among ourselves. We are too apt to look on the Muhammedan as a fatalist; but in Mecca, as well as elsewhere, the limits of the will are freely discussed. Haje Sheikh Muhammed told me, in the words of Milton, "Foreknowledge of God does not affect the free will of men." How eternal and inextinguishable also appeared the customs of the East! For instance, the shepherd precedes his sheep and his sheep follow him, the judges sit under the gate, the disciples of the learned pour water on the hands of their masters, the Jews swear by the Temple of Jerusalem; and Jew, Christian, and Muhammedan, by their heads; the bride is awakened by the screams of other women, exclaiming, "The bridegroom cometh;" torches are carried before her at midnight; the war about wells, as in the time of Moses and Jacob, still subsists in Yemen; the lamentations over a nurse are also continued; the names of people are still given to indicate the events of the period; the king bestows a name significative of his employ on his

minister; the lepers sit outside the gates of cities; bad vines are called Vines of Sodom; holy places are approached by putting the shoes from off the feet; the scarf is wrought on both sides; the Rechabite plants no vineyard, sows no seed, lives in tents; the Derveesh, like the Nazarite of old, still makes vows that no razor shall come upon his head; barren women still perform pilgrimages to holy places, and this state is held in abhorrence, as in ancient time; Armenian women vow, like Hannah of old, that if they receive a son, he shall be devoted to God; cities of refuge for the shedder of blood unawares, still subsist, and the person guilty of blood must flee with his family, like the first murderer, to other places.

From various conversations with Affghauns in Khorassaun and elsewhere, I learnt that some of them are proud of an origin from the children of Israel, but I doubt the truth of that partial tradition. Amid the khans of Khorassaun, Muhammed Izhak Kerahe of Torbad Hydarēa, the Rustam of the East, was the most remarkable for ferocity. At Sangerd the caravan was attacked by robbers; one of them seized my horse, crying out, "*Pool!*" (money); I gave him all I had. I was soon surrounded by others, stripped even of the shirt on my back, and had a rag covered with vermin thrown over me, and was brought out into the

highway, where all my fellow-travellers of the caravan were assembled, weeping and crying, and bound to the tails of horses. The robbers were twenty-four in number. We were driven along by them in continual gallop, on account of the approach of the Tūrkomauns; for if the Tūrkomauns had found them out, our robbers would have been made slaves by them, they being Sheahs themselves. During the night three prisoners escaped. At two in the morning we slept in a forest. They had pity on me, and gave me a cup of tea made of my own; they then put a price on me and my servant, valuing him at ten and myself at five tomauns. They took his money from him, by which I found that he had previously robbed me of sixteen tomauns. After this we were put in irons. They consulted about killing me, but did not do so, from fear of Abbas Mirza. The promise of a good ransom at Torbad Hydarēa saved my life. The first question put by the robbers openly before the people of Torbad was, "How is the tyrant Muhammed Izhak Khan going on? Is he not yet dead?" They replied, "No; but one of his sons is dead." *Robbers.* "A pity that he died not himself, then we should be free from that tyrant, and not be obliged to plunder people in the path, and eat the *bread of blood.*" We saw hundreds of blind persons, of both sexes, near the gate of Torbad. The robbers turned to me, and said,

"Do you see these blind men and women? their eyes were taken out by that eye-cutting and head-tearing tyrant Muhammed Izhak Khan, of Torbad Hydarēa*. God curse him and curse his house, —curse him in his getting up,—curse him in his lying down! God curse his wife, and the fruit of her womb!—and may he that has made many widows, may he die, that the dogs drink his blood, that his wives may be widows, and his children orphans."

Though naked, they examined us narrowly as we entered Torbad, thinking we might have money concealed about us. I exclaimed, שמע ישראל, "Hear, Israel," (a common exclamation of my countrymen throughout the world,) and was soon surrounded by Jews. They pledged themselves that I should not run away, received me to their homes, where I preached to them the Gospel of Jesus. They were quite ignorant of his history, sufferings, and death, which also convinces me that the Jews of Khorassaun and Bokhara are of the Ten Tribes who never returned to Palestine after the Babylonish captivity. Therefore there still remains to be fulfilled the prophecy recorded in Ezekiel xxxix. 28: "Then shall they know that I am the Lord their God which caused

* He places his hands on the head of his subjects, and literally, from his enormous strength, rends the scalp, and it is said sometimes the skull, of his victims.

them to be led into captivity among the nations, but I have gathered them unto their own land, *and have left none of them any more there.*" The next day I was desired to go back to the robbers, when I was suddenly put into irons, and chained with the rest of the slaves. One of the slave sellers, a malicious Kurd, squeezed the irons over my legs crossways, to pain me still further. My fellow slaves, though bound in one common chain, cursed me incessantly. The director of the police said, "To this infidel you must give neither water to drink, nor a galyoon to smoke, for he is *nedshas* (unclean). If he is thirsty, he may go to the well and drink like any other dog." Suddenly, in the midst of my persecutions, a man appeared, who exclaimed, "Is any Englishman here?" "Yes, yes," was my exclamation. The chains were removed, a soldier of Abbas Mirza had arrived with a letter for Muhammed Izhak Khan, ordering him to release me. He gave instant orders to that effect, and bastinadoed the robbers, wishing the whole matter to appear as done without his consent. I was brought before him. He is a tall stout man, with very large eyes, of black complexion, never looking into your face, but with a down glance, a deep thundering voice. His sword, they say, is continually girt about him, and he does not lay it aside even in the bath. No one knows where he sleeps. He was seated upon a high throne, all others standing at a

distance, terror in every look. He demanded what sum had been taken from me. I replied, Eighty tomauns. He got it from the robbers, but kept it himself. He then said, "You came here with books in order to shew us the right way; well, go on." This personage I shall again introduce to my readers on my second visit to these regions, which has led me to be thus ample in my present statement.

On my arrival after these matters at Meshed, I had long interviews with my nation. The Jewish Sooffees of this place acknowledge Moses, Jesus, Muhammed, and 124,000 Prophets. They are under small moral control. They have a poem in Persian, written with Jewish Persian characters, called *Youssuf-u-Zuleika*, Joseph and Zuleika, describing the love of Potiphar's wife for Joseph. They have *Hafiz* in a similar character. They speak of an exoteric and esoteric religion, like the philosophers of old. I reasoned with them on their flagitious violations of morality, and the insincerity of their conduct. That they knew that they were in the wrong, and that they stood in need of faith in Jesus Christ in order to be saved. They observed that I was the second Englishman they had seen, who was attached to the Book; THE FIRST WAS LIEUTENANT ARTHUR CONOLLY. How singularly have I followed his steps, even up to the hour almost

of his death! He was at Meshed in 1829. I wrote of him before I knew that I should be so singularly connected with the inquiry into his death, as follows: "He is an excellent, intrepid, and well-principled traveller. The misfortune of this gentleman was, that he had no interest with great men, on which account he was not remunerated for his journeys to Meshed, Heraut, and Candahar." After this it will again and again be seen, how closely I have followed my pious and excellent friend's path in the various regions he has trod.

At Meshed, His Royal Highness Abbas Mirza ordered me to be brought before him. After kind inquiries of my health, he deeply regretted my captivity in Khorassaun; and told me, when I went to Bokhara, to assure the Ameer that he had no intention of taking his country, but that he was determined to put a stop to slavery. He wrote with his own hand both a pass for me and certificate of the object of my journey to Bokhara. Meshed is a grossly immoral place, despite its holy character. The number of pilgrims that arrive at the tomb of Imam Resa amounts to twenty thousand.

From Meshed I proceeded through Tūrkistaun; and first let me speak of Sarakhs, a place of doubtful origin in its etymological root. Some derive it from the Arabic *zara*, sowing; others from *sarak*,

to steal. It is the country of slave-stealing, and therefore this latter etymon is not improbable. Eighteen hundred families of Tūrkomauns, of the celebrated tribe of Salor, live there. I lectured on this spot with deep earnestness to the Jews, and I believe, made many permanent impressions, which I found confirmed on my second visit. All the Jews of Tūrkistaun assert that the Tūrkomauns are the descendants of Togarmah, one of the sons of Gomer, mentioned in Genesis x. 3. The Tūrkomauns have no mosque: they pray apart from each other, either in the field or the tent. Twice in the year they assemble in the desert, and prefer their prayer. I passed hence to Mowr, and thence to Jehaar-Joo,—two places of which I shall discourse at greater length when I enumerate them on my last tour in that direction.

I passed thence to Karakol. The governor of this place, Muhammed Hussein Khan, was formerly a Guzl-Bash slave, but gained the favour of Shah Hydur, and was exalted to the position of Ameer and governor of Karakol. When I told him that my object was to inquire into the state of the Jews, and hold friendly intercourse with the Muhammedans at Bokhara, he advised me to do nothing without consulting the Goosh-Bekee, or vizier. He also demanded my opinion about the mullahs issuing Fetwa, or Bulls, that the Tūrkomauns should make slaves of

the Guzl-Bash. I replied that I disapproved of it. He then, after many cautions, requested me to write him out a prayer for his devotions, which I did, in Persian, and advised him to read it daily.

After this I entered Bokhara. I then presented my letters, underwent much rigid questioning from the Goosh-Bekee on various points, such as whether Muhammed was predicted in our sacred books, my belief in Jesus, and the objects of my journey. I then explained to the Jews my mission, read in their synagogue the law of Moses, but discontinued any further participation in their services.

The king, Behadur Khan, was then twenty-eight years of age. He spends his mornings in reading the Arabic writings of Jelaal and Bydawee with the mullahs, visits the grave of Baba Deen, a sanctified derveesh of Bokhara, and hears causes of dispute during the remainder of the day among his subjects. He is terribly dreaded by his ministers.

The Jews in Bokhara are 10,000 in number. The chief rabbi assured me that Bokhara is the Habor, and Balkh the Halah, of the 2nd Kings, xvii. 6; but that in the reign of Ghengis Khan they lost all their written accounts. At Balkh the Mussulman mullahs assured me that it was built by a son of Adam, that its first name had been Hanakh, and afterwards Halah, though later writers called it Balakh, or Balkh. The Jews, both of Balkh and Samarcand, assert that

Tūrkistaun is the land of Nod, and Balkh where Nod "once stood." In this land of Cain the Jews bear a *mark*, by order of the King of Bokhara, in order that no Mussulman may give them *Salaam*—Peace. To Rabbi Joseph Mooghrubee, an African, the Jews of Bokhara owe the restoration of their ancient customs; they had nearly lost all trace of them, in their sojourn among Muhammedans. This great man, I was assured by his son-in-law, Rabbi Pinchas Ben-Simha, used to say, "Oh, Lord, when will the time come that the followers of Jesus will take possession of these countries?" This son-in-law is now a Christian, and was converted by me; and so are many others of the Jews at present in Bokhara. Jews came to me here from Samarcand, Khokand, and other places. The total population was then about 13,600. I found the Epileptic convulsion, which produced such an effect for Muhammed among a people who call "gasping," inspiration, currently handed down; and I have little doubt that, like madness and idiotcy, they were no mean agents of his power among a people that look on the victims to these maladies as the inspired of God. The tradition is an old one at Bokhara, that some of the Ten Tribes are in China. I tried the Jews here on various points of Scriptural interpretation, particularly that important one in Isaiah vii. 14—עלמה Virgin. They translated it as

we Christians do, and they are in total ignorance of the important controversy between Jews and Christians on that point.

I obtained a passport from the King after this most interesting sojourn, and then crossed the Oxus, and arrived after a few days at Balkh; and from that city, where I also communed with the dispersed of Israel, I proceeded to Muzaur, the spot where Ali's camel disappeared miraculously at his tomb. Hither came pilgrims from Affghanistaun, Cashmeer, Khokand, Shahr-Sebz, Hindūstaun, Khiva, and Bokhara. Hence I proceeded to Cabool, in Affghanistaun. Some Affghauns claim a descent from Israel. According to them, Affghaun was the nephew of Asaph, the son of Berachia, who built the Temple of Solomon. The descendants of this Affghaun, being Jews, were carried into Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar, from whence they were removed to the mountain of Ghoree, in Affghanistaun, but in the time of Muhammed turned Muhammedans. They exhibit a book, *Majmooa Alansab*, or Collection of Genealogies, written in Persian. My readers will find these examined in my former work*, but here I shall only allude to it. There is a great air of *vraisemblance* about it, and their pedigree is sometimes traced, like our Lord's, through the female branch, which proves how futile

* *Researches and Missionary Labours among the Jews, Muhammedans, and other Sects.* By the Rev. Joseph Wolff. Nisbet, London, 1835.

is the Jewish objection on that head to our Lord's descent.

Hence I passed to Peshawr. Here I had also the singular book read to me of the origin of the Affghauns, the Poshtoo Book of Khan Jehaun Loote. The account in this book agrees with that given in the MSS., *Teemur Nameh* and *Ketaub Ansabee Muhakkek Toose*. I thought the general physiognomy not Jewish, but I was wonderfully struck with the resemblance that the Youssuf Szeye and the Khaibaree, two of their tribes, bear to the Jews. The Kaffre Seeah Poosh, if Affghauns, vary widely from the rest of their nation. Many travellers have thought them the descendants from Alexander's army, but they do not say so. They have no exact account of their origin. Their rites are most singular. In a large house called Imr-Ama*, they offer a cow and sheep in sacrifice. They sprinkle the blood upon an idol seated upon a horse. They have a throne of stone, upon which some words are written, taken from the *Taurat*, the Pentateuch of Moses. They hold distinctions of clean and unclean animals. When a child is born they turn the mother out of the village, in order that it may not be unclean. The mother and the child remain three days in the fields. They worship a God Imra, and

* I verified on my last visit at Bokhara the exactitude of this account, for *Imra* is God, and *Ama*, House.

pictures of their dead. They offer sacrifices to both. They put fire in the Imra-Tan, *i. e.*, the place where God is worshipped, and another blazes before the idol. They offer butter and flour, which they pour upon the idol, exclaiming, "Hehamaj Otu"—Accept it; and before the place of their God (Imra-tan), they say, "Hehamaj Imra"—God accept it. The whole congregation exclaims, "Hehamaj." After this the Otu, or priest, reads prayers. These are not remarkable for their charity: one is, "Increase us our property; do not make us sick; and kill the Mussulmans." After every prayer they say, "Hehamaj," and then kiss their fingers. Their idols are of wood and stone—gigantic human figures. They know but little of a future state, and their rites are largely Pagan. I always thought that the Kaffre Seeah-Poosh were descendants of Israel; and some of the learned Jews of Samarcand are of my opinion.

From Peshawr, I entered the Punjaub, May 29th, 1832. The Seiks have a high veneration for our Lord. In their holy book they have written, that rays like the sun went out of the hand of Christ. At Jehaungeer, Serdar Hung Singh welcomed me in the name of the Maharajah. He was surrounded by his officers and soldiers. To him I had the satisfaction of reading the sermon of Jesus on the Mount, which all listened to with great apparent delight. This man was a devout person. My conversation,

after quitting Lahore, at Umritzer, with the Lion of the Punjaub, the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, my readers will find detailed at length in the work I have previously quoted. Runjeet Singh dismissed me with handsome presents.

Crossing from the country of Runjeet Singh, the Punjaub, which will soon become a British possession, much to the advantage of the Seiks, I visited our first British station in that direction, Loodianah, on the utmost northern frontier of India, and the hospitable dwelling of Captain Wade, now Sir Claude Martin Wade. Arriving hence, after one station, at Roopor, and Budde, I was received in the most cordial manner by my friend, now of many years, Sir Jeremiah Bryant, and proceeded thence to Simlah, where I was also most hospitably received by Lord and Lady William Bentinck, and invited to be their guest. Here I entered into a most interesting correspondence with Captain Riley, the best Arabic scholar in India, and also with the Roman Catholic Bishop of Agra. The points I mooted were the aid Muhammed received in composing the *Koran*, the monk Boohyra, the Jews of Khybur who were nearly exterminated by him, the great Muhammedan divisions of Sunnees and Sheahs, the Jewish estimate of the Book of Daniel, also on the black and white Jews of Cochin and Malabar, and the extent of Muhammedan knowledge. Captain Riley, I was sur-

prised to find, looked on the Affghauns as of Jewish descent. He pointed out to me two important forms, in which all refutations of the *Koran* ought to be shaped, and numerous other equally interesting questions were discussed by this true believer, in a most learned and Christian spirit.

Obtaining leave to pass into Cashmeer from Runjeet Singh, by means of Lord William Bentinck, I crossed accordingly first to Belaspoor, where I found its Rajah luxuriating in having apes trampled to death under the feet of elephants; and little worthy of note passed until I reached Nadown. Here the Rajah on horseback, surrounded by soldiers, was performing his devotions before three naked Fakeers. I immediately entered into conversation with them, and inquired of one of them how long he had been a Fakeer. He replied, "that he lived in God, and should never die; for that as old garments were exchanged for better, so the man of God lays aside his old body and puts on a new one." A beautiful answer; but when I wished to reply, he kept exclaiming, "Be silent and listen." I seized, however, despite of him, on an opportunity to point out the truth of our revelation. An unhappy peevishness marks all these ascetics. St. Jerome was not free from it. True peace of mind dwells not necessarily in caves and grottoes, on the pillar of a Simon Stylites, or in the deserts of the Thebais with Antony. Active energy

MUHAMMED SHAH NAKHSBANDEE,

MURSHEED OF TURKISTAUN.

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in promoting truth and virtue is worth all the sedentary graces of Fakeers, Monks, or Solitaries. I do not impugn their merits in their *peculiar* path, but it is obviously not one of *general* obligation. Simon Stylites, however, was more practical than is commonly supposed; he preached to thousands of Arabs, as did Antony also.

I cannot detail the numerous interesting conversations on the *Vedas*, and other works, which I entered into in this country, with various Hindoos, until I reached Cashmeer, the city of the Genii, who bore Solomon through the air to see its magic beauty. I was disappointed with its present state. I inquired out the chief mullahs, and commenced various conversations with them: with a descendant of the false prophet Muhammed Shah Nakshbandee especially. He received me with great cordiality. He actually read, in Persian, to his disciples, the 24th and 25th chapters of Matthew, and I then spoke of regeneration, and they read the third chapter of John. All the Brahmins I met with had an unlucky habit of affirming that what I said was in the Shastar, and used no further argument. Perceiving this, I demanded on one occasion of the venerable Brahmin Sheuram, "In how many Gods do you believe?" *Sheuram.* "There is one God; but he has many names. The whole earth stands upon the serpent Sheshnag; she has 1000 teeth and 2000 tongues; with

every tongue she pronounces every day a new name of God; and this she has done for centuries on centuries, never repeating a name once pronounced." A similarly wild account was given in reply to a question on the history of the creation, with confused traces of truth in it.

I must, however, observe, that there is far more of original truth in the *Vedas* than in the *Koran*. I see in the *Koran* nothing else but a pretended prophet without miracles, a faith without mysteries, and a morality without love. A shallow Deism, which takes hold of the heart, but does not make it better but worse. Hence the intolerant fanaticism which has produced nothing but death and destruction. Muhammedanism has been founded by the sword, and Muhammedanism shall be destroyed by the sword.

The Hindoos will be converted, but Muhammedans destroyed. We find hundreds of Hindoos already converted by the zeal of Roman Catholic and Anglo-Catholic missionaries, but we do not find six Muhammedans, especially among the Turks. I can only trace two Persians, and one Arab. Buchanan was misinformed wholly by the infamous apostate Sabat.

While here, Moulavie Khyr Addeen, writer of the *History of Cashmeer*, came to me. With him I had a discussion for four hours, about the divinity of

Jesus, and it did small credit to his knowledge of modern history. One of his proofs for the truth of the Muhammedan religion was, that all the Christian powers are subjects of and give tribute to the Sultan of Constantinople. I settled that point by alluding to *Sir E. Codrington's Settlement* of the battle of Navarino. The Brahmins and Pundits listened with great attention.

It was my intention to have passed into Thibet, but the snows prevented me. I left Cashmeer on October 21st, 1832. On our route we were accompanied by fugitives from Cashmeer, flying from the oppression of Runjeet Singh. Women, walking destitute of everything, carrying their children on their heads. They told me, in their powerful language, that they inherited the beauty of angels, but that all beauty had withered under the dominion of the Seiks. They told me, *en route*, many a singular legend of the celebrated Fakeers, that died at Cashmeer. Ameer Kebeer, king of Hamadan, forsook the world, and became a Fakeer in Cashmeer. Huzrut Mukhdoom Sheikh Hamsa had three hundred thousand disciples. Shah Kasem Akhanee said, "When you shall see corn growing upon my grave, then the day of resurrection is nigh at hand." The people of Cashmeer assured me that corn had begun to grow upon his grave, and therefore they consider my words to be true, that Jesus will come.

After various journeys I reached Delhi on December 6th, and was introduced to the Mogul, who gave me a robe of honour. While at Delhi, in the presence of several thousand Muhammedans, I conversed with the grand mullah,—a man of great scientific renown,—Muhammed Izhak. He sent me a letter at some length, detailing the grounds of his belief in the *Koran*, of the ascent of Muhammed into heaven, of his return, that he was the last of the Prophets, and stated to be such by the Prophets. To this I simply replied, that I wanted proof of two things. 1st. That Muhammed went to and returned from Heaven. 2nd. Those prophets who had prophesied his mission. To this he replied, that Muhammed's mission was clear from the numerous miracles he worked; next, from the divine and superhuman perfection of the composition of the *Koran*, the bodily strength of the Prophet, his numerous adherents; and he concluded by demanding what proof I had that Jesus was the *last of the Prophets*. I replied, 1st. That none of these numerous miracles were recorded in the *Koran*. 2nd. That a mere matter of critical style, such as the composition of a book, could not be considered as a grave argument, and that the most learned Muhammedan scholars of Shiraz were by no means of opinion that the composition of the *Koran* was unrivalled, and if so, still a good composition even might convey

untruth. 3rd. That, as we denied the authority of the *Koran*, that could avail nothing in argument. 4th. That Goliath had a bodily strength equal to any, nay, superior to any in his day. 5th. That Buddhism had more adherents than Muhammedanism, if numbers went for anything; but that information in arts and sciences, in which Europeans were confessedly great, on their own showing, was a much more certain criterion. Lastly. That the proof that Jesus was the *last of the Prophets* was not a question with us. I did not undertake to show *that* absolutely, but Jesus was the end of the law to us,—that if even an angel preached a *new* Gospel, he should be held accursed,—and that, therefore, I could not believe in Muhammed.

From Delhi I passed to Agra, and thence to various places until I reached Cawnpore. HERE I MET WITH LIEUTENANT CONOLLY. When I travelled first in Khorassaun, in the year 1831, I heard at Meshed, by the Jews, that an English traveller had preceded me there, by the name of Arthur Conolly, as I have already mentioned. They described him as a man who lived in the fear of God and of religion. The moment I arrived he took me to his house, and not only showed me the greatest hospitality, but, as I was at that time short of money, he gave me every assistance in his power; and not only so,—he revised my Journal for me with the most unaffected kindness.

He also collected the Muhammedan mullahs to his house, and permitted me not only to discuss with them the subject of religion, but gave me most substantial assistance in combating their arguments. Conolly was a man possessed of a deep Scriptural knowledge; a capital textuary; and I bless God that he enjoyed that comfort in his captivity, that inward light, when the iron of tyranny—in his case as in that of holy Joseph—entered into his soul. Various enemies are always found to attack the lone missionary. Nobly and well did this gallant soldier acquit himself in the church militant, both in deeds of arms, and deep devotion to the cause of Christ. In 1838 I again met with him in England. Here our friendship was renewed. At Constantinople I learnt he expressed his deep affection for me to Count Stürmer. I often wished to repay him my debt of gratitude; and the instant the news reached me of his captivity in Bokhara, I offered my aid to release him in letters to his family. When I reflect on our past intercourse, it brings with it the pleasing reflection that the spiritual element was mainly dominant in it; that we were together to become daily holier and better men; that our hands did not join in deeds of iniquity, but were upraised to God our Maker and Saviour. His firm conduct at his dying hour reminds us forcibly of the bearing of those brave soldiers who died in the persecution of Decius and Diocletian. I

hope to see my Conolly among them at the hour of Christ's coming in glory.

I cannot speak more of Cawnpore, for it is embittered to my memory, and shall pass on to Lucknow. Here I was introduced to the King of Oude, and His Majesty gave me ten thousand rupees, one thousand pounds sterling. With which money I repaid to John Hookham Frere, now residing at Malta, my excellent friend, the sum of five hundred pounds, which he had generously advanced to me to defray the expense of my mission; and equally happy should I feel to be enabled to repay my noble friend Captain Grover, the four hundred pounds, which he has spent out of his pocket, which that miscreant Abdul Samut Khan extorted from me. But, alas, I am not able, for I am out of pocket four hundred pounds, paid with the money of my dear wife, Lady Georgiana M. Wolff. For proof of which circumstance, I can refer to Messrs. Drummond, Bankers, Charing Cross.

His Majesty said he would appoint a day for the mullahs to hear my faith discussed. I held disputations with several Mussulmans of the Sheah persuasion, and lectured here on the prophecies of the second coming of our Lord.

On February the 2nd, in the presence of the King, clothed in royal robes with a crown on his head, I entered into my appointed disputation with

the mullahs. Major Low, and my most beloved friends Sir Jeremiah and Lady Bryant, were there also. I cited, in proof of my belief, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah. All the mullahs opened their Bibles, and I stated the argument for the Trinity. A discussion took place on the twenty-first chapter of Isaiah, whence, to my astonishment, they attempted to show from the "Burden on Arabia," the mission of Muhammed. This is erroneously translated in the Arabic Bible, "Prophecy on Arabia." I proved to them, however, that it meant a prophecy predicting a calamity to Arabia. This of course settled the question.

I must here fully state my hearty conviction—the result of the experience of more than twenty years of travels—of the immense utility of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The Word of God would have been entirely extinct among the Eastern Christians but for that Society. Its copies are in the hands of mullahs of all denominations, not only in Asia, but even in the deserts of Tūrkistaun. The agents they employ are excellent men; I only need mention the Rev. H. Leeves at Athens, and Benjamin Barker, Esq., at Mytilene, the capital of Lesbos. It is utterly absurd to say that all benevolent societies are to be under the direction of bishops; even the Church of Rome, in her powerful discipline, has never followed this plan,—that all benevolent societies are

necessarily to be placed under episcopal control,—nor does the Church of Armenia. We have hospitals without bishops,—why should not the Word of God be circulated by the layman or the presbyter? I thank God that there is also a Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which does not give only the Bible, but also the Liturgy of the Church of England; for neither the Jews nor the Muhammedans are without a Liturgy. And it is a most important feature to show the agreement of the Church of England with other forms of faith in this particular. I confess I should also like to see a Society of the Church of England, which should give to the world a systematic Theology, both moral and practical; and such a system ought to have the sanction of all the bishops as well as the learned presbyters of the Church of England: of this I should like to see a transcript in every language, and circulated to the four winds.

I had also a dispute, in writing, with Ameer Sayd Ahmed Mujtehēd of the Sheahs, at Lucknow, but it is too long for me to insert in this brief abstract of my former Indian connection, which led to my intimacy with Captain Conolly, and to my second journey to Bokhara.

From Lucknow I passed to Benares, the holy city of India: whoever dies there will obtain *Inokshu*, Absorption into the Deity. I consider this is little

better than the comfortable system of *Nirwana*, or Annihilation, of the Buddhists, who hold in a final state of annihilation of all things. This is the ultimate boon offered by a faith embraced by the largest portion of the East,—thank Heaven, not of the world, for the Christians now outnumber any other denomination.

This is the case with the spiritualizers in the Christian church; they have an unscriptural, unprophetical, unnatural dislike to hear of anything but Nature's doom and Nature's death. Nothing will satisfy them, but that the world, animate and inanimate, once happy but for a single day, should draw its penance onwards to the utmost longevity of miserable age, and then sink into annihilation. The ghosts of the Lamas of Thibet, who move about in the air, are the sisters of the forms visible in their shadowy Paradise. I do expect to rule over a renovated earth, purified and redeemed, and inhabited by living creatures in flesh and blood, and though in flesh and blood, redeemed from Satan, sin, and death. If a phantomizing system is spirituality, the Buddhists at Lassa, the Sooffees at Shiraz, and the Hindoos at Nadown, might claim analogous influences.

The Hindoo writings contain no reference to Jesus in the sacred books. I need scarce particularize the feelings with which, after various wander-

ings, I lectured in Henry Martin's pulpit at Dinapore. At Giyah, famous for its Hindoo pilgrimages, I explained the Gospel in Persian to Hindoos and Muhammedans.

At last the kind Bishop of Calcutta received me in his house on the 22nd March, 1833. Again I experienced in this city the splendid hospitality of Lord and Lady W. Bentinck. I lectured to about twelve hundred persons in the Town Hall. The Baptist missionaries, Marshman, and the veteran Carey, welcomed me gladly also, and invited me to their splendid and unique establishment at Serampore.

From Calcutta I passed to Masulipatam, whence I visited Hyderabad. While there, the inquiries were proceeding with respect to the Thugs, and I believe that I first laid a complete statement of that question before a British public. As the story of these monsters, exhibiting a totally new form of crime, is now fully known in this country, this wholesale murder and theft system, I shall not here enter into it. On my journey from Hyderabad to Madras, I was attacked with cholera the instant I entered the Bungalow of Mr. Bruce of Nellore, at Ramapatam. It was accompanied by cramp and dysentery. With no European near me, I commended my soul to God. My hands and feet became convulsed, but I felt peace in Christ amid all my

sufferings. I prayed to Him to send me relief, and I had scarce done so before a voice exclaimed near me, in English, "I see you have the cholera morbus; my husband died of it two months ago." The person who spoke was a half-Indian, or, as she called herself, in humility, a half-caste,—the wife of a serjeant of Vellore, of the name of Gillespie. She gave me a whole bottle of brandy with two hundred drops of laudanum, and other remedies*. The remedies of my female mediciner stopped the vomiting at intervals. Dr. Cooper, sent by Mr. Bruce, arrived next morning; he gave me warm water with salt, and twice, forty grains of calomel; this stopped the vomiting for two hours. He asked me whether I would submit to his putting a hot iron on my stomach. I said, "Yes." He branded me three times, and, God be praised, it stopped the cholera morbus entirely. Four days I remained there; on the fifth I was carried to Nellore, where I remained twenty days in a critical state from bilious fever. After this I attempted to proceed in a palanquin to

* The kindness of that woman, and others, convinced me that it is too harsh an assertion to affirm the general depravity of the half-Indians. There are generous and noble-minded people among them, and surely it must be the interest of a great and powerful empire like our own, to efface all offensive expressions, giving an infamy skin deep only to a high-minded and well-educated and numerous class of its subjects. The governor-general now receives all distinctions of colour at his table. The Merchant-Princes of Prophecy ought, undoubtedly, to efface all such odious appellations.

Madras, but at forty miles from Nellore I was attacked with a violent spasm, which obliged my bearers to carry me on their shoulders to a native Bungalow. Here Mr. Prendergast, the sub-collector, found me, and dear Dr. Cooper came a second time to assist me. After four days I reached Madras. I recovered sufficiently to lecture there at St. Thomas on the Mount, a spot where it is believed that St. Thomas the Apostle suffered martyrdom: so says Eastern tradition and many Fathers of the Church. I saw here Dr. Rotler, the fellow-labourer of Schwartz. He was eighty-five years of age.

I left Madras August 31st, 1833, and, after various movements, arrived at Trichinopoly. Here I found a hundred and fifty native Christians, observing caste, but relinquishing it at the Lord's table. And here I received an invitation from the most famous missionary of the East, the Rev. Mr. Rhenius, of Palamcottah; more enterprising, bold, and talented, than Schwarz himself. The number of Hindoos to whose conversion he has been instrumental, amounts to twelve thousand. I cannot express the satisfaction I felt at the immense progress he was daily making under my own eyes among the Hindūs. I lectured to them; Rhenius and Shaffter, his fellow-labourer, interpreted, for I did not understand Malabar, and they could not understand Persian.

I must reluctantly pass much, and go on to

Cochin, which I was anxious to reach from its well known Jewish population. I found there black and white Jews celebrating the feast of Tabernacles. Those that are called black Jews are people who became Jews of their own accord at Cranganore, and in other parts of the country of black and half black colour. For this reason, the white Jews do not intermarry with them. They have neither priests, nor Levites, nor families, nor relations on foreign coasts. They are only found in the Malabar coast. They observe the law as white Jews do. They are most numerous at Cochin. Many of the black Jews, however, assert that their ancestors became Jews when Haman fell, and affirm (though the white Jews deny it) that they were there when the white Jews came to Hindūstan. They consider themselves as slaves to the white Jews, pay them yearly tribute and a small sum for the circumcision of their children, and for permission to wear frontlets in prayer time. They do not sit down with the white Jews, nor eat with them. In this they resemble the Americans in the United States, who do not eat with the negro population. The immorality of the white Jews of this place was frightful. I met among them a Polish Jew, a man of extraordinary talents, possessing almost more than the immense facility of his countrymen in general in the acquirement of language. He knew eighteen languages.

I pass intermediate spots, and come to Goa, the scene of the labours of the great Francis Xavier. Here around in all directions with overflowing eyes I saw the cross of Christ, Christian churches, and the idols of Hindūstaun displaced. The Augustinian Convent here is a highly valuable institution. They spoke nobly of Buchanan and his undaunted behaviour before the Inquisition. They condemned it, and agreed with me that our government did right to suggest its abolition in 1810. All their books came from Lisbon. There had been Jews at Goa, they told me, until they were exiled by the Inquisition. The Portuguese viceroy of Goa, D. Manuel de Portugal Castro, corresponded with me on various matters, and expressed his high satisfaction at my labours; he was a nephew to Don Pedro: as did also the government secretary Nunez. The Jesuits were suspected of having removed the body of Francis Xavier, which was carried there from China, (for he died in China,) at the time of their departure; but it was not so, since, on the inspection of the tomb, the body of that approved servant of God was still found within it.

I pass intermediate spots, and come to Poonah, where I arrived on November 21st. I went with the learned missionary of the Scotch Missionary Society, Mr. Stevenson, among the Beni Israel, children of Israel, living at Poonah. They are totally distinct

from the rest of the Jews in Europe and Hindūstaun. Soon after the destruction of the first Temple, they came in seven ships, they say, from Arabia to Hindūstaun, where they have since forgotten their law, but continue to repeat in Hebrew certain prayers which they have learnt from the other Jews; they also read the Pentateuch, but without understanding the language. They have synagogues, but they have not, like the rest of the Jews, the Sepher Torah, or, in other words, the Pentateuch written on parchment. They say, "As we are soldiers, and do not keep the law, the Sepher Torah may do us harm if it stands in the midst of us." They serve as soldiers in our armies, and are esteemed the best native soldiers. They are far superior in morality to the Jews of Cochin. They have, however, in their houses, Hindū idols, and seem to trust in charms and amulets. This is a curious and literal fulfilment of the prophecy in Deuteronomy xxviii. 36, "And there shalt thou serve other Gods, wood and stone." I questioned them about Jesus; they repeated the current Jewish objections, but did not possess any original views. The Beni Israel amount around Bombay to nine thousand two hundred and fifty souls.

I reached Bombay on November 20th, and was received very kindly by Lord Clare, Archdeacon Carr, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, Mr. James Farish, and others. I preached here to many, and especially

to the Beni Israel. I went one day while here with that champion of our faith against Muhammedans, Parsees, and Hindūs, the Rev. John Wilson, D.D., who may be called the missionary to the Hindū philosophers, to see a Fakeer celebrated for his austerities. The nails of his hands were grown into and through his cheek. He was lying in the sun. I asked him, "How can one obtain the knowledge of God?" His answer was, "Do not ask me questions; you may look at me, for I am a God." I have no doubt he thought that he had attained, like Roman saints, to limits beyond mortality; but how sad was the fact, that the penance that he thought had thus elevated him, had in reality proportionately depressed, since the Supreme measures man by his practical might, founded on Gospel truth, and not by his theoretical visions, based upon nothing.

At Bombay I called with Dr. Wilson on Daood Captan, a captain in the Bombay native army, a person of immense obesity. He was of the Beni Israel. He was very much prejudiced against me, and believed me to be a magician, and capable of making proselytes to Christianity by forbidden arts. He, with the rest of his people, believed that I had raised the dead from their graves. On my calling on him he was shaking his fat sides from sheer alarm. On my announcing myself as Joseph Wolff, and requesting him to show me the synagogue, he rudely

said, "No, I shall not show it you, for you are a magician." I then muttered something mysteriously to myself, and motioning with my finger, I said to him, "Daood Captan, you are too fat." He grew alarmed, and, fearing the fascination of the Evil Eye, said, "Sir, sir, let my fatness alone." I then said, "Show me your synagogue." He complied immediately.

Hence I passed to Mocha. The high priest at Sanaa has the title of Ab-Beth-Din—Father of the Court of Law. Sixty years ago there was a curious disputation among the Jews of Sanaa. They thought that they could ascertain their genealogy, and that they were in possession of ancient documents to prove this, and a dispute arose among them who was to be greatest. They listened, however, to the wise counsel of Shalom Ben-Ahron, their Nassi, and Rabbi Yahyah Salekh, their Ab-Beth-Din, to destroy their genealogies. The whole congregation of Sanaa rose as one man, burnt their genealogies, and exclaimed, "Peace, peace for ever in Israel."

I pass my adventures at Loheyah, Massowah, and Jiddah, where I met with the raving St. Simonians. As a proof of the accuracy of their theology, I need only add, that I saw a tract written by a St. Simonian to the Jewish ladies, in which he addressed them in the following manner: "Read the prophecies of Solomon," (who never wrote prophecies,)

"and your book of the Prophet Baruch in the Hebrew tongue" (which does not exist in Hebrew.) In Jiddah it is said the mother of mankind lies buried: outside the gate of Jiddah they show the tomb of Eve. Jiddah is an Arabic word, and means grandmother, namely, Eve. Jiddah contains sixty thousand inhabitants. It is the great passage town to Mecca, and seventy-two thousand pilgrims go thither annually: if the number be less, the angels fill up the vacancies, according to Muhammedan tradition. Every pilgrim casts seven little stones at the devil, and sixteen against the devil's two children. The reason of this hard usage of the children is not very apparent.

From Jiddah I embarked for Suez, after I had visited Cairo, and went thence to Alexandria. I arrived from thence at Malta, on March the 20th, 1834. There I remained the greater part of 1834 and 1835, preparing my travels from 1831 to 1834 for publication.

CHAPTER II.

Embarks from Malta for England, March, 1835. Leaves England for another Mission, October, 1835. Proceeds to Malta; Alexandria; Rosetta; Cairo. From Cairo to Mount Sinai. Monastery of St. Catherine; Trappist M. J. de Geramb. March 29, 1836, at Tor; thence to Suez. Embarks for Jiddah. Proceeds to Mosawah on the African coast. Adventures in Abyssinia; Languages, Chronology, and Religion of that Country. Zaasega; Tigre; Axum; Gondar; Mount Senafe; Mount Halay. Return to Jiddah. Jeisaun; Beduins. Beni Hobab. Shereef Aboo Mesameer; his Cruelty. Loheya. Ibrahim Pasha. Saneef. Proceeds to Sanaa. Meets with the Rechabites; their kind treatment of him. Saves the Caravan from being pillaged. Jews of Yemen. Sanaa. Beaten by the Wahabites. Reaches Mocha. Attacked with Typhus Fever. Embarks for Bombay; proceeds thence to the United States of North America. New York; enters the Anglo-Catholic Church; ordained Deacon by Bishop Doane. Indians not proved to be Descendants of the lost Ten Tribes. Leaves New York, January 2nd, 1838. Arrives in England; receives Priest's Orders of the Lord Bishop of Dromore; takes the Incumbency of Linthwaite, Yorkshire.

In March, 1835, I embarked for England in the *Firefly*, where I staid till October; but returned to Malta by the 19th for another missionary tour. The first place that I arrived at was Alexandria. There I met, among numerous other individuals, my old friend, the celebrated Boghos Youssuf Bey, the Armenian, the prime minister to Muhammed Ali. Mr. Salt saved him in the very nick of time, for Muhammed Ali had bagged him, he was already *in* the sack with safe orders for a sufficient allowance of Nile water for the remainder of his life, when the

order was countermanded, and by the wonderful vicissitudes of Oriental fortunes, he became the prime favourite of the Pasha.

I passed thence, *viâ* Rosetta, to Cairo, where I took into my service an Armenian from Tiflis, a most consummate rascal, Bethlehem by name, who had been in the service of Oubia, the chief of Simean and Tigre in Abyssinia. Of this worthy, Oubia, the interesting work of Major Harris on Shoa gives a good account. This fellow Bethlehem promised to carry me through Abyssinia on his head. He had been sent by Oubia to procure an Aboona from the Kopts. But the Kopts would not send one without the usual fee of six thousand dollars. By the way, Monsieur Fresnel, a gentleman of high Oriental acquirements, whom I met there, had married an interesting girl, that I learnt, to my astonishment, was once of the Galla tribe. The chief rabbi of Cairo came this time to see me. He told me, at the beginning of his address, that my having been ten times in Egypt with the same leading object,—proving Jesus to be the Messiah,—had certainly produced an effect upon them, for it looked both like pertinacity and sincerity. They received the exposition of my views most kindly, but the rabbi said at the last, that his nation would only be convinced by the actual presence of Jesus in glory.

I left Cairo on the 10th of March, and on the

16th, set out for Mount Sinai for the second time. On the 18th, I reached Khorandal. The Bedūins received me most cordially. Sheikh Hassan introduced his wife to me, that I might bless her, for she was barren. He told me he had married four wives, and divorced three for this cause, but this one he sincerely loved. She, however, often threatens him that she will tear out his beard if he takes another wife. I next visited the convent on Mount Horeb, the monastery of Saint Catherine. They all received me well. This time I noted in the Book of Strangers, the following lines, written by the celebrated Trappist Geramb: "I arrived here, Feb. 25th, 1833, at the Convent of Mount Sinai. On the 28th I lay with my face in the dust on the holy mountain. The Eternal, in his mercy, gave to Moses, the most ancient of historians, the sublimest of philosophers, and the wisest of legislators, this law, the necessary foundation for our own. Quitted, March 3rd. Marie Joseph de Geramb."

March 29th, 1836, I proceeded thence to Tor. I must not omit to mention that I received at Mount Sinai the promised book of Johannes Stauros, a Jew from Bulgaria, converted to Christianity. I read it with great delight; and I perceived that he, like myself, held in a personal reign of Christ. It is also very remarkable, that the monks who had read the book were quite prepared for my view of the ques-

tion, and themselves entertained it after having carefully read the book. They remarked to me that the third chapter of Habakkuk was a prophecy predicting the final coming of Christ in glory; and they read with great enthusiasm the words: "God came from Teman, and the Holy One from Mount Paran. Selah. His glory covered the heavens, and the earth was full of his praise. Before Him went the pestilence, and burning coals went forth at his feet. He stood, and measured the earth: He beheld, and drove asunder the nations; and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow." The superior struck the earth with great animation, exclaiming, "On this spot mighty events shall yet be seen."

I cannot endure the manner in which I hear travellers speak ill of this Hospice of the desert. These monks are excellent people.

I reached Suez on April the 6th, 1836, to embark there by the *Hugh Lindsay*, expected from Bombay for Jiddah. While there, Koodsee Manoole, the British agent, at whose house I resided, and several of the Greek priests, had interviews with me. Some of their strange traditions affected me much; one was, that Satan was not convinced that Jesus was the Son of God, until he had seen the curtains in the Temple rent, the sun darkened, and the earth convulsed. My servant, Bethle-

hem, in some discussions that took place about the authority of councils, made a judicious remark on one, that for his part he could not profess himself wiser than three hundred and eighteen Fathers of the Church. One can perceive by these remarks of the Eastern Christians, that they have a high respect for ancient councils; and of this we can as little deprive them as we could the Lutherans of their Augsburg Confession, the Church of England of her Thirty-nine Articles, and the Kirk of Scotland of the Westminster Confession.

I embarked in the *Hugh Lindsay* on the 6th May. Singular to say, Mr. Hugh Lindsay was my fellow-passenger in the same ship which bears his father's name, in 1834, when he came from China. We reached Jiddah on May 11th. I found the Simonians infinitely madder than on my last visit, advocating a community of women, and that ships ought to be *manned* with women. One Saint Simonian woman married four Frenchmen at the same time; and even the Turkish governor was so scandalized, that he protested against such abomination in one of their holy cities. Here I found a letter from my interesting friend Dr. Charles Ovenden. He afterwards proceeded to the camp of Khursheed Pasha, fell ill, and on my return from Abyssinia I called on him in his last illness. He exclaimed, "God be praised, you are come; dear Mr. Wolff, pray with me." I

remained with him—read to him; he expressed deep repentance for all his sins, gave me the direction of his father in Enniskillen, and died. At Jiddah I met the English travellers Messrs. Bayley and Ormsby. I considered Mr. Ormsby an extremely sensible gentleman. Here I found Hadara, an Abyssinian, and profited by his acquaintance to learn Amharic previous to entering Abyssinia.

I left Jiddah for Mosawah, on the African coast, where I arrived on the 30th May, 1836. Here they speak the purest Ethiopic. The governor of this place told me that there are four great Sheikhs in the world, as there are four quarters of the world; that every Sheikh had forty bodies. Thirty-nine bodies go for nothing, with which he may commit every crime, but with the fortieth he must serve God. On quitting Mosawah, my servant Bethlehem gave me to understand that he was an Abyssinian gentleman, and could no longer act as my servant, but as my escort. No help for this, so I bore it patiently.

The 5th of June we reached Eylet, and thence proceeded to a place inhabited by the Shiho. Our guide was the nephew of the chief who governs the Arabs at Mosawah, called *Nayeb* (Lieutenant). Here Hadara fired at a wolf which charged us, and he sheered off. Elephants wander about here in great numbers. Tigers, also, are not uncommon. We

ascended the mountains of Hamazien on the 7th, and reached Asmara on the 9th. The customs of the Abyssinians are peculiar. Their churches resemble synagogues. They are all round buildings. In the first and outer apartment, the congregation sit and pray. There is another smaller division answering to the Holy of Holies, where the priest enters. They kiss the door-posts on entering the church, put off their shoes, and pray silently. The priests are dressed in white, like the ancient Levites. When the Abyssinian women grind meal, they make bare the leg and the thigh, and have their children on their backs. Every Abyssinian has but one legal wife granted to him by the church; other women are concubines; nor is divorce allowed. They baptize by immersion, and circumcise on the eighth day.

The 10th of June I arrived at Zaasega, where I met Hyloo, the chief of the province of Hamazien, a young man of thirty. His complexion was a brilliant black, and a most good-natured smile played over his whole countenance.

Seven languages are spoken in Abyssinia. The Aboona is the chief spiritual authority. He is always a Copt, and sent by the Coptic patriarch of Alexandria. He ordains priests and deacons, and lives at Gondar; receives tithes from all property, and his income is about 30,000 dollars. To my utter astonishment, one day while I was conversing with Hyloo

and the priests and the people about religion, they all shouted out, "He is our Aboon in disguise." They fell down at my feet, kissed them, and implored my blessing, and desired me to spit at and upon them. I was compelled to perform such an extraordinary sputation, that my throat was completely dry. They compelled me to submit to have my feet washed, and for them to drink the water of ablution. Protestations were useless; but as it is a crime for an Aboona to smoke, I ordered my pipe and smoked, but even this would not convince them; they said it was a feint to deceive them. Hundreds of cows were brought to me as a present, and corn, milk, &c.; and so matters went on until we reached Adwah. The people actually carried me on their shoulders.

The Abyssinians reckon from the creation of the world till now, 1845 A.D., 7335 years. And the present year would stand in their reckoning 1837 A.D. The belief with regard to a future state in the Abyssinian church is, that after death there is a separate state of souls—the good in Paradise, the evil in Sheol. After the coming of the Lord, the righteous, they say, will be gathered to Him, the evil to Hinnom. Adam and Eve were driven, they say, to a land called Feyt. Enoch and Elijah are now hid in Paradise, and both shall appear at the coming of the Lord. I inquired of their priest, who had called on me, the Gebra Maskal, how

men would be saved. He replied, that one must first be baptized, and take the sacrament at a certain age, use confession to a priest, give alms to the poor, and leave off all evil.

On June 18th I left Zaasega, with three persons, Mueller (an excellent Swiss), Hadara, and Bethlehem. Hyloo gave orders for a hundred sheep to be killed for us in passing through his country, but we received only two. At Zaffa, which we reached on the 19th, a fertile country, thickly inhabited, we heard the people praying in the Ethiopic tongue, using a corrupt Liturgy, full of invocations of Mary, angels, and saints. My white appearance shocked excessively the Abyssinian ladies; they called out when they saw me, "Woe unto us, woe unto us, that this Copt has appeared among us, *white as the devil himself.*" The priests, however, saluted me as Aboon, and implored my blessing. I replied that I was no Aboon. They exclaimed, "Whatever you are, bless us." I did so. Through Kooda Falassee and Kudus Michael Onamtay I was carried on the shoulders of the people. The singular notion that the Abyssinians know how to change themselves into hyænas, I found very prevalent. The warriour chief, one of the finest looking men in Abyssinia, Ghebra Amlak, the length of whose hair reminded me of Absalom, came to me at midnight, and, with tears, implored my blessing. I said, "I am not your

Aboon." He replied, "I know it, father; but bless me, for you are a servant of Christ." He and his soldiers carried me the next day over rocks and mountains for an immense distance on their shoulders. On July 23rd I saw the convent, Kudus Gabriel. The monks of Abyssinia have carefully kept up the memory of their great queen, the Queen of Sheba, and Menelik, her son by Solomon, from whom the royal houses of Shoa and Gondar trace their descent.

June 24, 1836. We arrived at a plain called Marab, and at a village called Behesa we found Oubia had been devastating the country. Wald Raphael, the chief of this village, supplied us with a goat. I demanded of him and his people, how they punished crimes. They replied by hanging, crucifying, and stoning, by the infliction of forty stripes save one, and the bodies of criminals were given to the beasts of prey. I gave Wald Raphael three Amharic Testaments and a Psalter. The great saint of Abyssinia, Tekla Haymanot, made such an impression on the devil by his preaching, that he actually became a monk forty years. "Cucullus non facit monachum," is certainly true in this instance. Tekla Haymanot stood forty years upon one place, praying until he broke his leg. Twenty-four elders, more modern traditions say, surround the throne of God with censers in their hands, and Tekla Haymanot is the twenty-fifth. He had six wings like angels.

25th June we arrived at a beautiful village called Shahagee, where my servant Bethlehem told me that unless I disbursed two thousand dollars he would get me murdered. I instantly dismissed him.

I arrived at Adwah, the capital of Tigre, June 26th, 1836, where I met Gobat, the missionary. With him I determined to return to Jiddah, for he was very ill. July 26th, I took a dozen of Psalms and Testaments, and went with them to a convent, Abba Kareema, five miles east of Adwah. Here resided one hundred monks, with their superior. I observed the Scriptural usage here of pouring water over the hands. The younger priest in a cottage, (for the monks dwell in cottages two by two,) poured water over the hands of the elder, as Elisha did over Elijah. August 5th, I visited Axum, the holy city of the Abyssinians, which even the Galla chief that had invaded the country dared not enter, but dismounted from his steed and fell on his face at the sight of it. It is the city of refuge for all criminals. Rupell has given an excellent account of this place.

The utility of convents in the middle ages is abundantly apparent, since even the Vandals who invaded Europe never approached those sacred places from a reverence for their sanctity. Thus did the monks transmit to us by their own immunity from surrounding evil, the sacred oracles. Much effusion

of blood is daily prevented by the monks in Abyssinia, as it was by the Christian monks in the middle age, and is also by the derveeshes of the Muhammedans. The influence of the Monastic character is very remarkable over these periods. When the Swiss, in the time of the Emperor Sigismond, were at variance, neither the Bishop of Constance nor the ambassadors of the Emperor were able to re-establish peace. The diet was already on the point of dissolving, and the cantons rushing to civil war, when suddenly the Hermit Nicholas Von der Flue, who passed by the name of Brother Klaus, commanded peace in the name of Christ crucified, and was instantly obeyed. No traveller could wander in Tūrkistaun, if the Khaleefa of Mowr would not take the defenceless pilgrim under his protection. What could the great Athanasius have done when flying from the fury of the Arians, if he had not found an asylum in the Thebais among the pious hermits who lived there under the directions of St. Anthony, who made the deserts resound with doxologies to the Son of God.

The church is magnificent. Fifty priests and two hundred monks reside around it. I circulated here gratis many copies of the Psalms of David and the New Testament. Pilgrims came to Axum from Shoa, Gojam, and all parts of Abyssinia. Columns of immense size are standing at Axum, and on my demanding who built them, they answered, Shem,

Ham, and Japheth. Of the kingdoms of Abyssinia, Shoa is the best regulated; the report that reached me of our new ally, Sahela Selassee, was, that he possessed great political talents, and was beloved by his subjects. His country was surrounded by the Gallas, with whom he preserved friendly relations, and thereby prevented the invasion of his country by the Amhara people. Gondar is the capital of this latter kingdom. Here also exists a descendant of the house of Solomon, but in great poverty, for his knights have divided the country among them. Ras Ali, a Galla chief, plunders Gondar at his pleasure.

Quitting Adwah on the 1st September, with Gobat and his family, and Andreas Mueller and Hadara, I proceeded to Mount Senafe, which I reached on the 10th. The Abyssinians were then celebrating their new year's day, called *Kuddees Yohanna* (Holy John), in commemoration of John the Baptist. Women, men, children, and beasts, are baptized on that day. 12th September, I reached Halay, the highest mountain in Abyssinia, twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea.

October 2nd, I arrived at Jiddah. Gobat embarked for Kosseyr, whilst I remained behind, as my services were no longer required to protect him. Here I determined to set out to see the Rechabites around Sanaa, previous to my return to Abyssinia. Passing Lyt for the second time, where leaving

a Bible on the tomb of a buried saint, created such terror through the whole country, that the book was sent to Mecca, I came, October 14th, to Confoodah, where I had a most interesting conversation with the soldiers of the Pasha's army, and Ahmed, an officer in that body, formerly a derveesh. When Ahmed demanded of me whether Saheb Zemaan (the Lord of the Age) must not arrive before Jesus at his second coming? I replied, "Elijah the Prophet shall first come;" and should have continued the disputation, which had already extended to some length, but for the drum beating to muster. This coming of Elijah is denied by the greater part of the Protestants. I refer for confirmation of my opinions to Augustin, *Treatise*, iv. 1; John i. 20. Art thou Elias? He answered, No. I view John as the forerunner of Christ in one coming, Elias in another. John had the same Holy Ghost as Elias, therefore stood in the spirit and power of Elias. But as Elias must come, and as this is expressly declared, it must be at the second coming.

October 19th we arrived at Jeisaun, a miserable bay for ships, inhabited by Beduins. Here one of the Arab sheikhs of the tribe of Hobab, brother-in-law of Moses, called on me. He knew Hebrew exceedingly well, and even the Arabic dialect of the children of Hobab, is mixed with Hebrew phrases from the Book of Moses. They observe outwardly the

Muhammedan law, but inwardly are attached to the law of Moses.

It is a remarkable fact, that among all nations where religion is enforced by the civil law, sects will arise, who, if I may so express myself, have two religions, one outwardly observed to avoid exclusion from civil privileges, and the other the religion of the heart, and which they in secret practise. Thus, for instance, the very Beni Hobab of whom we have spoken, confirm this; the Shamseea (Worshippers of the Sun), in Mesopotamia, outwardly profess Muhammedanism, and in secret are worshippers of the sun. The Daouddee, or the believers in the divinity of King David, among the Bakhtyaree in Persia, the Georgians in Bokhara, though for centuries resident there, inwardly are Christians, outwardly Muhammedans. Full sixty thousand Jews in Spain are outwardly Roman Catholics, but regularly meet in secret, and exclaim, "Hear, Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord:" which expression forms their pass-word with each other; and I was struck with amazement to find even in the United States of North America, that many of the Indians, especially among the Cherookees, have adopted outwardly the Protestant religion, in order, as they hope, to prevent Congress from sending them further into the interior.

He informed me, that near Sanaa the other

branch of the children of Hobab were encamped, *i. e.*, the Beni Arhab, children of Rechab. A great number of their tribes came down from the mountain Seir. They related to me the history of Moses, of his wandering in the deserts under the guidance of Hobab, who at last refused to go further. "Do you know," said they to me, "Moosa, the prophet of God? The peace of God be upon him. Hobab, our father, was his brother in law."

Shereef Ahmood Aboo Mesameer, of the tribe of Hobab, governed in the mountain of the Aseer, for Jeisaun is at the foot of the mountain. He punished criminals by putting a nail in their forehead, and therefore received the name of Aboo Mesameer, "the father of nails." I give one anecdote as characteristic of the man.

One of the Banians, or Indian merchants, went one day, by land, from Hodeydah to Aboo Areesh. He was attacked by robbers, who said, "Give up your property." He replied, "I am in possession of dollars belonging to Ahmood Aboo Mesameer." The robbers, fearful of being literally *nailed*, left him untouched.

I proceeded thence to Loheya, and from thence to Hodeyda, a town that contains thirty thousand inhabitants. Here were the head quarters of Ibrahim Pasha, commander-in-chief of Muhammed Ali's troops in Yemen: I do not mean the son, but the

nephew of the Pasha. With him I held a very long religious discussion. Amongst other points of our conversation he advised me to direct my attention to the conversion of Rothschild.

I had also here a long conversation with Muhammed Johar, a learned gentleman, formerly governor of Hodeydah. The Arabs of this place have a book called *Seera*, which treats of the second coming of Christ, and his reign in glory.

I must not omit that, in a visit here to Ibrahim Pasha, I missed my way, and had nearly arrived at the harem of the ladies. The Pasha laughed, and said, "I am astonished that such an absent man as yourself should ever have found his way to Bokhara." Husseyn Effendi, the present governor of Hodeydah, is the kindest Turk I have met with. I translated to him *The Fridolin and the Crows of Ibycus*, of Schiller.

The heat here was intolerable: how this country got the name of Araby the Blest, I cannot conceive; uncultivated lands, parched up with the burning heat, destitute of all inhabitants, save mountaineers, are, in my opinion, most unblest regions. All over Yemen there prevails the singular expectation that a mighty man of Arhab, *i. e.* Rechab, will arise and become the sword of Yemen.

After passing numerous spots I arrived, on the 26th November, at Beit Alfake, where Muhammed

Ali's officers had circulated the report that his beard had become black again,—a certain token, in their notion, that he was to live much longer.

After this I came to Saneef. Its Sheikh and inhabitants are of the tribe of Naasraan, *i. e.* Christians, or Moonasera, the Christianized. I requested to learn the history of their tribe. They told me, "A disciple of Jesus, Bulus or Paul by name, came to Yemen unto our ancestors, who had been worshippers of idols, became *Naasraan** (Christians), and therefore we have retained the name, though we exclaim now, God, and nothing but God, and Muhammed, the Prophet of God." I demanded, "Are there any Christians in Yemen?" The Sheikh replied, "All Yemen, with the exception of the Jews and the children of Rechab, exclaim, There is God, and nothing but God, and Muhammed, the Prophet of God." Paul says he went to Arabia, in Galatians i. 17.

I gave the Sheikh a Bible, as he expressed a deep desire to have one. Saneef is at the foot of the Mountain of Borro, inhabited by the tribe of Aram, mentioned in Genesis x. 23. Its inhabitants are Wahabites. They desired Bibles, and I gave them to them.

I left Saneef on November the 29th, and pro-

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* And besides this, many Arabs went to the pillar of Simon Stylites, and he preached to them the Gospel, and thus it spread in Yemen.

ceeded on the road to Sanaa, which I learnt was besieged by the Rechabites. Of course the caravan with which I was travelling ran no small risk on this account. I therefore took a mule, and went on alone to Sanaa, desiring the chief of the caravan to wait until he heard from me. As soon as I had passed Matna, I saw a swarm of the Rechabites rushing to me, exclaiming: "Hoo, hoo, hoo!" Holding up my Bible, I stopped them at once, and they shouted, "A Jew, a Jew!" We dismounted, and, sitting down, I told them that I saw, twelve years ago, one of their nation in Mesopotamia, Moosa by name. *Rechabites.* "Is your name Joseph Wolff?" *W.* "Yes." They then embraced me. They were still in possession of the Bible I gave to Moosa, twelve years before my arrival in Yemen.

I spent six days with the children of Rechab (Beni Arhab). They drink no wine, plant no vineyards, sow no seed, live in tents, and remember the word of Jonadab the son of Rechab. With them were children of Israel of the tribe of Dan, who reside near Terim in Hatramawt, who expect, in common with the children of Rechab, the speedy arrival of the Messiah in the clouds of heaven. Neither party now offers sacrifice. They requested me to remain among them and teach them the doctrine of the Messiah, as they called the Gospel, and to marry one of the daughters of Rechab. The children of Re-

chab say, "We shall one day fight the battles of the Messiah, and march towards (Kuds) Jerusalem." They are the descendants of those whom the Muhammedans call *Yehood Khaibar*, who defeated Muhammed in several battles, but they were at last themselves defeated, for they had sinned, and the Lord of Toor (Sinai) was not with them. I sent them to the chief of the caravan to fetch about eighty Hebrew Bibles and Testaments, which I gave them. One of their party, Looloé, belonging to the powerful tribe of Hamdan, a friend of the Beni Arhab, escorted me, and the whole caravan, safely within the gate of Sanaa, where I entered in the month of December.

Sanaa is called Uzal, (Gen. x. 27,) and exhibits a magnificent spectacle to the eye. It is in a valley surrounded by four mountains. The city has the loveliest of gardens, which furnish pomegranates, grapes, and cherries. The houses are of stone, four stories high, with terraces to walk on in the cool of the day. Here they show us a very ancient house in ruins, called Kaser Saum, the college of Shem, the son of Noah. The Imaum or prince resides in a splendid palace, built in a Gothic style resembling a fortress. He has eight other palaces. Like the Deys of Tunis, and formerly of Algiers, he seldom leaves his palace, and is always afraid of a revolt of his soldiers. He received me very kindly, made me a present of a

shawl, a robe of honour, and twenty dollars, for effecting the entry of the caravan. I regret to say he is drunk from morning to night, and the Jews of Sanaa furnish him with brandy and wine. He was sitting on a divaun when I entered, surrounded by black slaves; he is completely black—as black as a Beduin. He is a man of no talent or energy. He invited me to stay at his palace; but I declined his offer, and took up my abode with the Banians or merchants from India.

Here I may as well notice the Jews of Yemen generally. While at Sanaa, Mose Joseph Alkaree, the chief rabbi of the Jews, called on me. He is an amiable and sensible man. The Jews of Yemen adhere uniquely to the ancient interpretation of Scripture, in the passage Isaiah vii. 14, "a virgin shall conceive," and they give to the עלמה the same interpretation, *virgin*, that the Christians do, without knowing the history of Jesus. Rabbi Alkaree asserted, that in Isaiah liii. the suffering of the Messiah is described as anterior to his reign in glory. He informed me that the Jews of Yemen never returned to Jerusalem after the Babylonish captivity; and that when Ezra wrote a letter to the princes of the captivity at Tanaan, a day's journey from Sanaa, inviting them to return, they replied, "Daniel predicts the murder of the Messiah, and another destruction of Jerusalem and the Temple, and there-

fore we will not go up until He shall have scattered the power of the holy people, until the thousand two hundred and ninety days are over." I demanded, "Do you consider these days to be literal days?" The Alkaree replied, "*No;* but we do expect the coming of the Messiah, from the commotions now going on in Yemen. We think he begins to come from Teman, *i. e.* Yemen, for you see the tents of Cushan are now in affliction, and the curtains of Midian tremble. There is now war in the wilderness, unprecedented in our memory. There are twelve gates at Sanaa. As soon as one of them, the Bab Alastraan, which is always kept closed, is opened, we expect *Him.* Rechab and Hamdan are before it." I then expounded Isaiah liii., and read him the holy history of Jesus. He said, "Your exposition is in better agreement with the ancient interpretation; I approve it much more than that of our nation which ascribes the passage to Josiah." This kind Jew assisted me in the distribution of Testaments among his people. Sanaa contains fifteen thousand Jews. In Yemen they amount to twenty thousand. I conceive the total population of the Jews throughout the world, amounts to ten millions. I baptized here sixteen Jews, and left them all New Testaments.

A fever seized me while at Sanaa. I left it, and

slept the first night with Sheikh Ali, of Looloé, of the tribe of Hamdan. We passed Matria. At Khamees, a band of the Wahabites, whom I mentioned above, rushed down from the mountain, exclaiming, "The books you gave us do not contain the name of Muhammed." *W.* "You ought now, then, as the name is not in that holy book, to come to some decision." *Wahabites.* "We have come to a decision;" and saying this, they horsewhipped me tremendously, and rode off, saying, "This is our decision."

Joseph Ben Alnataf, a Jew, accompanied me hence to Mocha. Numbers of soldiers came down from the mountains to fight against the troops of Muhammed Ali. They demanded seventy dollars of me. *W.* "I am an English subject." *Soldiers.* "In Yemen we know not the name of an Englishman. In Yemen we know only *Allah uaala illa Allah, u Muhammad Rasool Allah* (God, and nothing but God, and Muhammed the Prophet of God). For infidels we have three things, tribute, death, and kalima (confession of faith)." I yielded, and gave my last penny.

I reached Mocha, by the mercy of God, towards the end of December, and set out again for Abyssinia, but caught a typhus fever at Hodeydah, where its kind governor and Monsieur Devaux for six weeks tended me most affectionately. Finding myself too

weak to recross Abyssinia, I embarked in the *Hugh Lindsay*, for Bombay.

I then recovered, and determined to set out thence to the United States of America. A Swedish vessel, the *Amalia*, received me. We stopped at St. Helena, where I lectured on the second coming of Christ. The kindness of Major-General Middlemore and all his family, and Colonel Trelawny, I shall ever gratefully remember. I arrived in New York in the month of August, 1837. Here I found myself surrounded with a phalanx of friends of all religious denominations. I lectured in the Tabernacle on the personal reign of Christ, and the restoration of the Jews. I was here introduced to Bishop Doane, and arrangements were speedily made for my reception into the episcopal church. Doctors Henderson and Chapman examined me in ecclesiastical history, the Articles of the Church, Hebrew, and Greek, as well as natural theology and philosophy. By this worthy Bishop of New Jersey I was ordained deacon, and then preached at Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore repeatedly. On the motion of John Quincy Adams, I received permission to give a lecture in the Congress Hall, in presence of all the members of Congress of both houses, the Bishop of Virginia, and the clergy and citizens of Washington. I had the same honour conferred on me by the government of New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

It will naturally be asked what I think of that extraordinary question lately so much mooted in Europe and America, and so much connected with my own researches. "Whether the Indians spring from the Ten Tribes of the Dispersion?" With respect to ancient tradition, the rule of Vincentius Lirinensis, though not infallible, is one of the best criteria. "What has always been believed, by all, and everywhere." This is not traceable in the Indians. They have not at all times, and in all places, and all conjointly affirmed, "We are the Ten Lost Tribes of the Dispersion." On the contrary, they know nothing of any such tradition. I trace no remarkable affinities in their language to lead to such a conclusion. Nor are the rites among them, quoted as analogous to the Jewish, sufficient to justify this conclusion. I am sure all nations will be found connected with the Jewish, as the great centre of spiritual worship, all rites will be found in their uses and abuses, to maintain somewhat of the great principles inculcated in the Jewish law; but I am not prepared, from such grounds, the result of a common origin from the first parents, to affirm them all to be necessarily descendants from the lost tribes, because, in sooth, no other hypothesis suits the reigning taste.

People who have a preconceived favourite system, try to maintain it *ad outrance*, and think they see it realized when nothing of the kind in reality exists.

Worthy people in America desired me to travel about with them, in order that I might convince the Indians of their extraction from the Jews; but this was putting the argument the wrong way. I wanted the Indians to convince me of their origin, and not to aid in deluding them into this notion, as I perceived many well-intentioned people did. I came among the Mohican tribes near New York, and asked them, "Whose descendants are you?" They replied, "We are of Israel." I asked, "Who told you so?" and expected to learn much ancient tradition. To my great surprise, they said, "Mr. and Mrs. Simons, of Scotland." I asked, "What did your ancestors tell you about it?" "All our ancestors told us that we were born under the earth, and a woman among us looking out of the earth was taken hold of by a spirit; and that spirit led us up to the surface of the earth; and there we lived in peace until the white men came, by whom we were subdued."

Many of their customs, besides words in their language, and their physiognomy, rather seem to me to betray a Tatar race. Thus, for instance, they have the word *Kelaun*, Great, which is also used in the same sense at Bokhara. They have *nine* as a favourite number, which the Tatars also have. The Tūrkomauns also play on a flute in a melancholy strain around the tent of their beloved mistresses, and the Indians adopt a similar fashion.

The Jews in America are of very recent origin, principally composed of emigrants from Germany, Poland, and England. I regret to say they are mostly unbelievers in their own law, and marry without distinction among Quakers, Anabaptists, and other sects. There are honourable exceptions.

At New York I received a visit from Noah the Jew, so well known for his love to Israel. The emigration of Roman Catholics from the Austrian and German states was by thousands at this period, 1838. The Leopoldine Society of Austria sent out numerous missionaries to America, to obtain among its sectaries converts to the Roman Catholic faith. If Romanism were successful, it would scarce be worse than the mad folly of some of the sectarians of America, or the detestible perversions of Scripture, of which they incessantly avail themselves. There are thousands of Shakers in America; and when they are asked, why do they turn about in a circle, you get as an answer, "Does not the Scripture say, Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die? Ezekiel xxxiii. 11." The Roman Catholics, however, have found opponents in America among the Episcopalian and Dutch communities, that have more than outmatched them in disputations, confuting Romanism on truly Catholic principles. Vituperation does the Romanists good, and raises their cause; but if the controversy be confined to the great question, On what does a

Church depend? they are scattered easily. A Church founded on the authority of the Bible, and a Church founded on her own authority alone,—the great distinctions between Romanists and Anglo-Catholics,—need only clear exposition to show which has the advantage. It is true, Rome has an authority beyond what she claims, but as it is one which she rejects, she is not entitled to the benefit of it in controversy. This is the great question, the true authority of the Church in Scripture. Collateral points may work into this, and become important to confirm this; but this properly defined, as I believe it to be in the Articles of the English Church, duly and reverentially obeyed by its laity, rigorously followed out by a practical energy, strong in proportion to the strength it inhales from its nearness to the purest spring,—this will, I believe, yet produce, and certainly has even now, in part, produced, a state of Christendom unparalleled in earthly history.

I may say without fear of any imputation of vanity, that I have now seen and made myself acquainted with all the branches of the Catholic Church, and with all the sects existing on earth; and I have not shunned to sit at the feet of the bishops in the Roman Catholic Church, in the Armenian Church, in the Greek Church, in the Chaldean and Abyssinian Church, with Wesleyans, Independents,

and learned Baptists; and the result of my investigations is, that the Church of England is the pearl of price and jewel of the earth, and the mightiest masterpiece of Bible illustration which the world has witnessed since it fell under the yoke of sin.

At New York, I must not omit to mention the kindness I received also from its distinguished president, Mr. Martin Van Buren, that shrewd, clever, polished, and refined statesman. In his drawing-room I gave a short lecture before several members of the Congress.

I quitted New York on January 2nd, 1838, accompanied to the vessel in which I embarked by numerous friends, and arrived in England on January 28th. Instantly on my arrival in England, in the Isle of Wight, I gave an account of my missionary proceedings for eighteen years; also at Southampton and London. Being introduced to the Marquis of Anglesea, in whose house I dined and delivered a lecture, his Lordship recommended me to the Marquis of Normanby, lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and to Archbishop Whateley. The University of Dublin conferred on me the degree of LL.D. From America I received the degree of D.D., from the Protestant episcopal college of St. John's, Annapolis, Maryland. I then received priest's orders in Ireland, by the Lord Bishop of Dromore, in June, 1838. Immediately afterwards I was made hono-

rary chaplain to Lord Viscount Lorton, and after eighteen years' peregrination in the world, tired out, and enfeebled in constitution, I contemplated now seriously settling in England as one of the clergy of its national Church, when the Rev. Hugh Stowell, of Manchester, was kind enough to procure me the situation of incumbent at Linthwaite, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire, where I had the princely income of twenty-four pounds per annum, collected by pew rents, and no augmentation from Queen Anne's Bounty. Previous to my arrival, the Pastoral Aid Society had given eighty pounds to my predecessor; but as I did not apply for it previous to my accepting the living, and as they said Lady Georgiana had a sufficient income, they refused to give it to me.

Here I cannot but note, that the state of the British Church, according to Parliamentary returns in 1835, *viz.* of nearly five thousand livings, or about one half of the total number of livings returned, *viz.* ten thousand four hundred and seventy-eight, being under two hundred pounds per annum, was a position of ecclesiastical matters that called loudly for the attention of the Premier, and I am pleased to see that Sir Robert Peel directed the powers of his vigorous intellect immediately to it. Disparity of incomes in any Church, want of promotion of deserving men, create a faintheartedness in its members that must prove deleterious to the Church's great interests.

CHAPTER III.

Quits Linthwaite for the Curacy of High Hoyland. Hears of the Imprisonment of his Friend Conolly at Bokhara. Writes to his Family, offering to proceed thither in 1842. Leaves High Hoyland. Receives from his Congregation a Testimonial of Respect. Puts a Letter in the *Morning Herald*, July, 1843, stating his willingness to go to Bokhara; Captain Grover replies to it. Dr. Wolff goes with his Family to Bruges. Correspondence with Captain Grover. Arrives in England. Interview with Stoddart and Conolly Committee. Public Meeting convened: Address of Dr. Wolff; Speech of the Chairman, Sir J. Bryant, detailing former Intimacy between Dr. Wolff and Lieutenant Conolly. Embarks on the Mission, October 14, 1843. Arrival at Gibraltar. Character of Bishop Tomlinson. Malta. Athens. Interview with the King and Queen of Greece. Dardanelles.

Besides the smallness of income at Linthwaite, from the exposed situation of the locality, Lady Georgiana as well as myself were constantly attacked with quinsey. I therefore, after a stay of two years, took the curacy of High Hoyland, near Wakefield, with a salary from the rector, who lived two hundred miles distant, a very worthy gentleman, the Rev. Christopher Bird, in 1840; and these were assuredly the happiest of my days. I visited my poor people, and there existed a mutual attachment between us. But our expenses far exceeded our income; we became involved in debt from the necessity of the case; and therefore the Lord Bishop of Ripon, my worthy diocesan, wrote to the Bishop of London to procure me a foreign chaplaincy. His Lordship of London

promised to bear it in mind, and I left with regret my parishioners in 1843. I received a testimonial of the respect entertained to me by my congregation, conveyed by a piece of plate, and we were about to settle at Bruges; but previous to my departure from High Hoyland, I offered myself to go to Bokhara to save Stoddart and Conolly. This offer was made in 1842. I also tendered my services to go to Cabul, to save the prisoners there; but it did not appear at that moment necessary. I then went to reside at Richmond in Surrey.

In July, 1843, I put into the *Morning Herald* the following letter:

PROPOSAL FOR THE LIBERATION OF COLONEL STODDART AND CAPTAIN CONOLLY.

To all the Officers of the British Army.

Gentlemen, 13, Richmond Green, Richmond, July 2.

Though a missionary and a clergyman myself, and not an officer, I do not take up my pen in order to excite your sympathy in behalf of a clergyman or missionary, but in behalf of two of your fellow-officers, Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart, who are at present captives in the great city of Bokhara; but having been myself two months at Bokhara, and knowing, as I do, the character of the inhabitants of Bokhara, I am fully convinced that the report of their having been put to death, is exceedingly doubtful—much more so by the source from which the report originated.

If, therefore, one of you, gentlemen, would be inclined to accompany me to Bokhara, or merely pay the expenses of my journey there, I am ready to go there; and I am fully confi-

dent that I shall be able, with God's help, to liberate them from captivity, with the assistance of my Tūrkomaun friends in the desert of Khiva, and one of the derveeshes; but I would undertake the journey without making myself responsible to the British Government, and entirely on my own responsibility.

I merely want the expense of my journey, and not *one single farthing as a compensation;* even in case of complete success.

I shall be ten days more at Richmond, Surrey; if, therefore, one of you brave officers is now ready to accompany me, or to assist me in making the journey, let him come to me, and we may talk over the matter more fully.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

JOSEPH WOLFF,

Late Curate of High Hoyland, Yorkshire, formerly Missionary in Persia, Bokhara, and Affghanistaun.

The next day I had a letter from Captain Grover, who informed me that he would provide the requisite funds, and would call on me the following day at Richmond. Not wishing that Lady Georgiana should be made uneasy about my intended journey to Bokhara, until all was finally settled, I determined, if possible, to anticipate Captain Grover's visit. In consequence, immediately after breakfast I walked up and down Richmond Green, to intercept the Captain, and to converse with him before he saw Lady Georgiana. I soon perceived a stranger looking anxiously about him, and on addressing him at a guess, found that he was Captain Grover himself.

We shook hands most heartily, and he immediately told me that he had offered to proceed at his own expense to Bokhara, and had been refused the only security for his safety, he considered, viz., a letter from government, and the permission to wear his uniform. He wished me to proceed *viâ* Orenbourg, as he did not anticipate any cordial assistance from the British government, who had in his opinion most unaccountably abandoned the Officers to their fate. He then told me that he would make a *national* matter of it, if he could not get it taken up, as he thought it ought to be, as a government question. He stated his intention to call a public meeting, and appoint a committee, which would enable him to communicate more easily with the government, and to enforce all necessary measures for my protection.

On communicating with Lady Georgiana, she felt reluctant to my encountering the matter, and we went to Bruges to await the issue of Captain Grover's efforts. The circumstances connected with these Officers I found to be the following. Colonel Stoddart was on a *direct* mission from the government to Bokhara. Captain Conolly on a mission to Khokand and Khiva, from the Indian government, and further he was instructed to aid and assist Colonel Stoddart in Bokhara, and had strict injunctions that Colonel Stoddart, in his political câpacity there, was empowered to claim his services at

any period. After this, various communications took place between myself and my friend Captain Grover, in which he detailed the progress that he had made to carry out his object, and he further published a small pamphlet, giving a few clear and succinct details of the then state of the Stoddart and Conolly question. This pamphlet of Captain Grover drew public attention to the matter, and then there appeared an account of the death of both these officers in the paper, on the authority of one Saleh Muhammed, who simply stated what he had heard, but not what he had seen. This statement had further the official guarantee of the signature of the Chargé d'Affaires at Teheraun, Colonel Sheil. This semi-official statement produced no effect, and on Captain Grover communicating with me, with a view to ascertain what I thought of that statement, I wrote to him the following letter; which I here insert as illustrative of the feelings and motives which influenced me in undertaking this journey:

My dear Sir, Bruges, August 27, 1843.

I read the statements of Muhammed Saleh in the *Globe*, copied from the *Times*, two days before you were kind enough to send to me the *Times*, and I confess that I doubt more than ever the truth of the report of their having been put to death, for, if such an event had taken place in the city of Bokhara, containing a population of 180,000 inhabitants, he would not have heard that story of their heads having been cut off by one of the executioners alone, but by the

loud expressions of indignation of thousands of the inhabitants; but it seems from the report of Saleh Muhammed, that only one *of the executioners* made him acquainted with the history. I say there would have been *loud* expressions of indignation, for having been myself two months at Bokhara, I know that the person of a guest is considered as sacred, and the mullahs, who are all-powerful at Bokhara, would have deposed the Ameer. The mullahs of Bokhara themselves told me that if the Ameer Almoomeneen (this is the title of the prince) suspects a person strongly, he either gets him poisoned secretly distant from Bokhara, or *strangled*, for they do not cut off heads with a knife. Beside these considerations, allow me to give you the following account of my own journey to Bokhara in 1831.

When I arrived the second time at Teheraun, in July, 1831, (for I was there the first time in 1825,) I called on my old friend Khosrow Khan, to whom I had been introduced in 1825 by Sir Henry Willock and Sir John Mc Neile. He (Khosrow Khan) sent immediately for a Persian merchant who was very well acquainted with the state of Bokhara, and had just arrived from thence; and the following dialogue took place between that merchant and myself in the presence of Khosrow Khan.

After Khosrow Khan, who was one of the ministers of Fut Allah Shah, had informed that merchant of my plan to go to Bokhara, he (the merchant) turned to me, and said: "Name tuwanee berawee," *i. e.*, Thou canst not go.

W. "Tshera," *i. e.*, Why?

Merchant. "As soon as you arrive in Khorassaun, the Tūrkomauns, who are cursed Sunnées, and therefore invade Khorassaun (the inhabitants of which are good *Sheahs*), in order to make slaves of the Khorassanee, will certainly make a slave of you; and if you should succeed to come as far as Sarakhs or Merve, the Tūrkomauns would put you to death the first moment you should arrive there; and even if you

were to arrive at Karakol, there the governor, another Harram Zadah (son of a ——) of a Sunnée, would receive you in the kindest manner, and then give secret orders to have you drowned in the *Ammoo* (Oxus), and the greatest misfortune for you would be to arrive safely at Bokhara, for Moorcroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck Sahib, after they had given thousands of rupees to Ameer Behadur, have been put to death openly at Bokhara by his express orders."

However, I undaunted proceeded to Bokhara; it is true that I was made a slave in Khorassaun, but not by the "cursed *Sunnées*," i. e., the Tūrkomauns, but by the banditti of Muhammad Izhak, Khan of Torbad Hydarēa,—people of Khorassaun, and of the sect of Sheah, who made slaves of me and ten companions of mine, *all of them Sheahs*,—made slaves by their own co-religionists, with the design of selling us to the Tūrkomauns; but the very fact of my being an English subject was not only the cause of my own liberation, but of all the Sheah slaves of Torbad, where a regular slave market existed, and where every year hundreds of Sheahs were sold by the above-mentioned Sheah Khan!!! The Tūrkomaun chiefs, who were that time at Torbad, declared me to be their *mehmoon* (guest), for whom they would go thousands of miles to give their lives for me. They sent the Arabic Bibles I gave to them to their mullahs at Sarakhs and Khiva, declared me to be the forerunner of the Muhdee and Jesus, and desired my blessing.

After my arrival at Meshed, the capital of Khorassaun, the Sheah merchants and the Sheah mullahs of Meshed, again assured me that Moorcroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck, had been publicly put to death, and at Bokhara; on my arrival among the Tūrkomauns in the desert of Sarakhs, I lodged with the Jews, but the wild sons of the desert paid me every respect; even their Mullah, who had got the Bible which I gave when at Torbad to the Tūrkomaun Sayd Neyaas, came and asked from me the *fatkha*, blessing! I fixed on their

tents public proclamations, announcing to them the second coming of Christ in Glory and Majesty, called on them to repent of their evil doings, and especially exhorted them to give up the practice of making slaves of the Persians; I remained among them twenty-two days, and so far from their attempting to put me to death, I had every morning numbers of Tūrkomauns demanding my blessing, which I granted on condition of their giving up the occupation of *tshapow*, i. e., slave making. I then set out with *one single Tūrkomaun* from Sarakhs to *Mowr*, and Bokhara; was not murdered in either of those places, tho' it was predicted by the merchant at Teheraun. The governor of Karakol gave me, according to the custom of the country, bread and salt to eat, and tea mixed with salt, and horse flesh beside, and was far from disposed to give the order to drown me in the Ammoo or Oxus. On my arrival at Bokhara, notwithstanding that a Jew there, Elias by name, who knew me at Bagdad, behaved very hostilely towards me, on account of his knowing that I came to convert them, and declared me openly before numbers of the inhabitants to be a Russian spy, I was treated with the greatest hospitality; and there I learned, to my astonishment, that neither Moorcroft, nor Guthrie, nor Trebeck, had been put to death at Bokhara. Moorcroft himself died at Ankhoy, not within the dominion of the King of Bokhara, and he died of fever. Guthrie and Trebeck died at Mazaur, governed by a khan, who is a rebel against the King of Bokhara, whom the Goosh-Bekee (vizier) to the King of Bokhara, told me that he strongly suspected had poisoned Guthrie and Trebeck! Now mark! a few days after my arrival there the mullahs of Bokhara went in a body to the Ameer, and said: "O your Highness! Joseph Wolff, the Englishman who has arrived here, has informed your vizier with frankness that the Persians had told him that we had put to death Moorcroft, Guthrie, and Trebeck. His report agrees with what we heard from others, that the

rascally Sheahs have given to the city of Bokhara, which is Kawat Islaame Deen (Energy of Islam), the name of Murderer of Guests, who are considered sacred by us. We must therefore treat Joseph Wolff, and every English traveller after him, with the highest regard and respect, and give him money if he wants it, in order that he may give a real statement of our dispositions towards guests, and our scrupulosity in the treatment of guests!" The Ameer replied: "By my head! Joseph Wolff must be treated well! and he will soon be convinced that the Guzl Bash are liars!" and well treated I was; and I am now in possession of the passport. I was well treated throughout the kingdom of Bokhara, and so was Lieutenant Burnes, afterwards Sir A. Burnes.

It is true that I was stripped again afterwards, but not in the kingdom of Bokhara, but fourteen days' distant from it, at Doo-ab, near But-Bamian; not by the Sunnées, but by Sheahs, who are by far worse than Sunnées. It is true that the expedition to Affghanistaun may have caused a change of sentiments towards the English, but this would only lead to a detention and strict surveillance of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, not to a violent murder of them; and if it had led to such, why has it never been confirmed by the Chekarpoore merchants at Teheraun and the Jews of Meshed? for the merchants in the caravanserai of Chekarpoore at Bokhara have continual intercourse with the Chekarpoore merchants at Teheraun; and those Chekarpoore merchants of Bokhara, jealous as they are of English travellers, certainly would have noised it abroad, if such a deed had been perpetrated at Bokhara. I also forgot to add, that whilst I was well treated at Bokhara, letters arrived from the Jews of Meshed, stating that it had been currently reported at Meshed and Isfahan that I had been put to death by order of the Ameer.

Now, having given you my reasons for disbelieving Saleh Muhammed's account, I repeat again my willingness to proceed if all can be arranged by the 1st of October. I get

letters after letters, making inquiries, as if they had to confer a *personal favour upon me;* whilst I wish to undertake the journey, *not for my own pleasure,* but from a sense of *philanthropy.*

Such being my motives, I remain,
Yours truly,
JOSEPH WOLFF.

I trust my readers will not deem me too sanguine in considering the account of Saleh Muhammed, alluded to in this letter, as false, since it afterwards turned out to be substantially so; or inconclusive in reasoning, in placing the story of the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly on a similar basis with respect to veracity to that before us as to the death of these English travellers, which also turned out to be totally unfounded. I received shortly after this, fresh communications of the further progress of the Mission on behalf of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, and replied in the following terms:

My dear Captain Grover, Bruges en Belgique, Sept. 4, 1843.

I am glad to learn that the project with regard to Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly seems to be on the fair way of being realized.

It would not be the first time that I have been enabled to be of service to others, even at the expense of my missionary proceedings. In the year 1836, I intended proceeding to Timboktoo from Abyssinia, but on my arrival at Adwa in Tigree, I found Mr. Gobat the missionary very ill, and unable to return to Europe with his wife and child; I therefore renounced my plan of going to Timboktoo, and brought Mr. Gobat and his family safely to Jiddah. I fell ill after

this myself, which obliged me to change my plans altogether. The committee of the Church Missionary Society thanked me for that act.

In the year 1821, when in the Isle of Cyprus, I saved the lives of four priests, who were sentenced to be put to death; and three boys of the Greeks, whose fathers were put to death, were sent by me to England. In 1821, I established the Mission at Jerusalem, when all the friends at home thought that it was impossible.

You may make use of these statements in case that you think that they will be useful; but pass them over with silence in case that you deem it proper.

After I shall have been informed that five or six hundred pounds have been paid into the bank of Messieurs Drummond and Co., 49, Charing Cross, and a passport from Lord Aberdeen, to the following purport,—Revd. Joseph Wolff, English Clergyman, travelling in Central Asia,—shall have been given, accompanied with two letters, according to Lord Aberdeen's own promise, simply recommending me to the good offices of Sir S. Canning and Colonel Sheil, without involving Lord Aberdeen or the Ambassadors in any responsibility, I shall proceed instantly from Bruges with Lady Georgiana to London, to see once more my son, who is educated at Rugby; but I shall only stay at London till the first October packet sails for Malta from Falmouth. Perhaps the Colonial Secretary would also give me a letter for the governor at Malta, and the Admiralty for the admiral in the Mediterranean. My missionary character has been a passport at Bokhara in 1832, and also in other most dangerous places, and I trust it will prove so again to me, and Stoddart and Conolly, with God's help, in 1843.

Pray, after all is settled, ask from the Jews' Society one dozen Hebrew Bibles and Liturgies for the Jews at Bokhara.

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

I hope my readers will perceive my object in laying before them a large mass of the correspondence antecedent to my departure, since I trust it will produce this important result, viz., the clear indication that my course and plan were well and dispassionately weighed, and that no unseemly haste was exhibited in my own conduct, or apparent in the proceedings of any party. I continued to receive from Captain Grover renewed assurances of the confidence entertained in the result of my exertions, and I again wrote to him as follows relative to a public meeting which it was his intention to convene:

My dear Grover, Bruges, Sept. 6, 1843.

I beg you to state frankly and openly to the ladies and gentlemen of the meeting, that I am fully aware of the doubts entertained with regard to Colonel Stoddart's and Captain Conolly's being still alive; but at the same time, tell them also, that nothing has shaken my wish of ascertaining the fact with my own eyes; and should they be dead, (which I trust is not the case, and have reasons to doubt,) the people of Bokhara and their prince will be struck with amazement and consternation, on their observing that such interest is taken in England in the lives of their countrymen; and it may have a great *moral* and *religious* influence among them. When I set out in the year 1821 for the purpose of preaching the Gospel at Jerusalem, *all my friends*, among whom was that man of God, Mr. Simeon himself, thought it impossible; however I went there and preached the Gospel, and with God's help, was thus the first cause which induced the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, to send a permanent mission there; and my going to Bokhara

the second time may thus lead to other results. Let us show to Muhammedans that Christians love each other so much, that they are ready to lay down their lives for each other!

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Of the contents of this letter I am, on its re-perusal after this distance of time, still further convinced that the principle I then laid down, that my Mission would produce a good result to England, happen what might to myself personally, has been realized; and I feel fully satisfied that a moral dignity has been lent to England by this Mission among the Oriental nations, that will last and produce far more beneficial results to her power than if it had been attended with every possible success. It has, at least, demonstrated that death does not intimidate an Englishman, and that he will demand from the very executioner and butcher of his countrymen, the strictest account of such atrocities, either at the head of armies, or as the simple Christian, with no other arms than the Word of Truth—the Bible. I need only allude to the positive fact, subsequently developed in the further progress of this narrative, that though with no other power than that of a simple derveesh, the Ameer of Bokhara proffered to send an ambassador with me to give an account of his conduct to our government, though fully assured by me that my mission was not political. This

ambassador also was to proceed first to the Sultan, to obtain his intercession with England, and I need not appeal for further evidence than that, as to the utility of the noble mission of the Stoddart and Conolly Committee.

My letter of the 6th was well received, when read to them, by the Stoddart and Conolly Committee, which was formed September 7th, 1843; and that body of gentlemen manifested a most enthusiastic interest in my Mission. Captain Grover was installed as its President, a most necessary measure, as it enabled him to put himself in communication with Government, and to demand all necessary aid. It further emboldened me in my design, as I had then to deal with a recognised organ of communication. Captain Grover had informed the Committee that I was prepared to start when 500*l.* was raised for that object, but that he trusted 2000*l.* would be realized speedily. To this communication I replied, giving my plan of proceeding; and, in return, received a letter, dated September 15, from Captain Grover, communicating the information that the route proposed was accepted by the Committee, and informing me that he should take apartments for me in London near Portman square. It also communicated the highly-valuable accession of the hero of Navarino, Sir E. Codrington, and the celebrated traveller, Mr. J. Silk Buckingham, as members

of the Committee; as also the munificent contributions of Lords Beauvale and Melbourne to the fund.

About this period Lieutenant Eyre, so well known for his distinguished conduct at Cabul, did me the honour to send me the following spirited and high-minded communication:

Revd. and dear Sir, Meerut, Sept. 11, 1843.

I have but just perused your letter of 2nd July last, in which you so nobly offer to proceed to Bokhara, for the purpose of procuring the release of those enterprising but unfortunate officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Arthur Conolly; both of whom I had once the pleasure to know personally, and with the latter of whom I was on most friendly and intimate terms. Had it been my good fortune to be present in England when your letter appeared, I would not have hesitated for an instant to accept the invitation which you gave to any British officer to accompany you; and I feel assured we could have managed between us to raise sufficient money for the purpose. Even now, if I am not unhappily too late, I offer myself as your companion, and I have just dispatched a letter to the secretary of the Cabul Relief Committee, urging that a sufficient sum may at once be placed at your disposal, to use in case of necessity, and I am not without hope that my suggestions may be attended to.

Though not enjoying the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, I am sufficiently acquainted with your character to feel confident that you are, of all men, the most likely to succeed in the object you at present have in view. I heard much of you when you were in India from our mutual friends Darcy Todd and poor Arthur Conolly himself. My own name may be not quite unknown to you, as one of those British officers who fell into the hands of Akbar

Khan, on the retreat from Cabul, in January, 1842, and who, after a captivity of more than eight months, experienced so wonderful and so unlooked for a deliverance, when on the point of being carried into Toorkistan, with their wives and families. The remembrance of my own most Providential liberation arms me with all the necessary confidence and resolution for joining in this effort on behalf of my less fortunate countrymen, who are still, perhaps, languishing in a miserable imprisonment at Bokhara. To be, in the most remote degree, instrumental in their deliverance, I should esteem the greatest happiness that could befall me, and if when this letter shall reach your hands, no more suitable companion should have offered himself, we might perhaps manage to meet each other at Bombay, or some other place, thence to proceed by whatever route shall seem to you most feasible.

I should not despair of reaching Bokhara in safety by the route of Cabul, because I know that both Dost Mahomed Khan and his son, Mahomed Akbar, are interested in the fate of Stoddart, with whom they were once shut up in the same prison at Bokhara, and formed a personal friendship in consequence. They would therefore be likely to afford every facility to such a journey as you contemplate; and they might even feel some gratification in seeing one who had been so recently a prisoner in their hands, appearing with so much confidence amongst them again, and trusting to their feelings of humanity. The Khiva route, however, which you propose, seems the most free from risk, and easiest of accomplishment to one starting direct from England.

I will now tell you all I have been able to learn about our two captive countrymen.

The last *authentic* intelligence was contained in two letters from Arthur Conolly himself, to his brother John, then a hostage at Cabul, in the summer of 1842, in which he drew a melancholy picture of their situation in a prison at Bokhara. For four months they had had no change of raiment;

their dungeon was in a most filthy and unwholesome state, and teemed with vermin to a degree that rendered life a burden. Stoddart was reduced to a skeleton, and his body was covered with putrid sores. They had, with great difficulty, prevailed on one of their keepers to represent their wretched condition to the King, and were then awaiting his reply, having committed themselves to God, in the full assurance that unless soon released, death must shortly terminate their sufferings.

The King was always described to us by the Affghans, as a mad and merciless tyrant, being subject to fits of insanity, during the continuance of which all around him trembled for their lives. This picture of him may be overcharged, but, if true, it is almost destructive of hope.

You have, of course, heard the story derived, through Colonel Sheil, from a Persian who professed to have actually seen the graves in which Stoddart and Conolly had been buried. This story has, however, been contradicted by two highly respectable Jews, both of whom I know intimately, and whom I believe to be honest upright men. They have received letters from friends at Bokhara, mentioning both officers as still alive; and information has been received from other quarters, that the two graves were those of two servants who had offended the King. There was a popular belief at the time of their execution, that they were British officers, and this may have been what misled Colonel Sheil's informant.

Sept. 18th. Since writing the foregoing, I have received a reply to my application from the Cabul Relief Committee, who regret that they are debarred by the rules of the fund to place any money at your disposal, but expressing their readiness to assist your undertaking to the utmost of their power. I greatly lament that nothing can now be done by this mail, but I shall stir the matter in the papers. I have just learned that my troop is ordered to Agra, to form part of an

army there to assemble. Should my public duty in this country interfere with the private wish I have here expressed, you will still believe I take the greatest interest in your proceedings, and shall rejoice with all my heart to hear of your success. God be with you, my dear sir, and believe me, Yours very faithfully,

VINCENT EYRE, *Lt. Horse Artillery.*

The numerous useful suggestions contained in this letter, it is almost unnecessary to particularize; I was glad to find that the route I had proposed seemed the best to this experienced traveller. The sufferings of the British Officers, I need not add, as described in this letter, added fresh fuel to my earnest desire to reach them; and though the character of the Khan, which was fully realized in my own instance afterwards, was anything but satisfactory to my feelings, I confess, yet had I on the instant possessed the magic carpet of Prince Houssein, I should have immediately used it to transport myself to Bokhara to inquire into their sad destiny, if possible to redress their fearful wrongs. No reply could of course be given to this letter, which arrived in England after I had started, and reached me at Constantinople.

Nor was this the only offer I received indicative of the deep sympathy entertained for the British Envoys. Lieutenant-Colonel Napier, on hearing of my offer, immediately volunteered to accompany me in the following letter:

Sir, Merchiston Hall, Horndean, Hants, August 17.

I see by the public papers that you are anxious to proceed to Bokhara, to enquire into the case of Colonel Stoddart, and would wish to be accompanied by a military man: I have been a good deal in the East, and if such an expedition could be managed and authorized by the British government, it would give me great pleasure (under certain provisos) to have the advantage of the company of so experienced a traveller as yourself. Believe me, reverend sir, to remain, Yours truly,

E. Napier, *Lt.-Colonel H. P. Unatt.*

To resume the thread of my story, to the letter before alluded to from Captain Grover, I subjoin my reply:

My dear Captain Grover, Bruges, Sept. 18, 1843.

I beg you to tell the members of the Committee that I am highly flattered with the confidence they place in me. I think that Malta will be the shortest way; therefore, try that I may be enabled to start with the first steam-packet in the month of October, and that all may be prepared for that time. I am very glad that Lord Melbourne and the Hero of Navarino take an interest in this matter. I shall be able to consolidate the forty-one pounds, which are in Drummonds' hands, from the separate committee. After the necessary five hundred pounds shall be collected, and the passports and letters from the Foreign Office procured for Sir Stratford Canning and Colonel Sheil, I shall be very happy to attend a meeting at London, and state more at large the importance of ascertaining the truth of the report of Muhammed Saleh, which has since, according to the newspapers, been contradicted by pilgrims from Bokhara, who passed Constantinople. It is very extraordinary that neither Sheil, nor any one from Teheraun mentions that the report had been confirmed

by caravans from Bokhara, nor by the Jews of Meshed; and the whole evidence depends on the too *circumstantial* account of Muhammed Saleh, as Miss Stoddart lately wrote to me.

I do not like to come to London with Lady Georgiana until all is settled, on account of the expense which I should incur at London; for having never had a living in England, and being only lately a curate in Yorkshire, with an income of sixty pounds per annum, which obliged me to leave the place, in order to live in the cheap town of Bruges, I do not like to go away from here, where I have hired apartments, and incur expenses at London for other apartments, until I am on the very point of starting for Bokhara. I think that such a meeting would be highly useful.

If we find both Conolly and Stoddart dead, the Asiatic nation, the Muhammedans, will have perceived by my inquiring after them, that the Christians *love each other*, and are not indifferent at the fate of two of their *brethren;* and they will exclaim, as in the time of Tertullian the heathens exclaimed: "*How these Christians love each other!*" And, further, this Mission will make the people of Bokhara apprehensive of the consequences, and deter them from doing so again; and also, knowing, as I do, that the powerful Khans of Khiva, Shahr Sabz, and Khokand, are (but especially that of Shahr Sabz) enemies of the King of Bokhara, I may ascertain how far these Khans will be prepared to take up the case, and unite with England in punishing the Khan of Bokhara, if he should have done such a thing. Many other beneficial results may accrue from this journey. But I repeat my most firm conviction, *that I do not believe one single word of the circumstantial account of Muhammed Saleh*, for there is no nation in the world like the Persian, who can tell lies in the most circumstantial manner.

1. I shall take with me a clergyman's gown and cassock, my hood, and a shovel hat.

2. One dozen or two of Hebrew Bibles and Testaments,

and of the Common Prayer Book in Hebrew, for the Jews of Bokhara, Shahr Sabz, Khiva, Samarcand, Balkh, and Khokand. These you may get from the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews.

3. Two or three dozens of silver watches, for the grand mullah and mullahs of Bokhara, the Khans of Khiva, Shahr Sabz and Khokand. The Ameer of Bokhara shall not get one single thing, in case that he was the cause of their death.

3. Two or three dozens of maps in the Arabic characters, published by the Church Missionary Society.

5. Three dozens of *Robinson Crusoe*, translated into Arabic by Mr. Schlienz, at Malta. I distributed a great many copies of this book, when at Sanaa and Loheya, in Arabia, and I assure you that it excited a great sensation. Robinson Crusoe's adventures and wisdom* were read by Muhammedans in the market-places of Sanaa, Hodeyda, and Loheya, and admired and believed! All these circumstances I would state in the meeting, and an interesting meeting we shall have.

Lord Viscount Canning wrote to me, that whenever I should come to London, and wish to see him, he shall be most happy to receive me. I think that it will be well to make him and Lord Aberdeen acquainted with the contents of my letters, in order that they may see that I have a well-matured plan, and do not intend to make use of the name of government in my proceedings, and that, after all, I don't intend to rush into danger like a wild fanatic!

If I was in London, we could combine many things together, which cannot be done so well by letter; but, as I have said, I fear the expenses. My health is quite well, and so I am not afraid on this score, not to be able to make this journey.

Yours very truly,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

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* On reading the book which I gave them the Arabs exclaimed, "Oh, that Robinson Crusoe must have been a great Prophet!"

P. S. You should send your pamphlet, and all the proceedings of the Committee, to the Turkish, Russian, and Persian ambassadors at London, and also to Arteen Bey, Muhammed Ali's envoy, by which means the news will spread to Bokhara before I arrive there, and may effect the liberation of Stoddart and Conolly before I get there. Communicate it also to the French ambassador.

On this subject I need offer but few observations, except to note the trouble from a solitary member of the Stoddart family, that I experienced; but I shall not further honour that individual, save by the simple statement, that if an individual had been selected from out the entire world who ought to have clasped in tears and gratitude the knees of my friend Captain Grover, one would have naturally expected him to have been that individual who most grossly insulted and abused Captain Grover at the public meeting at Exeter Hall on my return to England! The British public exhibited on that occasion their sense of that ungrateful attack on the friend of Stoddart, by expressions of no doubtful character.

But I will not anticipate matters. The particulars detailed in this letter show, I trust, that I was not a man prepared madly and recklessly to risk my life, but prove, I conceive, that my plan for the mission was both comprehensive and as secure as circumstances would permit it to be. After a further communication with Captain Grover on the convening of a public meeting,—in which I was

desirous of laying before the public my former experience in the habits of these countries, and of detailing my journey to Bokhara in 1830, and of my curious reception in that interesting and ancient city,—I again, on the 26th of September, announced to him my intention of coming to England to prepare for the expedition, and also my plan of embarkation by the October packet of the 15th from Southampton to Malta, and that I purposed quitting Brûges on the 1st of October for that object. Before, however, I did so, I addressed to Captain Grover the following letter:

Bruges, Hotel du Commerce,
To Captain Grover. Sept. 28, 1843.

You will have received my letter of the 25th, as an answer of yours received *viâ* Antwerp, by which you will perceive that my proposed plan exactly agrees with the wish of the Committee, stated in your letter of the 25th. I shall come over to England, *viâ* Ostend, on Monday, in the afternoon; for we shall sail from Ostend on the 1st of October, in the evening. I hope that the *Iberia* is a steamer, for I would not run any risk in a sailing vessel at this season of the year; and in case that it is a government packet, perhaps the Admiralty would grant to me a free passage in her? However, this is only a query. With regard to the watches I mentioned, you must contrive that they are bought clear from the five hundred pounds, which must go entirely for my expenses to Bokhara, and back to London.

The reasons of my going to Bokhara are:

1st. To perform a Christian act, by attempting the liberation of fellow creatures, of two gallant officers of my adopted country.

2nd. To liberate *a friend, an intimate friend of mine,* in the person of Conolly.

3rd. To be useful to England.

4th. To perform a promise given to the prime minister of Bokhara, that I would remove the prejudice from the Europeans, caused by the calumny of the Persians, that the people of Bokhara were *murderers of guests.*

5th. To show to Asiatics how highly an Englishman and a Christian values the life of his fellow creature, by exposing myself to the fatigues and dangers of a journey from the Thames to the Oxus; and thus to inspire respect for the name of an Englishman in the minds of the Usbegs and their prince.

6th, and lastly. To be the instrument of drying the tears from the eyes of Conolly's family, and perhaps * * * .

I hope, my dear friends, that there will be no disappointment, for it would be distressing if I were to come to England, and then the plan be given up. There is only one disappointment which I should be glad to learn; and that is, that accounts were to reach you that Stoddart and Conolly have arrived at Teheraun. This would be indeed an agreeable disappointment for me.

I beg you to express to the Committee my sense of heartfelt gratitude for the confidence they have placed in me. I beg you to make acceptable to Sir Edward Codrington, whom I had the honour to know when at Malta, my humble respects, and kind regards to the brothers of the justly-lamented Sir Alexander Burnes.

I am, yours truly,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

I arrived in England on October 1st, 1843. The day after my arrival in London I had an interview with the Committee, when Captain Grover, according to his promise, gave me a check on his

bankers for five hundred pounds. I explained to the Committee my reasons for disbelieving the statement of Saleh Muhammed, to which the government gave credit, and detailed at full the plan I purposed following during my journey and residence at Bokhara. I promised to go directly thither, and on no account to deviate from the direct route. It was agreed on between us, that as soon as I had ascertained that Stoddart and Conolly had been put to death, or that I should have conveyed them safe to Teheraun, that my engagement with the Committee should cease, and that I should be at liberty to proceed wherever I might please. The Committee were most anxious for my personal safety, and Captain Grover did all in his power to impress upon my mind the great dangers and difficulties to which I was about to expose myself, and also as to the uncertainty of my being able to clear up the mystery should I reach Bokhara. I gave the Committee a short account of my previous journeys to Bokhara, of the kind manner I was treated by the Ameer, and of my acquaintance with many of the most important persons of that holy and learned city. My sacred character of Mullah would also command respect, I had no doubt, and the charitable object of my journey would, I trusted, insure me the kindness of all. My knowledge of Hebrew would enable me to communicate secretly with the Jews, and of Persian and Arabic with

other parties. Captain Grover remarked, that every means would be employed to make me believe the officers were dead; to which I replied, that nothing but seeing their bones would satisfy me, and these I would bring to the Committee. I expressed a wish that a public meeting should be convened, 1st, that the objects of the mission might be understood, and benefit me by preceding me wherever I went; 2nd, with a view to the reimbursement of Captain Grover by the British public; and 3rd, that any of the relatives of the Stoddart or Conolly family, or others, might then have an opportunity of showing their sympathy with my mission, by aiding it by all the means in their power.

A meeting was immediately convened at the Hanover-square Rooms, Major-General Sir Jeremiah Bryant, C.B., in the chair. My friend Captain Grover detailed the singular circumstances under which we became acquainted; and certainly our juxta-position as a British officer and a Protestant divine, both devoutly and sincerely occupied on one common purpose of philanthropy—to which he eloquently alluded—was alone one of remarkable singularity. I pointed out to that meeting, that on my first expedition to Bokhara, in 1832, a report prevailed that the travellers Moorcroft and Trebeck had been barbarously murdered by the Khan of Bokhara, which proved wholly unfounded. I indi-

cated also my reception by the *Goosh-Bekee*, or "King's Ear," to whom I had notified my purpose to visit Bokhara and Balkh, to converse with my people the Jews about Jesus, and, if possible, to trace the Tribes of the Dispersion. Eighteen years had been consumed by me in missionary labour. That I considered Bokhara and Samarcand to be one of their positions, if extant, in common with a celebrated Rabbi at Jerusalem, and that I was supported in that view by the remarkable passage in 1 Chron. v. 26. I showed that I was plundered, beaten, and enslaved by the Tūrkomauns, but that such was the respect entertained for derveeshes that my liberty was restored to me. I pointed out the feelings under which I entered the gates of Bokhara, the Kawate Islaam-ud-Deen, the strength of Islamism, the city of Afrasiab, the supposed Habor of Scripture, the rival and supplantress of Samarcand, the place of residency of Behadur Khan, the treasures of which are so celebrated that they are mentioned in the poems of Hafiz,—the asylum of the Nogay, the Jew, the Girgese, once the Hindoo Bokhara, so harshly treated by Ghengis Khan, and then again by Tamerlane. I entered it with my Bible in my hand, on a horse sent me by the "King's Ear." I stated what I knew of the Jews, of their ignorance of their religion,—that the mullahs were quite indignant at the reported death of Moorcroft

and Trebeck,—my utter disbelief of Saleh Muhammed's statement, and my full confidence that I should return in peace.

The chairman, Sir Jeremiah Bryant, particularized many points connected with Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. He entered on the merits of the Conolly family most feelingly. One brother, he stated, had died a prisoner among the Affghauns; another had been shot through the heart while aide-de-camp to General Sir R. Sale; the third (Arthur) was the object of their present solicitude. The Journal of Captain Conolly was before the public. He had himself seen Wolff and Conolly together in 1832 at Cawnpore, in a controversy which Dr. Wolff was conducting with the Muhammedan doctors. He further stated, in conclusion, his conviction that I was eminently fitted for the mission, from my former experience, general acquaintance with Asiatic countries, and strong personal attachment to Captain Conolly. The thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted—all standing—to my friend Captain Grover, for his chivalric and high-spirited devotion to the cause; and Captain Grover, in returning thanks, said that the offer of entering on the mission, made by himself personally, was only an echo of the general sentiments of the British army, numerous officers having volunteered to undertake the mission —many to accompany Dr. Wolff, among whom he

could name Colonel E. Napier, provided they were permitted to go as British officers.

I expedited matters with all possible dispatch, and arrived at Southampton for embarkation on the 14th of October. While there, the celebrated authoress of the *Undying One*, the Honourable Mrs. Norton, came forward to shake hands with me, and to wish me heartily well on my journey. I was much gratified by this lady's attention, and I trust to win many regards to the way of truth by those singular circumstances in which it has pleased the Almighty to dispose of my lot. I was also visited by a young gentleman of high birth and noble family on board ship, who expressed his wish to accompany me, if circumstances had permitted him. I thank God that he did not, for I never should wish to see any young man enter Bokhara. If it were possible, in the present state of the world, to conceive scenes that would justify to the full the awful injunctions in Leviticus against the Canaanitish nations, they are certainly enacted in that atrocious city.

We set sail in the *Iberia* for Gibraltar on October 14th, 1843.

My fellow-passengers were twenty-three in number, and among them I made the acquaintance of Lady Augusta Paget, and her daughter. The first day her ladyship conversed largely with me; on the second, the ominous evils of a sea voyage began to

indicate themselves, and her ladyship took to her berth. Doctor Gilchrist, the superintendent of the medical board at Gibraltar, also an old acquaintance, was on board. The chief engineer of the Sultan, Mr. Haigh, and his lady; they were both of the Wesleyan persuasion, and were from Penzance, in Cornwall, and emphatically assured me that I should meet some other *good people* on board. I must not omit, also, to mention, among my other companions, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson. This gentleman, a most good-natured personage, was proceeding to Constantinople to direct the building of the British Palace.

My previous habits made me support the voyage better than my fellow-travellers. I walked about on deck without a hat, and every morning had sea water poured over me. I slept on the sofa in the dining-room, rarely in my berth. We made nine miles an hour, and arrived off Ushant on the 15th. I wrote to my dear wife and son at this period, to beg them to pray for me, and that, by the Lord's will, I trusted that we should again be soon united and live happily together *in God;* and if the world and the church did not reward me, and both had neglected much worthier beings, still to keep their minds fixed on Christ. *That* Christ, who after all he had done in nineteen centuries was still expected, since as yet the heathen are not given to him for his

inheritance, *nor the utmost parts of the earth for his possession.*

We were off Ushant on the 15th, as I observed; and on Sunday, the 16th, my poor fellow-passengers were too ill to admit of my performing divine service, and matters were not mended when we slipped into the Bay of Biscay. On Monday the 17th, I gave a lecture to the ship's company, and at 6 P.M. we passed Cape Finisterre. On Tuesday the 17th, I lectured again. We had then Cape St. Vincent in sight. On the 19th, when off Cadiz, I continued my lecture.

On the 20th, early in the morning, we entered Gibraltar. I immediately went on shore, breakfasted with Dr. Gilchrist, and then called on my old friend Dr. Burrow, archdeacon of Gibraltar. As soon as I had sent in my name, the worthy archdeacon came out and led me into his drawing-room, where I was introduced to his two daughters, and to the Rev. Mr. Buchanan, chaplain to the forces; and I met also a Mr. Levy, missionary to the Jews of Gibraltar. The venerable archdeacon expressed a deep interest in my present enterprise, and immediately introduced me to his Excellency the Governor, Sir Robert Wilson. The chivalrous conduct of Sir Robert Wilson in delivering Lavalette from imprisonment and death, and the interest I always felt in Madame Lavalette, that sweet affectionate woman, rendered my interview

with him most pleasing. I could have wished that circumstances had permitted Sir Robert to have accompanied me to Bokhara. Were the whole lives of some men recounted, how far more wonderful would they appear than any romance. The governor and his daughter received me in a most cordial manner, and expressed their deep sympathy in my present mission. I was also introduced to Major Wilbraham, the secretary, who had been in Persia, and knew Colonel Stoddart. Major Wilbraham was inclined to believe the report of Saleh Muhammed: however, he admitted that it would be well to come to a certainty.

The Bishop of Gibraltar had left Gibraltar a few weeks ago, and returned to Malta. The Church of England could not have sent a better man to the Mediterranean than Dr. Tomlinson: he combines in his person every requisite for a bishop in the Levant. Dr. Tomlinson does not sit down in one place, and make mere excursions of amusement: he is quickly observed at Athens, consecrating a church there, again at Constantinople, after that at Oporto, and soon at Gibraltar. An English bishop in the Levant ought to be acquainted thoroughly with the literature of his own country, and be master of the French and Italian, and also know something at least of the Arabic literature; now Dr. Tomlinson is master of all these languages, with

which qualities he unites the most essential of all qualities, *i.e.* PIETY.

It was very fortunate that the Lord Bishop of London had, previous to his proposing to send a bishop to the Mediterranean, held a conversation with the Rev. C. Schlienz, missionary to the Church Missionary Society, who, being well acquainted with the Oriental languages, and also the customs and manners of the East, was able to suggest measures according to which the bishops in England seem to have acted in sending out that excellent prelate, Dr. Tomlinson, to Malta. It would be highly advisable to send Dr. Tomlinson to Chaldea, in order to investigate the present state of the Nestorians, and to afford them relief; or, should Dr. Tomlinson not have time, it would be well to send there the Rev. George Williams, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, who has not only travelled in Palestine, but has taken trouble to learn the language. It is quite distressing to see how often a person sets out for the East on a journey of pleasure, without knowing one single word of the language, and then comes back, after a few months, (when he could only have observed that the Eastern clergy wear beards,) and writes a nonsensical pamphlet, pompously styling it, *The State of the Eastern Churches.*

We left Gibraltar on the evening of the same day as our arrival; the excellent Archdeacon Burrow

wished me to stay with him one or two months. He said that nobody agreed better with him than myself in all his opinions. Mr. James Potts, from Dublin, and Messrs. George and Thomas Bourne, from Liverpool, brothers-in-law to my friend the Rev. Mr. Brandreth, embarked on board the *Iberia* for Constantinople. On the 21st of October I continued my lectures to the passengers; Sunday, the 22nd, I read divine service and preached; Monday, the 23rd, I lectured again; Tuesday, the 24th, we were off Tunis; Wednesday, the 25th, we sailed with contrary wind, and passed, early in the morning, the island of Zemra. We had before us the island called Pantaleria, thickly inhabited — the Botany Bay of Naples. I had a conversation with several travellers *on the necessity of faith* and *obedience,* and on the *personal reign of Christ*, and *the restoration of the Jews.*

At ten in the morning of the 26th October we reached Malta. On our entry into the harbour, a servant of Mr. Hunter came on board to fetch the lad Abbot, from Smyrna, who was passenger on board the *Iberia,* from London, on his way to Smyrna, but as his father, a merchant at Smyrna, was performing quarantine at Malta, Mr. Hunter was commissioned to take care of the boy. I therefore wanted to go with Hunter's servant, first of all to Mr. Hunter, as I had a letter for

that gentleman from the house of Baring, but the boats were in such crowds near the *Iberia*, that one of the active boatmen took hold of one of my feet and dragged me into a boat different from that in which Abbot was rowing off. Scarcely had I arrived on shore, when numbers of Maltese exclaimed, "Come sta Signore? come sta la Signora Georgiana." It was quite touching. As I passed Mrs. Kilburn's shop, I went first of all to her, and she exclaimed, "Who ever thought that I should see you again? how is Lady Georgiana, and how is Drummond (my son)? You are going on a glorious errand!" I inquired her age: "How old are you, Mrs. Kilburn?" "Seventy-six." I replied, "You may live twenty years more! Good bye."

I then hastened to the governor. The first person I met was the old servant of Sir Frederic Ponsonby; he delivered my card to Captain Tidy, aid-de-camp to the governor. Captain Tidy exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor Wolff, your arrival was expected; I was at the taking of—(I forget the name of the place)—together with Captain Conolly." General Stuart and Lady Stuart shook hands most cordially with me, and invited me to dine with them at seven o'clock in the evening; and as the captain of the *Iberia* determined to stay till midnight, I was able to accept the invitation which I at first believed was impossible. His Excellency promised me every assistance in his power.

On my going out again from the general's room, the servant asked me whether I had seen Lady Emily Ponsonby. I told him all I knew about her ladyship, and that her ladyship's countenance always brightened up when I mentioned the name of Malta to her in England.

The General then sent an orderly with me to the Admiral, Sir Edward Owen, a venerable old gentleman. His aid-de-camp, Commander Bedford, knew me in former times, and was very glad to see me, and on announcing me to the good Admiral, he immediately asked me to breakfast with him. He had already received a letter about me from the Admiralty, *viâ* Marseilles, and regretted that he had not detained the *Orestes*, which sailed two days before my arrival for Constantinople, but he told me that I would arrive sooner in the *Iberia* than by the *Orestes*, as the latter was obliged to stop several days at Corfu. He gave me letters for Admiral Walker (Yavar Pasha), at Constantinople; for the Captain of the *Devastation*, at Constantinople; for Captain Stirling, of the *Indus*, and Sir Edward Lyons, at Athens. He then placed his carriage at my disposal.

I then went first of all to Dr. Tomlinson; the person who opened the door was Carlo, the servant of Mr. Schlienz, now servant to the Bishop of Gibraltar. His lordship received me with great kindness, and his sister told me that she knew Lady

Georgiana and Lady Maria West, and inquired very kindly after both. His lordship then entered most frankly with me into the state of missions. His lordship gave me letters for the English clergy at Athens; for Doctors Bennett and Southgate, at Constantinople; and a commendatory letter from his lordship to all the bishops and priests in the East. I here append it.

Reverend and dear Sir, Malta, October 26, 1843.

I am glad to hear that you are about to proceed immediately to ascertain the fate of poor Colonel Stoddart and his fellow sufferer in Bokhara. I hope that you may be prospered on your way, and that, with the blessing of God, you will succeed in your object. It is melancholy to think of such men being left without assistance, if they are still alive. But at all events, your journey must be productive of good. You will hardly need any introduction in the countries to which you are going; but you are quite at liberty to show this letter, wherever it may be of service to you. I beg you will commend me to any of the Oriental Bishops and Clergy of my acquaintance whom you may meet with in your journies. Praying that you may be preserved by the goodness and mercy of God from all the dangers of the way, I remain, dear sir,

Your faithful servant in Christ,

G. Gibraltar.

His lordship told me that Mr. Frere was very anxious to see me; I therefore went out to him in the Pietá. He was there with his old servants Beppo and another, who were rejoiced to see me.

I was shown, as usually in former times, to his drawing room; his table was covered with books, and memorials from poor Maltese. After a while my dear old friend entered the room weeping for joy, enquired after my wife and my son Henry most kindly, and talked over our former intimacy. His speech was somewhat feeble, and he told me that he had had at Rome an attack of an apoplectic stroke, but his memory is exceedingly good. I stopped with him about an hour, and he was sorry to learn from me that I was sailing off the same day, as he wanted to invite a party to meet me, among others the Governor, the Admiral and Miss Hamilton. Before I left him, he kindly gave me an order for twenty-one pounds, on Bell and Co., and a strong letter of introduction to Sir Stratford and Lady Canning. I then took my leave of the good old man, and went in the carriage to Miss Hamilton.

When I arrived I sent in my card. I imagined that I should find a lady bowed down by age, and that she would scarcely remember me; but she came running to meet me, looking better than she ever did when I saw her eight years ago. "I never thought to see you again," she exclaimed; "now will you eat a good beef-steak with me, and drink the best glass of ale you ever tasted in your life, and pears which Mr. Frere sent me from his garden only yesterday." So I sat down, and then I said, "I saw your sister,

Lady George Seymour, only last July, at Lady Emily Ponsonby's, when your sister complained that you had entirely given up your relations, and that you never write to them." She replied, "Poor people, writing is such a great trouble to me, but I threaten them after all with a visit of mine, one of these days: I am now seventy-seven years of age, as well as ever; there is no such a place as Malta." "I have learnt that you have ten cows." "Yes, I have a little farm, and here you see my garden, the whole of which does not cost me thirty-two pounds per annum." And this lady lives in a most palace-like house in Floriana for thirty-two pounds per annum. I reminded her of having promised me a kiss when I came back from my journey. She replied, that I could not expect such a thing from such a young girl as herself. She reminded me of our evening party at Miss Leech's, where we met the American who chewed the cud, but it was still to be ascertained whether he divided the hoof or not. She asked very particularly about my son, and also Lady Emily Ponsonby and her children, and every thing about my wife.

After this pleasant chat with a delightful old acquaintance, I next called on Mr. Christian, whose son I found much grown, and who wished me to go with him to his country house, but I had no time for it. He inquired after all my friends, and after

Lady Emily Ponsonby. I then left him, and on leaving his house I met Paolo, my old cook, out of service.

I then went to visit Mr. Weiss, who was quite overjoyed to see me; he is no longer connected with the Church Missionary Society.

On my returning to the palace of the Governor I met with Archdeacon Le Mesurier, who expressed great joy in seeing me. He looks as well as ever, and is as stout and active as ever. There must be something in the climate of Malta which makes people younger rather than older.

At seven o'clock I came to the Governor, when he introduced me to Lady Stuart and to his daughters; and I met at table my old friend Sir Hector Greig. I also met with Colonel Edward, Captain Tidy, and some ladies. Sir Hector wished me to come back to Malta, and offered me a bed in his house, but I could not accept it. I returned to the *Iberia* at eleven o'clock at night; and as the *Vernon* was lying opposite, which was commanded by Captain William Walpole, I went on board of her, but Captain Walpole was on shore. I left a few lines with him for friends at home.

We left Malta that night, the 26th, and experienced on the 27th hot but excellent weather; our rate nine knots per hour on to Athens. We reached the harbour of the Piræus on the 29th of October,

at three in the afternoon. On my arrival I went on board the *Indus*, which was then in the Piræus, where I saw Sir James Stirling, the commodore of the British navy in the Archipelago, and accepted his polite invitation to breakfast. I then proceeded to Athens, to see Sir E. Lyons, and not finding him at home called on the English chaplain at Athens, the Rev. H. D. Leeves. In company with this gentleman—who received me with the greatest cordiality—and his daughters, I proceeded to the Acropolis; and on the Areopagus, where St. Paul preached, I read Acts xvii., "Ye men of Athens," &c.

During my stay with Mr. Leeves I saw Jonas King, my old fellow-traveller, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin, American missionaries, and Constantinos, one of the Greeks whom I had sent to England in the year 1822 from Cyprus, and who has now a flourishing school at Athens. The father of Constantinos was beheaded in 1822, during the Revolution, and I had saved him and three other boys from slavery, and despatched them to England; one of them, Paolo Pierides, is now a physician in Scotland, and his brother a schoolmaster at Larnica.

On my return home from the house of my old friend, the Rev. Mr. Leeves, I found a note from Sir E. Lyons, inviting me to breakfast with him on the following morning at eight o'clock. I did

so, and as Sir E. Lyons expressed a desire that I should be introduced to King Otho and Her Majesty the Queen, and as I was glad of the opportunity, it was arranged. Mr. Leeves, pursuant to Sir E. Lyons' request, introduced me to Dr. Rueser, a Bavarian, who immediately conducted me to the Rev. Father Arnott, the king's confessor. It is contrary to etiquette for the ambassador to introduce under two days' notice, which my stay did not permit me to give. Father Arnott, on my introduction to him, told me that he had seen letters of mine written to Dumreicher at Alexandria. They expressed great joy that they had made my personal acquaintance. They introduced me to a lady in waiting to Her Majesty, who was born two miles distant from Weilersbach, my native place; we conversed a great deal together, and laughed much about several subjects. They gave notice, first of all, to Count Mavromichale, the chamberlain, who announced me to His Majesty, who immediately ordered him to bring me to his room. His Majesty is a tall, meagre-looking gentleman, dressed in Greek costume. I made a profound bow, and His Majesty immediately said, "You have made, and are now making, a great journey for a benevolent purpose."

W. I had the great honour of being introduced to Your Majesty's Royal Father at Rome.

King Otho. In what year?

W. In the year 1818, when he was accompanied by Dr. Ringseis and Counts Seinsheim and Rechberg.

K. What nations have you visited and conversed with?

W. Jews, Muhammedans, Chaldeans, Yeseede, Syrians, Sabeans, Persians, &c.

K. In what state are the Chaldean and Armenian churches, what are their tenets, and does the Armenian church recognise a head of its religion like the Pope of Rome?

W. The Patriarch of Ech-Miazin, at the foot of Mount Ararat, has the title of *Katokhikos, i. e.* Catholicus, and he alone has the power of consecrating bishops, and sending them over all the countries where Armenians are to be found.

K. Whose descendants are the Armenians?

W. According to Armenian historians, they are the descendants of Hayk the brother of Belus, one of the builders of the Tower of Babylon.

K. Have the Armenians a literature?

W. Yes; in the fifth century the great Mesrob translated the Bible into the Armenian tongue; Moses Vocazer, Chorinazi, the historian, and Isaac, are celebrated writers among the Armenians. In the eleventh century they had the great patriarch Nerses Shnor-Haale, and Archbishop Nerses Lampronazi. At present they have very clever men at St. Lazarus in Venice, as an instance I may men-

tion Father Pasquale Aucher; and at Calcutta, Hoannes Avdal.

After having given His Majesty the detail of their tenets, he asked me the reasons which induced me to believe that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were alive. I gave him my reasons, and told him that I hoped to find also Lieutenant Steer and Dr. Balfour, who were made prisoners in the war of Affghanistaun. His Majesty asked me where I had left Lady Georgiana and my family, and how many children I had. I satisfied His Majesty also on this subject. The conversation lasted a whole hour.

I was then introduced to Madame Blosco, née Comtesse de Witzleben, a niece of Count Stolberg, with whom I talked about her uncle; she announced me to Her Majesty, who immediately ordered me to appear before her. She is really a most beautiful and lovely Queen—the very *beau ideal* of a Queen. When I approached her for the purpose of kissing her lovely hands, she hastened to put off one of her gloves, and I then kissed it.

Queen. What travels you have made! What astonishing travels!

W. In order to obtain a great object, one must make great exertions.

Q. Have you found the Jews very much opposed?

W. Sometimes; but they generally treated me with great politeness.

Q. Have you often been attacked in the road?

W. I was a slave!

Q. You must have a great deal of courage.

W. I am mostly afraid of the sea, for there is a proverb among the Jews in Germany, that the water has no beams.

Her Majesty laughed, and I observed, "Your Majesty thinks now, that I, after all, betray my descent from the Jews by that observation, for the Jews do not like the sea."

Q. Have many of the Armenians and Chaldeans joined the church of Rome?

W. About 60,000 Armenians and 3,000 Chaldeans have joined the church of Rome.

Q. What religion have the Armenians?

W. They are Monophysites*, but are a most interesting and inquiring people.

Q. What kind of people are the Chaldeans?

W. They live at Mosul, Diarbekir, Ooroomia, Salmast, and in the mountains of Kurdistaun. They are beyond doubt descendants of the Jews, converted to Christianity, for they call themselves the "chil-

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* A sect that believes that the human nature of our Lord has been absorbed into the divine, and so that both natures are one nature; contrary to the beautiful distinction in the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, and the close declaration of the Second Article of our Church, "That two whole and perfect natures, that is to say, the Godhead and the Manhood, were joined together in one person, never to be divided, whereof is one Christ, very God and very man."

dren of Israel." They have their patriarch, Mar Shemaan by name, who pretends to be a lineal descendant of St. Peter. Some thousands of them have been converted to the church of Rome, especially those residing at Mosul, and in the village called Alkush, the birth place of Nahum the prophet, and also the place where he was buried.

Q. Are there more Roman Catholic or Protestant missionaries?

W. Roman Catholics.

Q. Who have made most converts?

W. The Roman Catholics; but the Protestants have of late had very considerable success in India.

Q. What an enthusiastic and sincere man you are; I admire your zeal. Do you not fear going now to Bokhara?

W. I am carried on by the object.

Q. It would be well if all the churches were united together.

W. This is much to be prayed for, but this union will only be realized at the second coming of our Lord.

Q. Do you expect that this will soon happen?

W. Yes, I do; but I intend that if I should preach the gospel again in Russia, not to act under the Lutheran consistory, but under the Russian synod, and have my converts baptized in the Russian church.

Q. This is well meant, but I doubt whether the Russian synod would agree to it.

W. I think that they would, for this was the contention with the Scotch missionaries at Astrachan, for they were not allowed to carry on their mission, as they refused to submit to having their converts baptized by the Russians.

Q. Have you had much success in your mission?

W. I was the first who went to Jerusalem to preach the gospel there to the Jews, at a time when the war was raging between Greece and Turkey, and my mission there excited the attention of the public in England to the importance of a mission at Jerusalem. The Jews at Jerusalem began first to inquire, after my arrival, into the merits of the Christian religion, induced by my conversations with them. Through my mission at Jerusalem, the Jews at Jerusalem, Sichem, Aleppo, and Bagdad, directed their attention to the subject of Christianity. I also was the first who made the Jews, resident in Persia, Khorassaun, the whole country of Bokhara, Affghanistaun, the deserts of Tūrkistaun, Khokand, and Chinese Tartary, acquainted with the New Testament, and thus the Mussulmans and Jews at Constantinople were converted through my instrumentality; and I baptized Jews in Egypt, Jaffa, Sanaa, Yemen, and Bokhara. I was the first who brought the subject of the Jews before the universities of Oxford,

Leyden, and Utrecht, and before the Congress of the United States of America.

The conversation then turned to different other subjects, and then Her Majesty most graciously took leave, and I bowed and went away. The conversation lasted one hour. Madam Blosco then told me that Her Majesty was particularly delighted with my interview with her.

I then went with Mr. Leeves and Mr. King to see the president of the Greek Senate, Bishop Neophytos, for the synod is composed of five bishops. I am sorry to learn that the Greek church in Greece is no longer under the Patriarch of Constantinople. After my visits were over, I dined at Mr. Leeves', and then said Good bye, and Mr. Leeves and Mr. King went with me to accompany me on board the *Iberia*, but it was too late, for the *Iberia* had already sailed for Syra; I therefore went on board Her Majesty's ship *Indus*, and Messrs. Leeves and King went immediately to Sir E. Lyons', where Sir James Stirling, the captain of the *Indus*, was at dinner, and Lieutenant Leicester, of the *Indus*, also went on shore to report my missing the *Iberia* to Sir James. Sir James Stirling immediately returned to the *Indus*, and ordered Captain Ommaney, of the steamer *Vesuvius*, to prepare immediately for bringing me as far as Syra, where the *Iberia* was to stay twelve hours; and at eleven o'clock of the 31st we overtook most fortunately the *Iberia*,

where I was hailed with cheers by the whole ship's crew and passengers, and then at four o'clock we sailed for Smyrna, where we arrived on the 1st of November. We only stopped two hours, during which time I saw Temple, the American missionary, and Mr. Calhoun, the agent of the American Bible Society; Lewis and Meredith were in the country. On the 2nd of November I arrived in the Dardanelles. I confess that I was rather disappointed with the strength of the fortifications, and I really believe that Gibraltar would be far more difficult to be taken than the Dardanelles. Military men would quote to me, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam"—"Don't travel beyond Bokhara." I freely confess I should find some little difficulty in taking either.

CHAPTER IV.

Constantinople. Interview with Sir Sratford Canning. Doubtful reports at Constantinople about Stoddart and Conolly. Interview with the Chargé d'Affaires of Naples relative to Signor Naselli, who had visited Bokhara. Nature of Evidence as to the Existence of Stoddart and Conolly procured at Constantinople. Official Papers from the Sultan, the Sheikh Islam, and others. Visits to Count Stürmer. Attempts made by certain Parties to deter Dr. Wolff from proceeding to Bokhara. Kindness of Sir Stratford Canning; His Excellency pays all Dr. Wolff's Expenses to Trebizond. High Opinion entertained by all Parties of Captain Grover. Embarkation for Trebizond.

On the 3rd of November I arrived in the harbour of Constantinople. I immediately reported my arrival to the Rev. Horatio Southgate, the American episcopal missionary, for whom I had a letter from the Bishop of Gibraltar. I was received very cordially by him and his wife; they have two very nice children, and Mrs. Southgate is a very charming lady. I immediately sat down and wrote to Sir Stratford Canning, who lives now at Buyukdere (Great Valley), a large village on the Bosphorus, twelve miles from Constantinople, and announced to His Excellency my arrival at Constantinople. I received the next day from him an answer, which I subjoin *verbatim*, to show the extreme kindness of our distinguished ambassador:

Dear Sir, Buyukdere, Nov. 3, 1843.

I am happy to hear of your arrival, and hope to have the pleasure of seeing you here whenever it may suit your convenience to come. Will you dine here on Sunday or Saturday? We dine at half-past six. I cannot offer you a bed in the house, but there is a respectable inn at no great distance; or if you prefer returning to Pera at night, there is at present a splendid moon.

With respect to your letters, I had applied for them before your arrival, and I think you had better see Mr. Frederick Pisani, the first interpreter of this embassy, and inform him more particularly of your wishes.

On the subject of the steamer I am less at liberty to act as you desire. The vessel is expected every day to move in a different direction from yours, and before she is free you will probably have embarked in one of the weekly boats to Trebizond. I return you the letters you inclosed for my perusal. I beg you will believe me, dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

STRATFORD CANNING.

His Excellency also gave permission to Mr. Southgate to allow me to preach in the chapel, on Sunday the 12th of November. On the 5th of November I received a letter from Mr. Leeves, of Athens, of the following gratifying contents:

My dear Mr. Wolff, Athens, Oct. 31, 1843.

I take advantage of the French steamer of to-day to do what I wished to have done last night by Sir James Stirling, but had not time; namely, to write you a line. You will remember the Greek proverb I quoted to you in the boat of the *Indus* last night—"Every hindrance is for good." So I trust it has proved now; for your misfortune of last

night has called forth many expressions of kindness and sympathy in your honourable and benevolent mission. When we got up to Sir Edmund Lyons' house last night, the first movement of Sir James Stirling's heart upon hearing this mishap was, "We must not let Mr. Wolff's funds be affected by this; we must raise a purse among ourselves to pay his passage in the French steamer." And when Sir Edmund Lyons, who was then out of the room, returned, he immediately closed with the idea of sending you on in the *Vesuvius*, and the thing had been fully settled between himself and Sir James Stirling before Lieutenant Leycester came up from the ship to make his regular report to his captain.

I hope this may prove an omen for good in reference to your mission, and that God will open the hearts of all men, Englishmen and Greeks, Turks and Persians, Curds and Bokharians, Jews and Gentiles, to provide facilities for its success, and that many good results may flow from it, direct and indirect. I reckon, among one of its good results, that I and all my family have renewed our acquaintance with Joseph Wolff, and we shall, I trust, remember you in our prayers.

Do the same by us, and accept the kind regards of all the party, both *kissed* and *unkissed*.

Would you not let us have a line from you sometimes? It would be interesting to all here; and among others, I have no doubt, to the King and Queen, who were pleased with their interview with you. And now God bless you, and prosper abundantly your errand, and restore you in safety to your wife and son, to your adopted country and church.

Yours affectionately,

H. D. Leeves.

Nothing could be more kind and prompt than Sir Edmund was in putting the *Vesuvius* at your disposal.

November the 4th, Mr. Schauffler, the missionary

of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions at Constantinople for the Conversion of the Jews, whom I had sent to America seventeen years ago, called on me, and soon after Mr. Goodell, and welcomed me very affectionately.

November the 5th, being Sunday, I went with Mr. and Mrs. Southgate to church, and was clerk to Mr. Southgate. At three o'clock I hired an *araba* (Turkish cart), and went out to Buyukdere to Sir Stratford Canning, by whom, and Lady Canning, I was received in the kindest way possible, as also by Lord Napier and the rest of the attachés of the British embassy; and there I also met with Princess Mavrocordato. The general opinion was, that the fate of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly was very uncertain. There was here a Russian gentleman who had acquaintances at Khiva, and who seemed to be inclined to believe the story of their death, but there were also people from Bokhara at Constantinople, who related that there were two Englishmen at Bokhara, one tall, and another short and stout; and that the latter was kept in custody by a keeper of the mosque outside the city of Bokhara. The Ambassador, however, who has suspended his judgment on the subject, has advised me not to call on the Bokharians until he has made more inquiries about them. After dinner, Sir Stratford Canning asked me to expound and read prayers. I left His Excellency

at twelve o'clock at midnight, after which he ordered his boatman to bring me on board the *Devastation*, for Captain Robinson, commanding the *Devastation*, to whom I had a letter from Admiral Sir E. Owen, was kind enough to invite me to sleep on board the steamer. Captain Robinson is a most amiable and pious gentleman.

On the 6th I called on Dr. Bennett, the chaplain of the embassy, who went immediately with me to Captain Walker, who is Admiral of the Turkish fleet, and has the title, Yavar Pasha. He knew me already in London, and promised me every assistance in his power. He is a very modest and delightful man, and his wife is a most excellent and amiable lady. He had no carriage to offer me to bring me back to Pera, where I lived with Mr. Southgate, but he offered me a horse; but as I was afraid to mount a horse, I preferred hiring a cart dragged by oxen, and returned thus to Constantinople. On coming back to Southgate, I learnt that Mr. Brown, the American Chargé d'Affaires, had called on me, and wished to inform me that the Neapolitan Chargé d'Affaires desired to know when he could call on me in order to speak with me about Signor Naselli, who had proceeded to Bokhara, and his fate was also doubtful.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. Frederick Pisani, the first interpreter to the British embassy, called on me

on Sunday last, the 5th of November, at eight o'clock in the morning, and told me that the despatches from government in England had instructed them that all the necessary documents, just as I desired them, should be procured for me, and that I should have them on the 17th of November, those from the Sultan as well as those from the Sheikh Islam, that he had already applied for them, and that the Turks expressed their astonishment at my courage and determination.

On the 7th of November, when Sir Stratford Canning was in his palace at Pera, with Lady Canning and Lord Napier, I had a confidential conversation with the Ambassador on the subject of Conolly and Stoddart; all I can say about it is, that the conversation *was not discouraging*. He again invited me to dine with him the week following, and to expound again; he also promised to give me despatches to Trebizond and Erzroom, so that my journey to Persia will cost but little.

At this period I was visited by the Chargé d'Affaires of the King of Naples, who informed me of Cavalier Pietro Naselli Florey, a Sicilian, of whom it was also reported that he had been put to death, but this report had turned out to be a mere fabrication, and therefore he could assure me of sincere thanks on the part of His Neapolitan Majesty, if I would make inquiries about him on my arrival at Bokhara, which I promised to do.

The evidence that I encountered at Constantinople with respect to Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly was of the most conflicting description. I subjoin the following details, which then reached me:

I. Monsieur Danielewsky, late consul of His Imperial Majesty at Khiva, and now occupying the same position at Belgrade, assured Sir Stratford Canning that he had seen several persons from Bokhara when at Khiva, some of whom declared they had witnessed the execution of the British officers; some stated their belief that it had taken place from hearsay, and some even described their persons, agreeing therein with the impression which Mr. D. had received from others respecting their personal appearance on former occasions, before their labours and their sufferings had become an object of public interest.

II. The following letter to Sir Stratford Canning was also communicated to me:

Sir, Trebisond, August 16, 1843.

Dr. Casolani, of the quarantine department, has informed me that several natives of Bokhara have recently arrived at the lazaretto from the interior, with one of whom Dr. Casolani entered into conversation respecting Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. The Bokharalee stated that he quitted his native place about six months ago; that he was in Bokhara at the time news reached that place of the reverses which the British forces had met with in Affghanistaun, and that on such news being communicated to the Ameer or chief of that country, the two English ambassadors then there,

(meaning Messieurs Stoddart and Conolly, and who are described by the Bokharalee as a tall, and the other as a short man,) were called up for sentence. On being offered their liberty, provided they embraced Mahomedanism, the tall man refused it, and was put to death by having his throat cut; and that the short man, seeing the sad fate of his companion, had actually embraced Mahomedanism, and his life was spared. The latter, according to the Bokharalee's statement, now exists, and is employed as a servant in one of the mosques at Bokhara. The name of the Bokharalee who gave Dr. Casolani the information is Abdul Rahim—Jam Muhammed: he proceeds to Constantinople, with his companions, by one of the steamers, on departure to-morrow. He possesses a Turkish passport, granted him from this quarantine department, No. 11. If the person in question be properly interrogated, in a language he understands, I have no doubt that other particulars of importance, connected with the fate of the two British officers in Bokhara, might be obtained.

I have, &c.

FRAS. J. STEVENS, *V. Consul.*

III. Sir Stratford Canning sent suddenly for me on the 8th of this month (November), and told me these words: "I have good news for you; there are people here from Bokhara who state that both Stoddart and Conolly are alive; I advise you, therefore, not to go to see those people of Bokhara for two or three days, until I have seen them myself, and I will then let you know when to see them yourself. I am not quite so enthusiastic as you, but I shall rejoice if I should find the report confirmed."

IV. The *L'Impartial Journal Politique Commer-*

cial et Literaire Smyrne, Vendredi, 3 Novembre, 1843, had the following paragraph, headed, INDES ORIENTALES, *Bombay, 2 Octobre:* "Le bruit a circulé ces jours ci, et il paraît venir de bonne source, que le Colonel Stoddart dont on a annoncé la mort, *est en vie* à Bokhara ou il est retenu prisonnier."

I received a visit from Frederick Pisani, first interpreter to the British embassy, on the 5th of November (Sunday morning), and I requested him to get me the following documents:

1. A common travelling firmaun from the Sultan, mentioning the cities of Bokhara, Khokand, and Khiva.

2. Letters from the Sultan to the King of Bokhara, ordering him to set at liberty the English travellers Colonel Stoddart, Captain Conolly, and also the officers Lieutenant Steer and Dr. Balfour, if there. Should the above-mentioned officers be dead, the Ameer should state to me the reasons of their having been put to death, and how far he (the Ameer) is willing to make reparation to the satisfaction of the relations of the officers.

3. That I should not be detained one single day at Bokhara, but be sent back immediately with the said officers to Constantinople, where I was expected by the Sultan; in either case, after the space of six months from the time of my departure from Constantinople.

4. The Sultan should also give me letters for the Kings of Khokand and Khiva.

5. Letters from the Sheikh Islam to the mullahs of Bokhara, Khiva, and Khokand, to the same effect.

The letters, he informed me, would be procured, and firmauns, before the 15th of November, and that on the 17th of November Sir Stratford Canning would send me in a steamer, *free of expense*, to Trebizond and Erzroom.

My stay at Constantinople excited the liveliest interest in all directions. I preached repeatedly in the ambassador's chapel, and expounded in His Excellency's family. Walker Pasha invited me, with great kindness, to see him. The Count and Countess Stürmer, the Austrian Internuntio, also invited me to dine with them on the 23rd of November. Countess Stürmer said to me on that occasion, "How happy you will be if you meet with Captain Conolly again; you deserve it, and Conolly loved you very much; he always spoke of you when he was at Constantinople." His Excellency Count Stürmer observed that he had learnt from several persons that the belief of the personal reign of Christ and the restoration of the Jews was believed by many in England. I met there the Russian and Prussian ambassadors, and also General Jochmus, who conversed with me a good deal about Charles Churchill, of whom Ge-

neral Jochmus tells me, that he takes such an interest in the Jewish nation that he would wish to become a second Judas Maccabæus. General Jochmus is a native of Hamburgh, and commanded the Austrian troops in Syria in 1839, against Ibrahim Pasha. He is a brave man, and good might be done by employing him in an expedition against Bokhara. After dinner I lectured in German.

I. On Christ's personal coming and reign on earth.

II. The first resurrection.

III. The renovation of the whole earth.

IV. The restoration of the Jews to their own land.

V. The blessedness of the believers in the heavenly Jerusalem, who shall be the kings of the earth, whilst the nations not converted to Christianity shall be their subjects.

VI. A continual intercourse between the saints above and the people below shall take place.

Count and Countess Stürmer then observed, that my views agreed in a great degree with those of the Rev. George Fisk, prebendary of Lichfield, whose acquaintance they had made at Constantinople.

It might appear that I was neglectful of the high purposes of my mission amid these pleasant atten-

tions, but the following letter from Sir Stratford Canning's head interpreter will probably acquit me of any unnecessary delay:

Dear Sir, Pera, Nov. 14th, 1843.

I have received His Excellency's letter about your affair; I have answered it. I am going on with your papers, but with all my zeal and the good will of His Excellency the minister for foreign affairs, we are both afraid it will be impossible to be ready for you this week.

Have the kindness to send me a note, with the names of the principal towns you are to pass through. Seven or eight names will do for the whole of Turkish Asia.

I am, very truly yours,

FRED. PISANI,

First Interpreter to H. B. M. Legation.

At this period I despatched to my kind friend, Captain Grover, the following letter:

My dear Grover, Constantinople, Nov. 11, 1843.

The greatest interest is excited here among the members of the diplomatic body, about my mission into Bokhara. His Excellency Count de Stürmer, Internuntio of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria at the Sublime Porte, has expressed a wish to make my personal acquaintance, and has invited me to dine with him next Monday. To-morrow (Sunday), at four o'clock, I shall expound the Scriptures in the British embassy, when also Admiral Walker and Lady Walker will be invited to attend there, and also to dinner. I am promised to have my papers from the Sultan, and the Sheikh Islam, on the 16th, and on the 17th I shall set sail for Trebizond, and then I shall have no delay till Teheraun. I hope to arrive at Bokhara at the end of January. Pray ask government whether I shall be allowed to ransom them

(Stoddart and Conolly), or any other English prisoners, in case I am demanded.

Yours, affectionately,
JOSEPH WOLFF.

The Internuntio, who had promised to assist me to the full extent of his power, furnished me with the kindest proofs of it, and addressed to me the following letter:

(Translation.)

Reverend Sir; Constantinople, November 20, 1843.

I have, alas, not succeeded in my endeavours of procuring for you letters of recommendation for Khiva and Bokhara. Only the Sublime Porte is in correspondence with those countries, and from that quarter you will receive letters of introduction, through the application of the British embassy. I send you herewith letters of recommendation for the excellent Austrian consul, who is at the same time Russian consul; and herewith I also send to you a letter for my particular friend, Count Colloredo, ambassador to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria, at the court of St. Petersburg. I beg you, at the same time, to accept as a mark of respect from me, Hammer's *History of the Osman Empire*, which may be an amusement to you on your long journey. Should you return safely to England, I beg you to send to me in return for it, your Journals, which I and my wife will read with the greatest attention.

Could we have the pleasure of seeing you once more to dinner next Monday? or would you mention some other day convenient to yourself, Friday excepted, in case that you want to eat meat. With true regard, I am, reverend sir,

Yours, most sincerely,
COUNT STÜRMER.

Various attempts were made at this period to deter me from proceeding to Bokhara; hints were thrown out, that it would be better not to proceed beyond Meshed, and to pour money into Bokhara. Had I done so, I might have gone on to the present moment with this system without any satisfactory result. By the kindness of Sir Stratford Canning I was enabled to announce my departure to my friend Captain Grover, in the following letter:

My dear Grover, Buyukdere, British Palace, 24 Nov., 1843.

The inclosed translation of the Sultan's letters to the Kings of Khiva and Bokhara will convince you of the great influence of Sir Stratford Canning at the Porte.

The Committee will also be glad to learn that Sir Stratford Canning ordered Mr. Stephen Pisani, his dragoman, to introduce me in person to the Grand Vizier, the Reis Effendi, and the Sheikh Islam, all of whom have treated me with the greatest distinction. I leave to day for Trebizond.

In great hurry, yours truly,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Sir Stratford and Lady Canning acted *like parents to me*, and the dragomans, Messieurs Frederic, Stephen, and Count Pisani, showed themselves, in spite of their manifold occupations, most zealously anxious in my behalf; and also Lord Napier, Mr. Allison, and the rest of the *attachés*, displayed the deepest interest in the cause.

We insert the letter of the Sultan to the Ameer of Bokhara, and as that to the King of Khiva is couched in similar terms, with the exception of simply urging that monarch to recommend me to the

King of Bokhara, and to treat me with the highest possible distinction in the event of my arriving in his dominions, I do not think it necessary to give this latter communication.

Letter from the Sultan Abdul Medjid to the Khan of Bokhara, dated Nov. 21, 1843.

Your Greatness knows that the English Government, having requested some time since that we should graciously assist in the deliverance of two English officers that you had put in prison, we wrote to you to that effect.

As now Dr. Wolff, an English clergyman of distinction, is sent by some Englishmen to Bokhara to obtain information concerning the fate of the two officers above mentioned, as well as of two other Englishmen since arrived there, to take them with him and conduct them to their country, the English Government has again on this occasion requested, in a particular manner, that we should write to you a Sovereign Letter to request you to deliver up the above named prisoners, to consign them to Dr. Wolff, and to cause them to return home.

Your Greatness knows, and it is superfluous to tell you, that the maintenance and preservation of the close and sincere friendship which exists since the most ancient time between our Sublime Porte and the Court of England is the object of the desire of both parties; and, therefore, that the requests of the above-mentioned Court are favourably received.

It is, therefore, certain that we ought to interest ourselves to the effect that the above-mentioned prisoners be restored to liberty and sent back to their country. In fact, it is a thing incompatible with the principles observed by Governments, and with the dignity of Sovereignty, to arrest and imprison such Moussafirs; and it is fit that your Greatness should cause them to return whence they came.

From the sentiments of equity and justice which animate you, and your obedience to our august person, in our quality of Khaleef, we have the certainty that, conformable to what we have above remarked, you will be graciously disposed to liberate the prisoners, if they are still at Bokhara; we expect that your Greatness will have the goodness to consign them to the clergyman above named, and to make them depart immediately, that they may return to their country by way of Constantinople.

It is to express this expectation and to consolidate the edifice of our sincere friendship, as well as to inquire the state of your health, that we have written to you this Sovereign Letter, on the receipt of which, if it please God, we expect that your Greatness will kindly employ your willing attention to the end above-mentioned.

Some idea of the interest excited in the fate of the Bokhara captives may be formed from the following paragraph from the *Turkish Gazette*, dated 26 Sheval, or 20th November:

About three or four years ago, two English officers, both well versed in science and literature, were travelling for information; on arrival at the city of Bokhara, the governor there, suspecting them to be acting as spies, ordered them to be seized and thrown into prison. Their relatives and friends, not having received any intelligence from, or about them, were very anxious to know the truth, and made several inquiries; but the only information they could obtain was from some Bokhara merchants, who reported that whilst there (at Bokhara), they had heard that the government had these two officers executed. Such information not being satisfactory or positive, the above-named friends and relations, anxious to elucidate this affair, have selected the celebrated Mr. Wolff, a gentleman well versed in several lan-

guages, and who has been a great traveller in Asia, to proceed to Bokhara, and ascertain the fate of the two officers. This gentleman has now arrived, and is to proceed by the steamer to Trebizond, from thence to Erzroom, Persia, &c.

I should indeed be wanting in every principle of gratitude and affection, were I to be insensible to the great kindness shown to me by all the resident ministers at Constantinople, and by none more heartily than our own distinguished ambassador and his lady. After preaching, by his kind permission, in his chapel, I was repeatedly invited to Buyukdere, and after discharging duty at Pera on the 12th November, I left for Buyukdere, and preached and read service there also. I remained there until the 21st, when I delivered a lecture in the ambassador's chapel, where the above-mentioned diplomatists were again present, and the chapel was crowded with other people beside. On Wednesday, the Russian ambassador sent his first dragoman, Monsieur de Semayloff, with me to the house of the Reis Effendi (minister of state for foreign affairs), in order to make the acquaintance of Haje Muhammed Shereef, a sheikh from Bokhara, who had just arrived from Mecca, and was on his way to Bokhara. On our arrival at the palace of the Reis Effendi, His Excellency was already in his carriage on his way to the seraglio. Monsieur de Semayloff went out of the carriage in which we both came, and approached the Reis

Effendi, to ask his permission to introduce me to the sheikh. The Reis Effendi immediately asked, "Have you Joseph Wolff with you?" *Sem.* "Yes." "Pray bring him here, for I myself wish to see him." His Excellency (his name is Rifaat Pasha), as soon as he saw me, said that the Sultan had written all the letters in the strongest manner, and that His Majesty and the whole court admired my courage and philanthropy, and His Excellency wished to speak with me also the next day. He sent immediately one of his officers back with me to his palace, to introduce me to the Bokhara sheikh, who at once recollected having seen me twelve years ago at Bokhara, in the house of the Goosh Bekee. He promised me every assistance on his arrival at Bokhara, but as he went *viâ* Orenbourg, I was not able to go with him.

On the 23rd, Sir Stratford Canning sent with me Mr. Stephen Pisani, his most energetic and clever interpreter, to the Sheikh Islam, the first mullah of the Muhammedan religion at Constantinople, who is the only person allowed to sit down in the presence of the Sultan, and the Sultan even kisseth his hand. His influence extends not only over Turkey and Arabia, but into Central Asia, and wherever Muhammedans of the Sunnée persuasion exist. He also received me in the kindest manner, and told me that he had already sent his letters for me to the mullahs of

Khiva, Bokhara, Khokand, and Daghestaun. His Felicity (this is his title) is a man about seventy years of age, with a white beard, a large green turban upon his head, clothed in a kind of red velvet tunic, with a white band around it. Another mullah was sitting at his left, at a considerable distance from him upon the divaun. The Sheikh Islam offered me a pinch of snuff; I replied, "Though I am not used to take snuff, I consider it such a high honour to take snuff with so distinguished a personage, that I would take a very hearty pinch." And so I did, and my sneezing after convinced him of the truth of my remark. I then expressed my joy to have now seen all the heads of every religion on earth, and that it was my wish that the good understanding which then subsisted between England and the Porte might long continue. The Sheikh Islam replied that this was also his ardent desire. I then called on the Reis Effendi, who delivered to me eight letters of introduction.

I. From the Sultan: 1, to the King of Khiva; 2, to the King of Bokhara, which His Majesty wrote with his own hand at night.

II. From the Sheikh Islam: 1, to the mullahs of Bokhara; 2, to the mullahs of Khiva; 3, to the mullahs of Khokand.

III. From the Reis Effendi: 1, to the Pasha of

Trebisond; 2, to the Pasha of Erzroom; 3, to the General-in-chief of the army at Erzroom.

The Reis Effendi then advised me also to call on the Grand Vizier, and on the Cadi of Roumelee, which I did, by all of whom I was received with the greatest kindness and politeness, and all of them recommended me particularly to the Sheikh of Bokhara above-mentioned, whose name was Haje Muhammed Shereef Bokharaae. I then returned to the Reis Effendi, who said to me, "I am very much concerned about you, and so we are all at court, and therefore you ought not only to call on me, but on all the ministers of the Sultan, as the Grand Vizier and the Cadi of Roumelee. With the latter you can speak Arabic and Persian, for he is a very learned man." I did accordingly, and both the Grand Vizier and the judge of Roumelee expressed a great interest in my mission. I met there with Mr. Allison, the first secretary to the British embassy, who told me that the general impression was that I was an ambassador.

On my return to Mr. Southgate's house, I met with Mr. Nicolayson, just arrived from Jerusalem, who was very glad to see me, and he expressed a wish that I should come to see them at Jerusalem. I received then a note from Sir Stratford, requesting me to go back with him to Buyukdere, in the steamer *Devastation*. I did so accordingly. On the

24th, Lady Canning herself sowed up my letters from the Sultan, and the Sheikh Islam, in my coat, gave me tea and sugar, and saddle and bridle. Sir Stratford gave me a telescope and compass. I cannot express how much the whole Committee owe to Sir Stratford and Lady Canning. Two days before quitting Constantinople I visited the Convent of the Bokhara and Samarcand derveeshes, who were highly rejoiced when they perceived that I was acquainted with their country, but were not able to give me any information about Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly.

I must not omit to mention, that the Rev. Mr. Nicolayson was waiting to obtain a firmaun in order to be allowed to build a church at Jerusalem, without which firmaun they never would have been enabled to build. If any one could induce the Sultan to grant such a firmaun, Sir Stratford Canning would be the man, our highly principled, religious, talented, and kind-hearted ambassador. If the firmaun be obtained, I hope that the Arabs round about Jerusalem, and the local authorities, will put no further obstacles in the way. But I think that the best way would have been not to have applied for the firmaun at all, as they cannot give such a firmaun by the Muhammedan law. But the law might be evaded in the following manner: by building a large house for the British consul at

Jerusalem, and annexing to it a chapel for him. And in order to keep the Arabs and the Pasha quiet, to send to the Pasha occasionally some bottles of champagne, which he might drink medicinally, and to invite him and the Arabs to dine with the Bishop of Jerusalem. This course, combined with a present to the local authorities of some thousand piastres, would have answered the end.

I must not, however, forget to mention also my obligations to Lord Napier, to Messrs. Allison, Tod, Wood, F. Pisani, Count A. Pisani, all attached to the British mission, and to Mr. Lafontaine, who exerted himself kindly in obtaining information for me about Stoddart and Conolly. Mr. Hunter, also, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, was most actively engaged in spreading a favourable report of my mission. Count and Countess Stürmer, and Mr. de Titow, furnished me with letters for the road. Sir S. Canning paid my passage-money to Trebizond. Before I left, Sir Stratford said, "You must return *viâ* Constantinople, for if you succeed we receive you in triumph, if not, we will try to console you. And with either result, your expedition must be viewed as a national act, and will conduce to the honour of the British nation." Many other persons made the remark, "What a bold, straight-forward, generous gentleman Captain Grover must be."

At one o'clock (November 24), I embarked on board the *Metternich*, an Austrian steamer, commanded by a kind captain, Signor Clician, which vessel Count Stürmer ordered to call for me at Buyukdere. Lord Napier gave me, when on board, Luther's *Exposition of the Epistle of St. Peter*, printed in German three hundred years ago; and also the *Life of Goethe*, written by Falck, a remarkable work, as Falck died before Goethe. All the rest of the attachés accompanied me on board, and took leave of me. I took with me one servant, a Servian, Michaele. Signor Clician showed to me the book in which his passengers had written their names; and I met with the following:

Lord Pollington, May twenty-eighth, 1808, from Constantinople to Trebizond. I have passed three days very pleasantly on board the *Metternich*, and I have every reason to thank Captain Ford for his kindness.

And most remarkable:

I beg to add my thanks to Captain Clician for his kindness during a passage from Constantinople to Trebizond.

August 24, 1839. ARTHUR CONOLLY.

CHAPTER V.

Arrival at Trebizond. Singular Report of Signor Ghersi. Interview with Pasha of Trebizond. Subscription to Mission at Trebizond. Departure for Erzroom; terrific Route; Gumush Khané. Conviction of the Turks that their Empire is sinking. Murad Khan Oglu; Balahor; Bayboot. Kob; curious Story of a Derveesh at this Village. Ashkaleh. Elijehtebbe. Warm Springs. Erzroom. Dispute between Turks and Persians on Frontier Question. Mr. Brant, the Consul; his Kindness. Interview with Pasha of Erzroom. Etymon of Erzroom. Pasha of Erzroom pays Dr. Wolff's Expenses to Persian Frontier. Letter from Erzroom to Captain Grover. Baptism of a converted Jew. Proposed Route. Detention at Erzroom by inclemency of Weather. Kindness of Colonel Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse. Letter to Captain Grover. Letter from Colonel Williams. Public Address to the Muhammedans. Letters to England. Contribution to Mission from a Gentleman at Trebizond. Address to the Armenians.

On the 26th of November, the steamer stopped towards the evening for one hour at Samsoon, where Mr. Richard White Stevens is British vice-consul, brother to Mr. Francis Iliff Stevens, British vice-consul at Trebizond. Mr. Stevens at Samsoon called on board the *Metternich*, and told me that I was already expected at Trebizond and Erzroom, and that his brother at Trebizond had prepared a room for me. We then stopt a few hours at Sinope, where Diogenes was born. On the 27th I arrived at Trebizond, where Dr. Casolani, superintendent of the quarantine, came on board, and expressed a very sincere joy and sympathy with

my present object. Soon after, Mr. Stevens, the British vice-consul, sent to me Mr. Dixon, son to Dr. Dixon at Tripolis, whom we knew at Malta, and that gentleman welcomed me in the name of Mr. Stevens. Arriving at the house of Mr. Stevens, he and his two very amiable sisters received me with the greatest cordiality, and a room was prepared for me. In the evening I met a large party at dinner. The Austrian vice-consul, Signor Ghersi, also called on me; I knew him here twelve years ago. He stated to me, that eight inhabitants of Bokhara had just arrived, who said that both Stoddart and Conolly were alive: the first, they said, under the name of Abdul Samut Khan, commanded the artillery, and that Conolly acted under him as his Kiaya.

On the 28th of November, Mr. Stevens, the vice-consul, introduced me to the Pasha of Trebizond, for whom I had a letter of introduction from the Reis Effendi. He received us in the most satisfactory manner, gave me a passport for the road, and a tatar. He is, however, generally regarded as a great brute, bigoted, and an enemy to the reforms made by the Sultan. He cannot bear Europeans, and tries to discourage every attempt to civilize his people at Erzroom, and maltreats the Christians whenever he has an opportunity. An association of European Christians ought to be established for

giving protection to the Eastern Christians, to Armenians, Greeks, and Chaldeans. It is true that the Christians in the East are now, by long oppression, so degraded that they will not feel much gratitude for the assistance of Europeans; but we ought not to do good in order to receive thanks from men, but for the sake of humanity. Even civilized people do not always feel gratitude for benefits received.

Trebizond is inhabited by Armenian and Greek Christians, beside Turks, and some European Christians. And around Trebizond are great numbers of villages inhabited by Greeks who outwardly profess the Muhammedan religion, but in secret they practise the Christian religion. This they have carried on since the establishment of Muhammedanism at Constantinople. They have their priests, who, in secret, are ordained by the Patriarch of Constantinople, and by the Bishop of the Greek church at Trebizond.

I lectured in Italian that same evening, and through the great kindness of Mr. Stevens, four thousand four hundred piastres were collected for defraying the expense of my journey to Erzroom, equivalent to forty-four pounds sterling (I subjoin the kind letter in which this is conveyed); so that I had not yet drawn one single farthing from my money since I left England.

My dear Sir, Trebizond, 29th November, 1843.

Our small circle, appreciating the humane motives which have led you to undertake your present journey to Bokhara, expressed a wish to form a subscription, with a view to defray the expenses of your journey, from this place to Erzeroom. I have accordingly collected 4400 piastres, in the manner set forth in the annexed copy of the subscription list.

From that sum I have disbursed, on your account, 1388 piastres, as is seen by the accompanying note. There remains a surplus of 3012 piastres, for which amount I beg to enclose a credit I have to day opened in your favour with Messrs. James Brant and Co., of Erzeroom, and which, I trust, will suffice to carry you to Tabreez from Erzeroom.

You will observe, from the accompanying note of disbursements, that the items therein comprise your entire expenses to Erzeroom.

It only now remains for me to unite my prayers to those of our whole circle, for your preservation throughout the long journey you are now prosecuting, and that the Almighty will assist you in the humane object of your undertaking, is the prayer of, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

FRAS. I. STEVENS.

Disbursements made for Dr. Wolff at Trebizond.

	Piastres.
Cost of a saddle and two whips - - - - - -	88
,, Tatar to Erzeroom - - - - - - -	800
Additional Tatar for road expenses, horses, &c., and for which he will render an account at Erzeroom - - - - - - - - - - - - -	500
Total - - - - - - - - - - - -	1388

FRAS. I. STEVENS.

Messieurs Stevens and the Misses Stevens are the children of Mr. Stevens, my solicitor at Malta; the most kind-hearted, hospitable, and excellent people I ever met with. Mr. Ghersi is also a very nice, open-hearted, and liberally minded gentleman, and so is Dr. Casolani.

I set out, on the 1st of December, for Erzroom, with my Servian attendant, Michael, a tatar of the Pasha, and an excellent Turk, who always walked near me when I ascended the precipices of Trebizond. The road from Trebizond to Erzroom was horrid, so that I walked the whole day on foot.

On my arrival at Gumush-Khané,—which means *house of silver*, for there are silver mines there,—as I had a letter from Ghersi, the Austrian and Russian consul at Trebizond, for a wealthy Armenian, Arrakel Cibukci-Oglu (the son of the pipe-maker) by name, I took up my lodging with him, where I also met with the Armenian Archbishop, a well-informed gentleman, who was very glad to make the acquaintance of "Mr. Wolff," of whom he had heard so much.

I met in his house also with an Armenian pilgrim from Jerusalem, who had just arrived from that city, and had seen there the bishop of the Protestants. The Armenians at Gumush-Khane, however, are not satisfied with their Archbishop, and accuse him of tyranny. The Sultan has con-

ferred great powers on the Armenian and Greek bishops, and encourages them in punishing those of their flock who have intercourse with the Protestant missionaries, and therefore the worthy missionaries stationed at Trebizond and Erzroom have their hands tied, and can do nothing. Messrs. Bliss and Benjamin, missionaries from America stationed at Trebizond, and Messrs. Peabody and Jackson at Erzroom, are most worthy people, quiet and peaceable, and zealous in their work; but the Armenians are prohibited by their Bishops to receive them in their houses.

What a beautiful country the Turkish empire would be if in the hands of a European power, for it is blessed with everything by nature; but it will never be improved by the Turks, for, beside the natural indolence of the Turks, the Muhammedans have a strong conviction on their minds that they will be driven out of their present possessions, and that their labours will be for the benefit of Christians, who will become the rulers of their country. This conviction has not only been produced by the superiority exercised over them by the European powers, but also by old traditions, sayings, and prophecies of their own. And it is for that reason that I always engaged the attention of their mullahs when I spoke to them about the second coming of Christ, the restoration of the Jews, and that those

events shall be ushered in by unheard-of judgments over all countries.

There are in Gumush-Khané two hundred Armenians, two hundred Mussulmans, four hundred Greeks, and eight catholic Armenians. The Armenians have one church, and the Greeks four churches. The Armenians lamented that their schoolmaster had just left them, and that they were without a school at present, but the Archbishop wrote for one to Constantinople. The Archbishop of Gumush-Khané is also Archbishop of Trebizond, and his net income amounts annually to the vast sum of eighty dollars, *i. e.* sixteen pounds sterling.

I left Gumush-Khané on Monday the 4th of December, and, recrossing the river before the town, took a more easterly direction through a rocky valley surrounded by a line of mountains. After some hours' ride, the country took a more pleasant appearance. We observed it was covered with verdure, and goats were running about in the plain. We slept that night at a miserable place called Murad Khan Oglu, and the next day we arrived, in the afternoon, in a village called Balahor, for which place I had a letter from the Archbishop of Gumush-Khané, for an Armenian called Stephan, who received me hospitably in his house, which was remarkable for having a dome, in contrast to the general flat roofs of the East. Most of the

Kurdish houses are of that form, and also in Armenia: they are exceedingly dark. My poor host was very kind.

On the 6th of December we arrived at Bayboot, surrounded by high and bare mountains; a rapid stream runs through the place. It contains four hundred Mussulmans, and one hundred Armenians, and has six mosques and one church. As I had a letter for Mombjoo Oglu Stephan, an Armenian merchant, I was hospitably received by him; and the Armenian priests also called. A place of quarantine is established there, where the Turks and others who come from the interior of Turkey are obliged to undergo the quarantine for nine days. An Italian physician, Luigi Ercolani by name, was placed over it; he called on me, and I found him to be well versed in the Italian literature, and, as a Roman by birth, well acquainted with the distinguished characters of that city; he seemed also to be well acquainted with his profession. He informed me that the greatest physicians in Italy at that period were Dr. Buffalini at Florence, and Drs. Folchi and Mattei at Rome. I also had a visit from an Armenian, Haje Anbar by name; when he entered the room all rose, for he had only arrived three months ago from Jerusalem; he spoke kindly of the English; and the account of the state of Jerusalem was rather gratifying. The Armenians live

in peace there—not disturbed or oppressed by the Turks—and Zacharias Wardapet is their patriarch. He told me that he accompanied Bishop Alexander to Beth-Lehem.

December 7th, we arrived in the village called Kob, whence the tatar was obliged to take two men to carry me safely over the mountains, covered with snow, for two hours. I paid to the poor people fourteen piastres. I am now a more wretched horseman than I ever was before, so that Dr. Casolani, and Mr. Stevens, the vice-consul of Trebizond, found it to be expedient to send with me a Turk, Omar by name, who always walked near my horse, but mostly I walked on foot,—an excellent fellow he was. When the horse stumbled in the least, and I cried out, he immediately took hold of the bridle, and exclaimed, "*Sarar yok, Beyk Zadeh!*" "No danger, Son of the Bey!"

In the time of Sultan Murad a holy derveesh was residing in this village of Kob. When the Sultan Murad was returning from his expedition to Persia, he came to this village; and meeting that derveesh, he took him with him to Constantinople in order to mock at him On their arrival at Stambool, that derveesh was bold enough to reprove openly the monarch on account of his tyranny, for which the Sultan, in his wrath, ordered him to be put into a fiery furnace, from which, however, the holy man

came out untouched. The Sultan, perceiving by this that he had to do with a real man of God, took him into his treasury, and told him that he should take out of it whatever he pleased. The derveesh selected a girdle and a book, at which the Sultan was much surprised, and asked him why he had not taken money; he replied that he was not in want of money, but requested the Sultan that he should permit him to return to his native village, and there bestow upon him various fields and meadows for his and his descendants' benefit. The Sultan, gratified at his moderation, gave him the grant of his request by a firmaun, which secured to him and his heirs the village of Kob free of tribute. After his return to his native village he commenced husbandry, and prospered. He had a wife, who used to take his food in the field to him; and he also had a daughter, who went on a certain day to take her father's food to him; on her arrival in the field she discovered that the plough used by her father was drawn by griffins, and the harness was of snakes and serpents. She returned home and related what she had witnessed, which so annoyed her father that he offered up a prayer that no female of the family should ever arrive at a marriageable age. The second generation is now living, and they have never been able to rear a daughter beyond ten years old, but they have sons. The descendants of

this good derveesh still occupy the village. They have built a college, and every person in the village of Kob knows how to read and write. They have abolished smoking, as an idle habit, and there is not a pipe to be seen in the village. Sixty men are residing in the village above the age of eighteen, and the rest are composed of females. The head of the village, Sheikh Abd Ullah, grandson of the above holy derveesh, is now performing a pilgrimage to Mecca; he himself related this history to Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse.

We then arrived, after seven hours from Kob, in the village called Ashkaleh, where one crosses, the first time, the Western Euphrates, called in Turkish *Kara Soo*, Black Water; near Dia-Deen, the Eastern Euphrates flows, called Moorad, when they are united together about Kaban Madan; they are called Frat. At Ashkaleh I found again three derveeshes from Bokhara, who left Bokhara four months ago. I asked them whether they had seen at Bokhara some English travellers.

Bokharalee. Yes; and it was reported for some time that they had been killed, but there was no truth in it; but one of them came from Khokand, with whom the King of Bokhara was angry, believing that he did assist the King of Khokand, and therefore put both the tall and short Englishman into prison, but let them out after some time, and

they now teach the soldiers of Bokhara the European Nizam.

I recommended these Bokharalee to Mr. Stevens at Trebizond, and requested him to send them in a steamer to the British ambassador at Constantinople; which was done at my expense, and for which I paid six hundred piastres. The names of these derveeshes were: 1, Muhammed Badur, of Tashkand, in the Great Bokhara; 2, Muhammed Nasar, of the city of Bokhara; 3, Haje Falwan, of the city of Shahr Sabz, near Bokhara; 4, Haje Rustam, of Heraut.

On the 9th of December, 1843, I arrived at Elijehtebbe, where Pompey defeated Mithridates, a place deriving its name, like Thermopylæ, from its hot springs; *elijeh*, spring, and *tebbe*, warm, *tepid*. A mineral bath is to be found there, where a Turk asked me whether the *Balius* (consul) of the English nation, residing at Erzroom, was not the "*Kraal Inglees Oglu*," the Son of the King of England. This question at least was, so far, gratifying, for it shewed that our consul was respected at Erzroom; and thus I found it also to be the case, for on my arrival at Erzroom, the Turkish inhabitants of Erzroom, who thirteen years ago looked upon a European with contempt, saluted me kindly, and many walked with me to the house of the British consul, my old kind friend and host, James Brant, Esq., who resided thirteen years ago at Trebizond. He re-

ceived me with his usual straightforward and cordial hospitality, and delivered me letters from my dear Lady Georgiana. He informed me that several of the English residents at Erzroom wished me to administer to them on the day following, the 10th of December, the sacrament.

There was a dispute between the Turks and Persians with regard to the frontiers and the Coords; British, Russian, Turkish, and Persian commissioners were therefore sent here to settle the affair. The following British subjects were for this cause, therefore, at Erzroom: 1. James Brant, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's consul. 2. H. H. Calvert, Esq., Cancellière to the consulate. 3. George Guarracino, Esq., Attaché to the consulate. 4. P. Zohrab, Esq., dragoman, and his wife and daughters. 5. Joseph Dickson, Esq., M.D., son to Dr. Dickson at Tripoli. 6. Colonel Williams, R.A.; and 7. Honourable Robert Curzon, son of the Honourable Robert Curzon and Lady La Zouch;—both these latter gentlemen were the commissioners on the part of the British Government. 8. J. Redhouse, Esq., secretary and dragoman to the commissioners, the greatest Turkish scholar in Europe—he was here with his amiable wife.

From Russia the following gentlemen were sent as commissioners: 1. Colonel Dainese, commissioner. 2. Moukhine, interpreter. 3. Prosceuriakoff, secretary.

From the Persian side: Mirza Takke, plenipotentiary.

Turkish side: Envery Effendi, plenipotentiary; Dr. De Camin, his physician; Signor Garibaldi, Russian consul; French consul, Monsieur Goepp; French interpreter, Monsieur Belin; Russian consul's secretary, Dr. Bertoni.

Bekir Pasha, attached to Envery Effendi, called on Mr. Brant; he is a descendant of Abu Bekir,—speaks English well. There are also here the Revs. W. C. Jackson and Josiah Peabody, American missionaries; excellent people.

10th December, 1843, being Sunday, I read divine service, preached, and administered the sacrament to about seven English friends; all the British attended, except the Honourable Robert Curzon, who was prevented from attending, simply by weakness resulting from a dangerous fever.

His Excellency the Pasha of Erzroom, Kamilee Al-Haje, a very amiable and polite man, paid a visit to Mr. Brant, my kind host, who had the kindness to introduce me to His Excellency, the above-mentioned Pasha. I delivered my letter from the Reis Effendi to him. He promised me every assistance in his power. The Russian consul also called on me. On the 11th I called on Colonel Williams, who had first called on me, on Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and Mr. Curzon, who knew Lady Georgiana at Malta.

On this evening we had a very pleasant party at Mr. Zohrab's, the dragoman to Mr. Brant. I recollected Mrs. Zohrab and her daughters at Malta. There is a great deal of snow at Erzroom, and in the country around. No one could be more kind than Mr. Brant was to me, and all the officers of the consulate. I was now only four days distant from Mount Ararat. There are at Erzroom about forty thousand inhabitants, mostly Mussulmans, six thousand Armenians, and some hundred Armenian catholics, with their bishop. I may also as well note here the Etymon of Erzroom. It is derived from *Erz*, land, *Room*, Rome, indicating that it was part of the Eastern Roman Empire; and the Greeks are to this day called by the Turks, *Room;* and in Tūrkistaun and in Persian the Sultan of the Turkish Empire is called the Sultan of *Room*.

Tuesday the 12th, I baptized the child of Mrs. Stagno, and prepared a Jew, who went by the name of Robinson Crusoe's servant, Friday, for baptism; he was servant to Colonel Williams, who gave him a most excellent character. Shah Jemaal Addeen, of the celebrated family of derveeshes named Nakhsbande, a sheikh from Bokhara, called on me; he told me that I should find my friends alive, and that he would give me letters.

On this day I breakfasted with Colonel Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and Mr. Brant were also

there; after which, Mr. Brant the consul, Colonel Williams the commissioner, and Mr. Redhouse the interpreter to the commissioners, and myself, mounted our horses, and called on His Excellency the Pasha of Erzroom, Kamil Pasha by name. I was dressed in my canonicals. On entering the palace of the Pasha, Envery Effendi, the commissioner of the Sultan, for whom I had a letter from the Reis Effendi, was also there. Both the Pasha and the commissioner rose on our entering the room, and shook hands with us in the English manner. Chairs were offered to us, we sat down, then pipes, coffee, tea, and shirbet, were brought. A long conversation about the Arabic and Persian literature took place, also on the history of Muhammed, the Arabian prophet, and on my travels through Asia. I then told them some anecdotes about Frederic II., and took in both the Pasha and the commissioner with the fish and the ring.

His Excellency the pasha promised to defray the whole expense of my journey from Erzroom to the Persian frontier, and to send two soldiers with me at his own expense. My dear English friends here furnished me also with everything necessary, and Messrs. Brant, Williams, Redhouse, and his amiable wife, took care of me like a brother.

On Wednesday the 13th I dined with Colonel Williams; Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and Messrs.

Calvert and Guarracino also dined there. I also slept that night at Colonel Williams's, and on Thursday the 14th of December I gave the sacrament to the Honourable Robert Curzon and Mrs. Redhouse. In the afternoon I lectured in the house of Mr. Brant, where Bekir Pasha and Anwaree Effendi were among the hearers; and as Anwaree Effendi does not understand English, Mr. Redhouse interpreted every sentence to him. Messrs. Peabody and Jackson, and their wives, were also present.

On the 16th I wrote as follows to Captain Grover.

My dear Grover, Erzroom, Dec. 16, 1843.

I thought it would be the easiest way, and the best, to have my letter to Lady Georgiana copied by Mr. Guarracino, the attaché to the British consulate at Erzroom, and send it to you. You will also herewith find inclosed another evidence of eight Bokhara pilgrims, which I got to-day, through the kindness of our excellent consul, Mr. Brant, with regard to Colonel Stoddart's and Conolly's being still alive and well treated at Bokhara. God grant that it may be so! I am, however, very much encouraged by it.

As the road from Erzroom to Tabreez was covered with snow, Colonel Williams most kindly furnished me with a suit of winter clothing and boots, &c., for the journey; so that I shall not be able to set out from Erzroom for Tabreez before next Wednesday, the 20th of December, when I shall leave Erzroom early in the morning. The commissioner of the King of Persia has also furnished me with letters of introduction to his friends on the frontier of Persia, and at Tabreez. Mirza Takee (this is the name of the commis-

sioner) knew me at Tabreez, and was aware that I took with me from Persia Mirza Ibraheem to England, at my expense, and that he is now professor of the Persian language at the East India College, near Hertford—Haileybury.

Yours, affectionately,
JOSEPH WOLFF.

On Sunday the 17th of December I performed again divine service in the British consulate, and after the second lesson I baptized Israel Jacob, the above named servant to Colonel Williams, one of Her Majesty's commissioners at Erzroom. Israel Jacob was a Jew from Germany. Colonel Williams, Mr. Brant, Her Britannic Majesty's consul at Erzroom, and Mrs. Redhouse, stood as witnesses. I preached also, after the prayers were over, a sermon on the personal reign of Christ and the restoration of the Jews. In the afternoon a Muhammedan from Bokhara called on me, the first that has told me that he had heard that Colonel Stoddart had been killed.

A visit to Envery Effendi, the commissioner on the part of the Turkish government, prevented my writing to Captain Grover this day. Mr. Brant and Mr. Zohrab accompanied me. Envery Effendi was much amused with my carelessness, and that I should have come to Erzroom without winter clothing. Envery Effendi also gave me letters to Balool, pasha of Bayazid, and to the Turkish consul at Tabreez.

I delivered this afternoon another lecture here on my late journey from Bokhara to Calcutta, when again not only the English commissioners but also Envery Effendi and Bekir Pasha attended it. I have also circulated here in Turkish my *Call to the Mussulman Nation*, which was published in *Galignani* and the *Herald*. Mr. Redhouse has kindly translated it, and another translation of it has been made into the Persian tongue. It is scarcely possible to imagine the interest evinced by my English friends here in my mission. I only wish to be enabled to show my gratitude to them in some way or other. No brother can be more kind to me than Mr. Brant, the consul, and Colonel Williams.

The following will be my road, by the blessing of God:

Dec. 21	Hassan Kaleh .	6 hours	18 miles.
22	Khorassaun . .	8 „	24 „
24	Mullah Soleiman	15 „	45 „
25	Kara Kleseah .	7 „	21 „
27	Diadeen . .	12 „	36 „
28	Bayazid . .	6 „	18 „
29	Awajik . .	8 „	24 „
30	Kara Aineh . .	8 „	24 „
31	Zorahweh . .	8 „	24 „
Jan. 2, 1844.	Khoy . .	11 „	32 „
3	Taswej . .	8 farsang	32 „
4	Tawshea . .	6 „	24 „
5	Tabreez . .	8 „	32 „
			374 „

By this plan I considered that I should be on the 7th of January at Tabreez, and on the 20th of January at Teheraun.

December 19th. Mrs. Redhouse was kind enough to put together my papers, and to get for me biscuits and warm clothing. In short, both this lady and her husband took care of me like brother and sister. A tremendous snow-storm in the night, and we had in the morning a slight earthquake. I found that I should not be enabled to set out before Thursday, as the roads were blocked up with snow. Last night, for a whole hour, many guns were fired every five minutes, in order to warn the poor travellers of the situation of the citadel, to save them from snow drifts, as there are great quantities of marshes, &c. I received this day a note from Mr. Brant, the consul. He wrote to me:

A poor French doctor, who persisted in starting yesterday for Kars, is, I fear, lost in Deveh Bouyoon, a mountain near Erzeroom; he got before his people, who returned, but there is no news of him. The pasha sent out people to look for him, &c. JAMES BRANT.

I was clothed by Colonel Williams's kindness in the following manner: in an aba, trousers made immensely large, a waistcoat and coat of the same. The coat is precisely the form of a shooting jacket: over this a large loose coat, sleeves and body entirely lined with fur of wolf's skin;

thus I was a Wolff in wolf's clothing: round my waist a large woollen shawl. On my feet, first of all some thick worsted stockings, light boots lined with fur, over all large leather boots like the Horse Guards, that came up to my hips: attached to my fur coat was a hood to draw over my fur cap when travelling, and a large pair of fur gloves sown to my coat. With all this, my friends believed me to be snow proof. Mr. Curzon told me that I looked like a gentleman on a shooting expedition. Should I be detained till after Christmas, the hospitable Mrs. Redhouse promised me a good Christmas dinner; roast beef, plum pudding, mince pies, &c.

On the 21st I wrote to my kind friend, Captain Grover, the following letter:

My dear Grover, Erzroom, Dec. 21, 1843.

A more active and benevolent fellow than yourself is not existing; I therefore write to you on a particular subject. My host here, James Brant, Esq., Her British Majesty's consul at Erzroom, is a most excellent, educated, and philanthropic gentleman, through whose activity and exertions the commerce between Turkey and Persia has been most considerably increased and facilitated. Through his endeavours, six new consulships have been established in the interior of the Turkish empire, in places the most bigoted, and I can bear witness to the fact, that the spirit of the inhabitants of Erzroom has considerably been changed for the better. Formerly no European could have gone out in his European dress; now a European is respected. The streets have been made better, and the commerce between Turkey and Persia has considerably increased.

As the consul-general of Tripolis in Barbary, Colonel Warrington, is an old gentleman, and probably to be soon pensioned off, I should be much obliged to you if you would be kind enough to recommend him, by means of your other friends, to the Foreign Office. He is very anxious to contribute towards the abolition of slavery in Africa, and also to establish consulships in the interior of Africa. Pray do so.

The horses for my departure, and the two officers of the Pasha (cavasses) are already ordered to accompany me to Bayazid, but the snow is still so great, that neither caravans go or come, and therefore it is impossible for me to set out this week on my journey. I am exceedingly vexed, but it cannot be helped. Colonel Williams has also written to Sir Stratford Canning, that they were obliged to keep me from going almost by force.

Yours affectionately,
JOSEPH WOLFF.

On the 22nd, I received from my excellent friend, Colonel Williams, the subjoined communication:

My dear Dr. Wolff, Erzeroom, Dec. 22nd, 1843.

I send you a pair of saddle-bags, and will request the Pasha to allow my cavass to affix a Turkish and Persian copy of your address to the Mussulmans, at the gate of the principal Persian khaun (better than palace or mosque).

I am sorry you did not think of it before, and I recommend you to cause to be posted up this document, the moment you arrive at Tabreez and Teheran.

You will find your sheep-skin "sleeping-bag" in the saddle-bag; and pray, my dear doctor, DO NOT FORGET TO PUT YOUR FEET INTO IT!

With regard to your last question, I have not and shall not ask or allow any person to club with me. I consider it my *duty* as a British officer to assist in every possible manner,

to forward your most praiseworthy and courageous attempt to release or discover the fate of my brother officers—for, recollect, we are *all brothers* in the army.

Yours very faithfully,

W. F. Williams.

P.S. I do not think you can set out to-morrow. When my cavass gets permission he will come to you for the two copies, and then affix them to the khaun.

The address alluded to in this letter, which I subjoin, was circulated among the Muhammedans in the Turkish Empire, Persia, and Khorassaun, and from thence sent by Muhammedans to Affghanistaun, Cabul, Cashmeer, and Bokhara.

Followers of Islam!

In the whole of the Turkish Empire, Arabia, and Affghanistaun, you remember me well. I have been among you at Damascus, Egypt, Aleppo, Bagdad, Isfahan, Bokhara, Cabūl, and Hindūstaun. I have conversed on the coming of Jesus Christ with Muhammedans, Jews, Parsees, and Hindūs. I have been well received, though differing in religious sentiments, by the Grand Mogul of Delhi and the Shah of Persia, the Grand Mullahs of Bagdad, Constantinople, Isfahan, Cashmeer, and Bokhara. I have been to the utmost boundaries of the world, even to America, which is situated on the other side of the Ocean, exhorting people to do good, and to repent for the sake of Jesus. And having learnt that two British officers of high merit, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, have been put to death by order of the Ameer of Bokhara, and also a Neapolitan officer, Cavaliere Naselli by name, I am going to the Great Bokhara to ascertain the truth of that report; for I cannot believe it, as I was well received at Bokhara, and with great hospitality.

Besides this, such an act is against the rites of hospitality, so sacredly observed by Muhammedans. I go there to demand the bodies of these people if alive, and if dead to demand the reason of their death. The Sultan of Constantinople, whose life may God preserve, and the Sheikh-Islam, whose life may God preserve, have given me letters to the Ameer of Bokhara and to the Grand Mullahs of that town. I call now on all the Muhammedan Princes and Mullahs throughout the world to send letters of recommendation on my part to the King of Bokhara, that he may receive me well.

JOSEPH WOLFF.

The terrible state of the weather prevented my departure, for which event I was most feverishly anxious, as I considered that possibly the fate of Stoddart and Conolly depended on my speed. Anxious beyond measure that I might appear to realize to the full the noble and philanthropic views of those who had dispatched me, I addressed to Captain Grover the following letter:

My dear Grover, Erzroom, Dec. 25, 1843.

About ten people have been brought to Erzroom dead, from the road of Tabreez and Trebizond, so that you will not wonder that my dear friends here, Colonel Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse and Mr. James Brant, did not allow me to start till now for Tabreez; but I shall leave this on the 27th instant. Colonel Williams has furnished me with an entire suit of warm clothing. Not less than thirteen people from Bokhara have given the assurance to Mr. Stephens, the vice-consul of Trebizond, that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly are alive; and I rejoice to learn that also Lord Aberdeen has great hopes of their being alive, as I perceive by his despatches sent to Colonel Sheil through the British embassy

at Constantinople, and from thence to Colonel Williams, with the request of allowing me to read the documents.

Give my love to every member of the Committee, and to your family.

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

I think that I have already mentioned to you that the Pasha of Erzroom pays all the expense of my journey as far as Persia.

The weather continued in unmitigated severity until Christmas. Stragglers were daily brought in from the roads dead, and my kind and excellent friends in Erzroom would not permit me to depart. On Christmas eve, which I spent with Colonel Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and Bekir Pasha, we all wrote to Lady Georgiana, and by way of illustrating the feeling that prevailed among us, I subjoin our communications verbatim:

Erzroom, Christmas Evening, 1843.

My dearest Georgiana,

You will be surprised that I am still here at Erzroom, but there was such a tremendous snow storm that stragglers are daily brought in from the road who were found dead in the street, so that my dear and excellent friends here who took and still are taking a most lively interest in my present mission into Bokhara, did not allow me to start; however, now, God be praised, there is fine weather, and I shall start next Wednesday, *i. e.* after to-morrow. However, all is for good, for to-day Colonel Williams received dispatches from Sir Stratford Canning, inclosing letters from Lord Aberdeen for Colonel Sheil, in which letters I am mentioned, and in which he expresses a hope that Colonel Stoddart or both are

alive, so that I shall have full protection from Colonel Sheil. I have already written to you of the very, very great kindness I have received here from Colonel Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, and Mr. Brant. As Colonel Williams and Mrs. Redhouse will add some lines to you, and as I have so often written to you, I will close my letter, and only mention that as despatches are sent from the Foreign Office twice a month, you will be kind enough to embrace this opportunity to write to your most affectionate husband,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

At the particular request of Dr. Wolff, I have ventured on rather an awkward employment, in addressing Your Ladyship without the pleasure of a previous acquaintance, but feeling assured that even the testimony of a perfect stranger, in the present case, must prove welcome, it gives me real pleasure to report our good and benevolent friend in excellent health and spirits, and that we have done all in our power to render his sojourn in this frozen region as pleasant as we (birds of passage ourselves) are able, and I am sure the heart of every English person must ejaculate the fervent prayer that his perilous mission may meet its reward, at least as far as this world can bestow, but we must look to a higher tribunal for eternal reward; trusting that yourself and son may be supported by good reports during his absence, believe me,

Yours most truly,

JANE E. C. REDHOUSE.

Erzeroom, Christmas Day, 1843.

Doctor Wolff having spent this evening in our circle, and called upon us for our testimony with respect to his health, I am happy to say he is in perfect health and has met with many very encouraging reports relating to the object of his most Christian journey. May the Almighty grant he may spend next Christmas in his own family circle, after full

success and a safe and happy return to England with the objects of his solicitude.

J. W. REDHOUSE.

بياندن مستغني اولدبغي وجهله التي سنه دن متجاوز انكلتره اقامتمده دائما كورديكم دوستلغه بناءً وهرقنعي محلده اڭ ادنا برانكلتره لو كورديكمده مصاحبت ومجلسنده بولندرق محبت ايتمك دائم افكارم اولد يغنده بودفعه ارضرومده انكلتره رهبانلرندن دقتورولف ايله ملاقات ايلد يكمده بوردنياده انسان كامل اولانلر دائما جنسني محافظه وارامقده بولنديغنده ودوستمز دقتور ولف دخي بخاراطرفنده اولان بي كس اوفچياللري اولدقدعي محلدن خلاص ايتمك ارزوسنده سبي بي زوال درونده مضمراولان مرادنه نائل وخيريسي ايله فاملياسنه دبرهٔ دنيا ايله ملاقات ايله شوجهانده نامي دائم اوله

في ٣٠ ذاسنه ١٢٥٩

السيد ابوبكر

ميرلوا ومامور

معين مرخص

دولت عليه

عثمانيه *

Madam, Erzeroom, Dec. 25th, 1843.

Dr. Wolff will have informed your ladyship of all that has occurred since his arrival in Erzeroom, and I have therefore simply to add (agreeably to his request), that every preparation is made for his departure on the morning of the 27th, when I shall accompany him through the first pass on his road to Tabreez, and there wish him success, commen-

* The above Turkish is from Bekir Pasha, who was educated in England. The letter contains nothing more than ordinary compliments.

surate to his most sanguine expectations, in his benevolent and courageous mission to Bokhara.

The encouragement which Dr. Wolff has received to persevere in this benevolent undertaking, is as pleasing to his friends as it is consoling to himself.

I remain, your ladyship's faithful servant,

W. F. Williams.

Bekir Pasha, who signed the above letter, is the chief of the artillery. Thirteen people from Bokhara in all have now given me their assurance that Stoddart and Conolly are alive. A gentleman from Trebizond sent me here five hundred piastres, which I received on Christmas eve, for the object of my mission. I trust I shall not omit to record any instance of kindness received, but if I do, a traveller's hurried life must plead my excuse. The Pasha of Erzroom has drawn out a call on all the Mussulmans, exhorting them to take an interest in my present mission. If the kindness of every class of religionists on earth can preserve a life, I feel that mine will be so, and that I go to Bokhara with a *moral* force that amounts to the full measure of *political* power.

From this place I wrote to the Bishop of London, beseeching him to send a clergyman to Erzroom, for the British consulate. To my most beloved friend, Sir T. Baring, commending Mr. Brant's interests to his charge. Also to Henry Drummond, on various matters of religious interest. On the morning of Christmas day, I administered the sacrament

to seven English people, and the Jew whom I had baptized. This took place at Mr. Brant the consul's private house, under whose hospitable roof I remained seventeen days. Before I left Erzroom I published also the following address to the Armenian nation.

Descendants of Hayk and Followers of Gregory Lusaworitsh, Mesrop, Moses Vocazer, and Nerses Shnorhaale!

I have been declared the friend of the Armenians by public letters of your late venerable Katokhikos Ephrem, and Nerses, the present Katokhikos of Ech Miazin; and my having established schools for you at Bussorah and Busheer, prove that I was your friend, and am still your friend, I have, therefore, to address to you the following petition. I am now going to Bokhara for the purpose of ransoming Colonel Stoddart, Captain Conolly, and Cavalière Naselli. From having been a Jew, it gives me particular pleasure to prove to the Gentile world, that I love my Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, by being ready to lay down my life for the brethren Gentiles as well as Jews. Knowing that the Armenians of Astrachan, Orenbourg, and Moscow, are in correspondence with merchants of Bokhara, I beg you, and particularly your Archbishop Serope at Astrachan, to write to the few Armenians residing at Bokhara, and also to recommend me to the great Emperor Nicholas Paulowitch, that he also may recommend me to the Ameer of Bokhara, so that His Majesty the Ameer of Bokhara may be induced to deliver up the above-mentioned officers.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Before the late war of the Russians with Turkey, there were several thousand families of Russians at

Erzroom, but General Paskewitch, on his return to Russia, advised the Armenian bishop, and the rest of the Armenian population of Erzroom and the adjacent country, to follow him into Russia. Above 90,000 families of Armenians in the Turkish Empire followed the call of that hero, and they settled in Georgia, Karabagh, and other parts of the Russian Empire.

CHAPTER VI.

Departure from Erzroom, December 27. Kerujak; Hassan Kaleh; Komassor; Dehli Baba; Armenian Marriage at this last Village. Taher, a Kurd Village. Mullah Soleiman, an Armenian Village. Kara Klesea; Kolassur; Utsh Kelesea; Diadeen; Ghizl-Deesa. Tremendous Snow Storm. Awajick; Karaine; Sehr Abad; Khoy Tashwish; Tawsar; Tabreez. Visit to an old Acquaintance in Prison, Muhammed Khan Kerahe. Autograph of the Khan, giving his Descent. Birth of Ghengis Khan. Timur; the Derivation of his Name. Falsity of the Statement of Saleh Muhammed. No certain Information of Stoddart and Conolly. Letters of Introduction to Bokhara. Letter to Stoddart and Conolly Committee. Armenian Festival and Khalshauran, or Washing of the Cross. St. Nierses of Lampron; Life and Writings of this learned Armenian Prelate. Decay of Muhammedanism. Departure from Tabreez, January 20th. Seydabad. Tekmetash. Awful Storm. Kulagh. Conversation with Derveesh. Tata Sultan, Kemaalee Howdbeen. Opinions of Mussulmans changed with respect to the Giaours. Turkman-Jaa; Miana; Sanjoon; Khoramtarah; Chaldæans; Meeting with their Metropolitan; their Descent from Israel. Ceremonies and Doctrine of the Chaldæan Church. St. Thomas the Apostle. Siyadehen; Kasween; Sephir Khaja.

Quitting Erzroom on the 27th, I waded through the snowy mountains from Armenia unto the frontier of Persia. My hardships were fully equal to those I experienced on the route to Erzroom, where the Turk that accompanied me by the side of my horse made me climb over various precipices, where I was compelled for safety to creep upon my stomach.

In leaving on this day the truly hospitable dwelling of Mr. Brant, two fine stately cavasses of the

Pasha (to whom I was ordered by the Pasha not to give a farthing, as he would pay them himself), were in readiness outside the British consulate, on horseback, smoking their pipes. Colonel Williams had come on horseback to the consulate, with one of his servants. I then mounted my horse, and so did my Servian servant, Michael, crossing himself and calling on the Virgin and St. George for protection, not omitting St. Nicholas, the patron saint of Servia. The snow was still so high that I wanted to go on foot, but Colonel Williams said to me, in a commanding voice, "Never go down from your horse, for as long as you see that your other horse will be able to carry your baggage, this one will also be able to carry you. And beside this, imagine that you have behind you the people of Muhammed Kerahi of Torbad, driving you with their whip." This allusion to my old persecutor made me smile and obey. Colonel Williams accompanied me to a distance of six miles, just to the spot where, eight days before my departure, a French physician and ten muleteers had perished in the snow; and then Colonel Williams dismounted from his horse, gave me a glass of Tenedos wine to drink, drank my health, shook hands cordially with me, and returned to Erzroom. I continued my journey, accompanied by the above-mentioned cavasses, one mile further to a village called Kerujak, where we slept in the stable

of a kind-hearted Turk; but the stables in Turkey have elevations made on purpose for travellers, where they are not exposed to the danger of being kicked by the horses, and these elevated places are pretty clean. A good pilaw was brought to me in the evening.

In the morning of the 28th, we rose with the sun, and continued our journey, but the snow was still so high that I certainly would have followed the bent of my inclination, and walked on foot, if Colonel Williams had not made me promise not to descend from my horse, as long as the other could carry my baggage. I kept my eyes steadily fixed on the other horse, and perceiving that he waded, though with difficulty, through the snow, I remained firm, and thus we arrived that day six miles distant, to a place called Hassan Kaleh, where we again resided with a Turk.

On the 29th of December we travelled as far as Komassor, where we slept in the house of an Armenian, whose room was not as clean as the stables of the Turks. There are only thirty houses of the Armenians in this place.

December 30th we arrived at Dehli Baba, where I again slept in the house of an Armenian. There are here thirty-five families and three priests. Most of the Armenians were gone on horseback to a neighbouring village, to fetch a bride, accompanying her,

with musical instruments and clapping of hands, to their own village. The next day, December 31st, the road was so thickly covered with snow, that I was obliged to take with me two Armenians to drag me with my horse through the snow, until we arrived a distance of six miles, at the village called Taher inhabited by Kurds. We slept in the house of one of the Kurds, who scarcely gave us anything to eat, even for money, and certainly would have plundered me, if I had come without the men of the Pasha of Erzroom.

January 1st, 1844. I arrived on this day at Mullah Soleiman, inhabited by Armenians, who two hundred years ago were all converted to the Roman catholic faith by a Romish missionary, Soleiman by name, from whom the place took its appellation. The priest of the place, a well-informed man, was ordained by Abraham, Bishop of Merdeen, whom I knew twenty years ago, when at Merdeen, in Mesopotamia. This kind priest expressed his regret at my not having taken up my abode in his own domicile.

January 2nd, I arrived at Kara Klesea, where a church was established, according to tradition, by the preaching of the apostle Thaddeus. The place is called in Armenian, Pakre-Ant.

Jan. 3rd. Arrived at Kolassur, a place colonized by Persians from Erivan, who left Erivan in 1827, in order not to be subjects of the Russian government.

The mullah of the place called on me. He knew how to read the *Koran* without understanding it, and he was surprised when I translated to him some parts of the *Koran* from the Arabic into Persian. I then spoke with him about the merits of the Gospel.

January 4th, I arrived at Utsh-Kelesea (three churches), a convent, called Wank in Armenian, where Gregory the Enlightener converted many thousands of the Parsees and Armenians to the faith in Christ; and there also King Tiridates was converted by St. Gregory, and baptized in the Euphrates, which flows there. This Utsh-Kelesea must not be confounded with Utsh-Kelesea, or Etsh-Miazin, near Erivan.

The superior of Utsh-Kelesea recognised me from my former visit in 1831, when I was sick three days in that convent, and at that time accompanied by a priest called Simon to Tabreez. I refreshed myself now again among the pious and exemplary inmates of that convent for a whole day, and then set out, on the 5th of January, for Diadeen, a miserable village entirely inhabited by domiciled Kurds, where I lodged in the house of a very civil, kind-hearted, and hospitable Kurd. One hour after our arrival, two soldiers arrived from Bayazid, on their way to Erzroom, and as the inhabitants of the villages are always obliged to furnish the soldiers gratis with horses to the next station, my Kurdish host

ordered one of his men not to suffer the postman who brought me and my people to go away in the morning with his horses without taking the two soldiers with him back as far as Kara-Klesea, whence I came; and therefore enjoined his servant to have a good look out during the night, in order that the postman from Kara-Klesea might not be able to take the horses out of the stable in a stealthy manner, which they are accustomed to do. However, sleep overcame the servant at night, and as I was not able to sleep that night, I saw the postman coming into the stable and taking away the horses; but not having been aware at the time of the arrangement made by my landlord, took no notice of it. One hour after the departure of the postman the servant awoke, and perceiving the horses taken away, he exclaimed, "Pesevenk!" *i.e.* Ruffian, and gave the alarm, but it was too late; and in the morning the two soldiers from Bayazid demanded for awhile to have those horses which were to take me on; but I gained the point, and two very bad horses were given to the soldiers, and I set out for Ghizl-Deesa, a most miserable Kurdish village, where our two cavasses were obliged to beat one of the Kurds with a whip in order to convince him of the necessity of affording to us a shelter in his house. Scarcely had we entered his house before clouds covered the sky so rapidly, and snow fell to such a degree, that actually a person could not see his neigh-

bour standing near him; so that, snugly settled in a warm stable, I exclaimed, "Al-hamdoo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen" (Praise to God the creator of the world!) "that I am already in the house." My Kurdish host observed, "If I had known before that this European says, 'Al-hamdoo Lellah Rabb-ul-Alemeen,' I would have taken him in at once." However, one hour after, the sky cleared up again, and it ceased to snow, when I heard a voice from the street asking whether no Englishman had arrived; and immediately after a courier (*gholam*) sent from Colonel Sheil, of Teheraun, with despatches for Erzroom, entered the room and told me that a *mehmoondar** had been sent to Awajick from the Prince of Tabreez, at the request of Mr. Bonham, with an order (*rakum*) to furnish me with horses as far as Tabreez.

January 7th, I arrived at Awajick, where I was very hospitably received by the governor, Khaleefa Koole Khan. At Awajick I dismissed the two cavasses from the Pasha of Erzroom, and though I was not obliged to give them one farthing, I gave to them a present of two hundred piastres, and they returned to Erzroom; and I continued my journey with Ismael Beyk, the mehmoondar of the Prince of Tabreez, towards that city.

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* From *mehmoon*, a guest, and *dar*, having; a person sent to prepare a lodging for another.

January 8th, we slept in the miserable Persian village called Karaine. January 9th, we arrived at Sohr-Abad. On the 10th at Khoy, where I lodged in the splendid house of my old acquaintance Soleiman Khan, now governor of Khoy, who is a freemason, though a Muhammedan. He treated me at supper with excellent wine. He told me that on my arrival at Teheraun, it would be worth while to make the acquaintance of a renowned derveesh, Mirza Naser Ullah Sadder Almemalek, after I had called on the Haje, the prime minister of Muhammed Shah, for the latter is the former's enemy, and if I was to call first on the former, the latter might be offended. In the night time a fire broke out in the same house where I slept, and a considerable part of the house was burnt down, but I slept so soundly from being tired out by the journey and cold, that I knew nothing about it till the morning, when the fire was extinguished, and I was informed of it.

January 11th, I arrived at Tashwish; on the 12th at Tawsaj; and on the 13th at Tabreez.

The news of Stoddart and Conolly in this place (Tabreez) did not amount to more, however singular it may appear, than mere repetitions of accounts in *Galignani*, and other European newspapers. I found here the *Times*, *Herald*, *Post*, and *Chronicle*, all which papers may be gratified to learn that they circulate in Tabreez.

I was introduced, on January 15th, to the Prince of Tabreez and the chief mullah, who promised to furnish me letters for Meshed. At this place I received for the first time the communication from Lieutenant Eyre, already given. Here also I received the following kind letter from the excellent Colonel Williams, from Erzroom.

My dear Dr. Wolff, Erzeroom, Jan. 29th, 1844.

I have the pleasure of forwarding the inclosed letters, which I received last night from the embassy, and trust that the ones with black borders will not prove the bearers of bad tidings.

The ambassador tells me that you have been loud in your praises at my humble efforts to do my duty when you were with us. I only regret I could not render you more efficient service.

I got your letter of Awajik, and am happy to find that you had met with no disasters on the road thus far, and had moreover received so good a reception on the Persian soil. The Pasha and Mirza Takke send you their compliments in return for yours, which I presented to them. They are both really amiable men, and seem duly impressed with the benevolence and risk of your arduous enterprise.

I sent off by the last post a letter to Captain Grover, giving him the latest news of your progress towards the goal of your mission; and told him what tremendous weather we had experienced since your departure, even as late as the day before yesterday. Our post got in late last night (Sunday!) and the Tatar who carried the last Turkish post from this to Trebisond was stopped at Hashapanar, and nearly perished on the spot where the last one lost his life.

The Perso-Turkish affair goes on slowly, but I trust

surely, and when you come back I doubt your finding the *illustrious body of statesmen* who enlivened Erzeroom when you sojourned there! *Nous verrons.* The Redhouses send their regards.

Believe me, ever yours,
W. F. Williams.

I had here the satisfaction of transmitting to my son an autograph letter from the Sheikh Islam to the Sheikh Islam in Daghestaun, for as I had abandoned that route it became useless. I sent to him also a beautiful golden compass and telescope, given to me by dear Sir Stratford Canning.

On my introduction, as stated above, to his Royal Highness Bahman Meerza, Prince Governor of Tabreez, he was pleased to receive me most graciously, and his vizier called upon me. I paid, on the 16th, by the especial permission of the Prince, a visit to an old acquaintance, Muhammed Khan Kerahe, of Torbad Hydarēa. He is now a prisoner at Tabreez, by order of the king. In the year 1831, as my reader have already seen, I was made a slave of by the people of Torbad Hydarēa, but their khan, by order of Abbas Meerza, set me again free. This fellow had put out the eyes of hundreds of people, and cut off noses, &c., and sold not less than 60,000 Persians to the people of Bokhara. His own turn, however, came, and as I like to see people in misfortune, not to triumph over them but to console them, I went to pay him a visit. At present, being in prison, he

receives company at home, not being allowed to stir out of the domicile assigned him by the king, except with a few honorable attendants, the prince's guards, by way of security. On my seeing him, he immediately recognised me, reminded me of the bastinadoes which he had inflicted on those who made me a slave and took my money, but he prudently omitted to state that he put this latter commodity into his own pocket, and, as Orientals have long recollections, and one may meet them in out-place regions, and rather unexpectedly, I omitted to revive any unpleasant reminiscences. By one of those freaks of physiognomy that occasionally happen, his appearance is remarkably mild; but I should shun that eye if I met it in the desert.

The manner in which he was made prisoner was as follows. When Abbas Mirza was in Khorassaun, in the year 1831-2, he struck terror among the different chiefs. At last he (Abbas Mirza) sent this khan a *laanat-namah*, *i.e.* a letter, in which Abbas Mirza wished that all the curses should come upon him (Abbas Mirza) himself, if he did not treat well Muhammed Khan Kerahe, in case that he would immediately come and pay him a visit. Muhammed, whose father, Iszhak Khan Kerahe, strange to say, was similarly entrapped by the Royal Family, believed the assurance of Abbas Mirza, and came to Meshed, riding on the back of a splendid horse,

On the road, Yahya Khan, one of the chamberlains of Abbas Mirza, came to meet him, and advised Muhammed Khan to make a present of his horse to Abbas Mirza. Muhammed Khan answered sternly to this proposal of Yahya Khan, "I never shall part from this horse, for which I have given twelve fellows like thee as an exchange." When Muhammed Iszhak Khan arrived at Abbas Mirza's, he was given to understand that he was a prisoner. This does not redound to the honour of that great and amiable man, Abbas Mirza. Beneath is a translation of the autograph of this celebrated captive chieftain, which he wrote in my presence:

Translation of the Autograph of Muhammed the Son of Iszhak Khan Kerahe, &c.

Muhammed, son of Iszhak Khan Kerahe, Tatar of the family of Ghengis Khan.

The ancestors of Ghengis Khan were Oolinjah Khan and Olamgoo, a Mogul, who had twins: the name of the one was Mogul Khan, and the other Tatar Khan, from whom all the Tatars descend, as the Moguls do from Mogul Khan. The sons of Ghengis Khan were, 1. Hutshi Khan; 2. Jaktay Khan; 3. Aktaye Khan; 4. Tule Khan.

After the death of Ghengis Khan, the children of Tule Khan became kings. Mikukahan Khan sat upon the throne of Ghengis Khan, who sent his brother, Alaku Khan, into Persia, and resided for a while at Tabreez, whence he went to Bagdad, and killed Muattesim, the last of the khaleefs of the family of Abbas. The tribe of Kerahe had accompanied Halaku Khan to Tabreez, and after the extinction of the dynasty of Ghengis Khan, the Kerahe emigrated to Turkey;

but when Tamerlane became the conqueror of the world, he removed forty thousand families of the Kerahe tribe from Turkey to Samarcand; of which number, however, twelve thousand separated and returned to Khorassaun, whose descendant I am.

Muhammed also told me the story of Ghengis Khan's mother having become pregnant by a beam of the sun, which entered into her mouth. Of Timur, he said his very name was prophetic, for *Timur* means *iron*, and Timur or Tamerlane was a man of iron. And here Muhammed Khan Kerahe became quite animated, and said, "I aspired after the honour of becoming another Tamerlane and Ghengis Khan, and my name was already a terror among the Khans of Khiva and Bokhara, and ambassadors even were sent to me from the Ghirgese and the Cossacks. I had secret correspondence with Russia, (which latter words he whispered into my ear.) But in the midst of this career a stop was put to it by Allah above. I am now little, and am fallen from my high estate. Allah is great, and man unconscious of his destiny. My name was Muhammed Kale-Kaan, which means Muhammed the Head Tearer."

At this place I arrived at the complete demonstration that the account on which Government relied, of Saleh Muhammed, was untrue, from a merchant who called on me at the British consu-

late, on the 17th January, and told me that at the time he left Bokhara, twelve months previous, Stoddart and Conolly were both shut up in the fortress. He further stated that he then saw Samut Khan, in whose house Stoddart formerly lodged. Mr. Bonham and myself examined him, and all he knew was, that both were in prison, and he was told by Samut Khan, that if once a person is imprisoned in the (Ark) castle, no one knows whether he is dead or alive.

I regret to say that the state of this country, at the time of my visit, was most lamentable. The King was reported to be entirely governed by a bigoted, ambitious, and jealous old Haje, so that all the English officers are dismissed his service. He never sent, as Abbas Mirza his father did, any Persian to Europe to be instructed there. Not a medical man was to be seen throughout Persia. The King himself was a victim to the gout, for which his quack physician prescribed brandy. He was victimized, not by hydropathy, but brandypathy. I must, however, confess that the Haje was more kind to me on my arrival at Teheraun than I had room to expect from this report of his character at Tabreez. He seemed to me to be the Persian Cardinal Wolsey. I learnt also that he had altered his system, and sent young men to France and England to be educated in various arts and professions.

Mr. Bonham, the consul-general, furnished me with the strongest recommendations from all the authorities here, civil, military, and ecclesiastical, for Teheraun and Meshed. Mr. Bonham is a connection of Sir Robert Peel, having married a niece of Lady Peel. His hospitable dwelling received me the instant I arrived, and nothing could exceed the kindness shown to me by him and his amiable lady. Mr. Bonham was not in possession of any information on the subject of Stoddart and Conolly.

Colonel Sheil was the only person of whom I yet had heard up to this period who appeared to be convinced of their death, but he had sent no one to ascertain the fact. I was given to understand in this place that Colonel Sheil was a retired and silent man, doing nothing on his own responsibility, and that report led me to doubt still further the intelligence on which he relied.

On Sunday, the 14th, I preached to the English, and administered the sacrament to them. I also received on that day a visit from the Persian governor of the place, and I have already mentioned my visit to His Highness Bahman Mirza, but I omitted to say that Mr. Bonham accompanied me, and that the mehmoondar was sent to me at his suggestion by Prince Bahman Mirza to Awajick, six stations from Tabreez. His Royal Highness promised also to send again, on Thursday the 18th, a mehmoondar

with me as far as Teheraun. He further furnished letters of introduction for Teheraun and Meshed. The Haje also furnished a letter for the prime minister of the Shah.

In company with Mr. Bonham I also called on the Imam Jemaat, the High-Priest of Tabreez, who gave me letters for Abdul-Samut-Khan at Bokhara, with whom Stoddart resided. I ascertained that at Ooroomia, six days distant from Tabreez, there were American presbyterian missionaries, who did a great deal of good by instructing the people, and as they do not interfere with the discipline of the Nestorians, they deserve every praise and encouragement.

I am always rejoiced to learn that Episcopalians send out missionaries, but in the mean time, as long as this is not done, the state of the Eastern churches is in such a sad condition, that *modest*, *prudent*, and *zealous* presbyterians might be rendered useful to them, and these very presbyterian missionaries would perceive, from the state of the East, that Episcopacy is a primitive condition of the Church, and Congregationalism an anomaly. And thus, while it cannot be denied that they enlighten the East, it will also follow that they take back with them to their own country, a portion of its light, to the benefit of the country from which they were sent forth. Archbishop Magee once told me that he would like to

make the Wesleyans, auxiliaries, to the Church, and thus the Church of England might make the Presbyterians, auxiliaries, in spreading the Gospel through the East. Dr. Grant, Messrs. Perkins, Merrick, and Stoddard, are very worthy men on this mission. From this place I addressed the following note to the Committee of the Stoddart and Conolly Fund.

Tabreez, 19th Jan., 1844:
Gentlemen, the day of my departure for Teheraun.

Through the kindness and indefatigable exertions of Mr. Bonham, Her Britannic Majesty's consul-general in Persia, I leave here to-day for Teheraun, accompanied by a mehmoondar from his Royal Highness Prince Bahman Mirza, and accompanied by the following letters of introduction:

1. From His Royal Highness Bahman Mirza, for Mirza Ali Nakee Khan, at Teheraun; and for the Assaff-ood-Dowla, Governor of Meshed, and the King's uncle.

2. From Mirza Lutf Ali, the Imam Jumaa (chief Mullah) at Tabreez, for the Haje, Prime Minister of the King, at Teheraun; for Mirza Askere, chief mullah at Meshed; Haje Ibraheem, brother of Samut Khan, at Meshed; for Samut Khan, chief of the artillery, at Bokhara.

3. From Mullah Muhammed, Mujtehed at Tabreez, for Haje Mirza Moosa Khan, chief of the mosque, at Meshed.

4. From Agalar Khan, brother to Manujar Khan, for His Excellency the Assaff-ood-Dowla, Governor of Meshed; and for Haje Mirza Mousa Khan, at Meshed.

5. From the Sheikh al-Islam, for the Assaff-ood-Dowla, at Meshed; and the chief priest of Bokhara.

6. From Haje Seyd Hussein, for Haje Ibraheem, at Meshed; and Samut Khan, at Bokhara.

You would therefore do well to write letters of thanks to the following personages:

1. To Their Excellencies the Governor and Admiral at Malta.

2. To Sir Edmund Lyons, Bart., Her Britannic Majesty's ambassador in Greece, requesting him also to convey your thanks to Their Majesties the King and Queen of Greece; to Sir James Stirling, R. N.; Captain Ommaney, of the *Vesuvius;* to the Revds. H. D. Leeves, Hill, and Jonas King, in Athens.

3. To His Excellency Sir Stratford, and also Lady Canning.

4. To Lord Napier, at Constantinople.

5. To Their Excellencies the Count Stürmer, Austrian internuntio at Constantinople, and Countess de Stürmer.

6. To Monsieur Titow, Russian ambassador at Constantinople.

7. To F. Stephens, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's vice-consul at Trebizond.

8. To Signor Ghersi, Russian consul at Trebizond; for both Stephens, Ghersi, and a few others, subscribed 40*l.*, you know.

9. To James Brant, consul, Colonel Williams, and Mr. and Mrs. Redhouse, at Erzroom.

10. To the Pasha of Erzroom, who paid all the expenses of my journey as far as Awajik, the frontier of Persia.

11. A letter of thanks to E. W. Bonham, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's consul-general, and his lady, for the kind hospitality they afforded to me, and the encouragement they gave, and the interest they took in my present object.

Yours affectionately,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

Why is Mr. Bonham not made ambassador? He is so much respected in Persia. He arrived here in 1832, and knows the country and language well.

Among many signs of the times that clearly indicate the diminishing power of the fanaticism of the Muhammedans, the following is not among the least. On the 19th January, the Armenians celebrated their *Khatshauran, i. e.* the washing of the Cross, in which they employed Muhammedan soldiers to fire salutes. This is a wonderful alteration of the Osmanlees. By the way, on that occasion, in which Armenians, Georgians, and Greeks united in the festivity, my Persian servant Michael became so drunk as to be incapable of doing anything, and when I reproved him for it, after he got sober, he coolly replied, "What should one do else on such a grand day!"

Many Armenians, also, who had become Muhammedans, have openly returned to the Christian faith. I must here note further, with respect to the Armenian church, that it is well known that the Emperor Nicholas attempts at present to unite the Armenian church with the Russian: a great division has therefore taken place among the Armenians. Some of them say it is right, for in former times, in the year 1179, Emanuel Comnenus made the attempt. Others of the Armenians say that the Czar has no right to interfere with their church. Those who are in favour refer to the speech of Saint Nierses of Lampron. In order to understand these remarks, I give the following sketch of the life of this extraordinary man.

S. Nierses of Lampron, son of Ossinio, an Armenian nobleman, patron of the Castel of Lampron, Prince of Sebaste, was born in the year 1153. He received his early education in the celebrated monasteries of Armenia, and then was taken under the direction of the great Nierses Shnorhaale or Ghlayazee, who ordained him priest and gave him his own name, for his former name was Sembate. After the death of Nierses Ghlayazee, Gregory IV., at the request of the nation, consecrated him Archbishop of Tarsus and Lampron. Nierses of Lampron governed the Church with zeal, and kindled throughout Armenia the fire of Divine love, and reformed the Church by his preaching and writings; for he combined in his own person divine and profane sciences in a high degree, so that he was styled the Master of Armenian eloquence. He was also acquainted with foreign languages. He has published the following writings:

1. An Exposition of the Armenian Liturgy.
2. A Practical Commentary of the Psalms of David.
3. A Commentary on the Proverbs, Ecclesiastes, Book of Wisdom, and also the twelve Minor Prophets; and their literal as well as their allegorical sense.
4. Many Homilies upon the Dominical Festivals, and several Admonitory Discourses.
5. Several Letters, written with Apostolical zeal, to various illustrious persons.
6. The Life of Saint Nierses Ghelienses, rendered in elegant verse.

7. Seven most beautiful Hymns: the first on Easter, the second on Whitsunday, the third on the Ascension, and the fourth on the Festival of the Sons and Nephews of St. Gregory the Illuminator.

He also translated several works from different languages into Armenian, among which are highly esteemed, *The Explanation of the Apocalypse of St. John,* written by Andrea, Archbishop of Cesarea. *The Rules of the Order of St. Benedict;* and *The Life and Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great.*

This distinguished Prelate had nothing more at heart than the preservation of charity, and unity in the Church; he was therefore called by other nations, a second Paul of Tarsus. The above-mentioned Patriarch Gregory, encouraged by the Emperor Emanuel Comnenus, intended to re-establish harmony between the two Churches, the Greek and Armenian, divided for a long time from each other on account of differences in the doctrine and discipline of the Church. A council was already commenced under his predecessor, and was only interrupted by his death. A preliminary discourse was necessary for the proposed union. Nierses was elected to write it. He recited this speech in the council assembled in 1179, in the patriarchal castle of Roomkalah, in Cilicia. We may trace in this curious paper that the unity of the Church was believed by the Armenian

Fathers to have been typified in the architecture of the Temple.

Most holy fathers and teachers of the Truth! Heads and pastors of the people of Christ! Overseers and dispensers of the house of God! What do I now behold? One harmonious body, fit to be united to that great Head who rules us all. Who has brought you to this tranquil haven? Ye messengers of peace to the Universe, was not the Holy Spirit for our peace sent down from heaven? And to what end, if not to relay the foundation of that ruined building, which the first Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, cast down to the ground? That Nebuchadnezzar who in ancient time took away the sacred and undefiled vessels of gold and silver, consecrated to the use of the sanctuary, and gave them to his children and to his concubines for the use of their unholy banquets. We also, O children of Sion, were captives here, having the harps of our God suspended to the branches of sterile willows, and shedding torrents of tears, sighed, borne down with the weight of cruel grief. Then did our tongues also cease from giving praise to God; then we asked, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

But now the wrath of heaven is appeased, and the measure of the sin, for which we became wanderers on earth, is full. The seventy years are now passed, of which God spake by the mouth of Jeremiah the Prophet. They had been foretold through Divine inspiration by Haggai and Zachariah, and propitious tidings they gave us of our return and of liberty. The glory of the latter Temple, of which you are to be the restorers, these prophets predicted should be greater than that of the former. This new Joshua*, son of Jozedek, on whose head is placed the superb crown, and Zorobabel†,

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* Gregory the Patriarch, by whose orders they were assembled.

† Emmanuel Comnenus.

the son of Salathiel, whom the Spirit of God raised up, these are they who recal you from slavery, and are become our leaders towards the heavenly Jerusalem.

Already I perceive your countenances are more serene, for already are our feet arrived at the gates of Sion. But if our joy be not yet accomplished, it is because the house of our God is still in ruins upon the ground. How can we have perfect gladness of heart, while for the magnificent ornaments of the Temple we find substituted the devouring firebrands of Nebuzar-aden?

Yet let not your spirit forsake you, O wise builders!—take courage, and begin the restoration of the house of your God. He has brought you here, and He commands you by the mouth of his holy prophets to gird up your loins to the accomplishment of so noble an enterprise. Behold how Zachariah comes in the name of God, and speaks to you.

Tell us, O blessed Prophet! is it possible for us to rebuild the Temple, and bring it back to its ancient splendour, seeing we are so few, and so lately delivered from bondage?

The Prophet replies, "Thus saith the Lord God Omnipotent: Your hands shall be made strong, the hands of all of you who hear these words from My mouth; and as you were a curse to the nations, O house of Judah and house of Israel, so will I save you, and you shall be a blessing. Be courageous, and your hands shall be strengthened, for thus saith the Lord of Hosts. In like manner as I thought to punish you when your fathers provoked me to wrath, so again have I thought in these days to do well unto Jerusalem, and to the whole house of Judah. Be ye comforted. These are the things that ye shall do. Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour, execute the judgment of truth and of peace in your gates; let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour; and love no false oath: for all these things do I hate, saith the Lord Omnipotent. But rather encourage one another in the work, ascend the mountain, cut

down trees with which to rebuild My house, and I shall have pleasure in it; and in this manner I shall be glorified, saith the Lord."

Behold, you all have heard the voice of the Lord our God—that voice which brought you here from the four winds of the earth; daughters of Sion, who were nursed in the confusion of Babylon, and amidst the tumult of Calneh—you, who instantly arose at the call of the patriarch—and you, as many as there be of the people, gird yourselves, and hasten to build the house of our Lord Jesus Christ.

That this be done well, take counsel of Ezra, that Doctor of the Law. Let us expel from the building all those that are born children of the Chaldeans. Let us enter into the desire of happiness in which our ancestors so ardently indulged, that God be not displeased with us, seeing that we also turn aside from His holy law. Thus in the magnificent undertaking of building the holy Temple of God, the children of strangers will not be a stumbling-block to us: so shall we be enabled boldly to lay our hands to the edifice. The protection of the Omnipotent God in the renovation of His house will be prompt and effectual. But I fear some will reproach me with the introduction of this example of the Old Testament, as though the just limits marked out for the subject of this discourse had been exceeded. Let it not be so, for we know that of old Saint Paul said, "All these things happened unto them for our examples, and they are written for our admonition." If we believe that we are saved by the blood of the true Lamb from the invisible Pharaoh, as the Jews were from the visible one; if we pass through the Sea of Sin as they passed through the Red Sea; if we have as a guide the spiritual rock, like as they had the material one; and if we enter, through Jesus Christ, into heaven, as those who, following Joshua the son of Nun, entered into the land of promise; all these things come to us through the eye of love and faith, as in reality they actually happened to the

Jews: for all the holy books clearly demonstrate that the law was a shadow of good things to come; among us also the Temple has been erected to our God, like as it was erected among them; and whilst we were sojourners in the desert, we carried about with us the Tabernacle of the testimony.

But I will no longer go on in allegory,—I will explain myself more clearly. By command of Christ, whilst we were so wandering in the desert of persecution amongst heathens, the holy Apostles planted for us the tabernacle of the testimony of pure faith; as Saint Paul says, "I have laid the foundation, Jesus Christ, and let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon, for you are the true temple of the living God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you. Christ ruleth over his own house, which house are we, and of this house Christ is the high priest.

This house of faith, which the Apostles built upon Christ, and Christ upon them, ("Upon this rock," says He, "will I build my Church,") our fathers led about with us for a long period, through the desert of pagan persecution with much splendour and honour. Within this spiritual house of faith, in which was the table signed by the hand of God, that is to say, the body of Christ, and his rod that blossomed, illustrious champions were offered up in sacrifice, yielding up life under the most cruel torments,—while the holy priests offered up to God their bright virtues as the incense with which God was well pleased; and even as they were led by Him to their land of promise, so has He guided us also to the peace of the Church under the most pious kings*.

As the great Solomon planted the Temple of the Covenant, and erected to God a house of stone, so Constantine firmly established, with the aid of the General Council of Nice, the house of the faith of Christ, agitated and harassed as it was on every side; and so to speak, reforming that in

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* Abgar, Constantine, Tiridates, Theodosius the Great.

the desert which was counteracted during the persecution of our pilgrimage, he rendered it illustrious, and restored it to its primitive beauty.

Thus our true and spiritual Temple was raised under the reign of Constantine, with the co-operation of three hundred and eighteen most holy Fathers, like as the material Temple of the Jews was raised under the care of the reigning Solomon. The shadow ceased and the reality was substituted, exhibiting itself in the same form and beauty.

The Tabernacle of the Testament of the grace of Jesus Christ which the Apostles planted and their successors carried abroad, had also its solid foundation whilst they reigned, according to the decisions and laws of the holy Council of Nice.

In the Temple of old, the throne of God was erected. The altar of expiation was made of gold, which Moses commanded, and Bezaleel constructed; but the meekness, humility, and love which Christ commanded, and his Apostles practised, were left to us as our depository. He rested on this throne, who once had not where to lay his head; and was pleased rather to dwell there than on the chariot of the cherubims.

The discourse was so well received, that the union would have taken place if Comnenus had not died. His successor, Alexis II., was of different sentiments, on which account the union did not take place. The Archbishop of Tarsus lived nineteen years after this council, and then died on the 14th of July, 1198.

I met here, on January 16th, Jaafr Khan, who was brought up in England, and afterwards employed by Abbas Mirza, in Meshed, where I knew him. He

dined with me at Mr. Bonham's. He is a very intelligent Persian. It would be well if there were many such among them; but alas they are few. I find, since October 14th, I have travelled the following distances:

	Miles.
From Southampton to Gibraltar - - - - -	1300
—— Gibraltar to Malta - - - - - - -	1000
—— Malta to Constantinople - - - - -	800
—— Constantinople to Trebizond - - -	480
—— Trebizond to Erzroom - - - - -	180
—— Erzroom to Tabreez - - - - -	348
	4108

I have mentioned certain signs of the decay of Muhammedanism; I will adduce another. On the 18th January, I called with Mr. Bonham on Mirza Hashem, one of the family of Muhammed, a man of immense wealth, who said to me, "You should converse about religion with the chief mullah at Kerbelay; if you convert him, all the Muhammedans will follow his example." "But," said I, "you put to death a Muhammedan who should venture to embrace the Christian religion." *Mirza Hashem:* "This was formerly the custom, but now a Muhammedan who would become a Christian, merely needs to take an English passport, and declare himself to be a British subject, and he is safe."

January 20th. On this day, my mehmoondar made his appearance at the door of the British con-

sulate general at Tabreez. Mr. Bonham and Mr. Burgess accompanied me on my journey seven miles. On the road, after their departure, I observed, to my great grief, that Michael, my servant, was so drunk that he was not able to hold himself on his horse. I ordered him to dismount, and give me back my money, for I had given it to him to keep. He delivered up the money, but in his drunken fit struck me, and left me on the open road. As Messrs. Bonham and Burgess had already returned to Tabreez when that fellow left me, I was afraid that he might either die in the snow, for he had laid down and slept, or be carried away as a slave, or be stript of everything; I therefore sent back the keeper of the post-horses to give notice to Mr. Bonham, who sent one of his men, and he brought the fellow by force to Tabreez. I had afterwards to send his portmanteau after him to Tabreez. I know not what became of him, whether he returned to Constantinople, where I hired him, or what else befel him. I continued my journey, and arrived on that same day at Seydabad.

January 21st. We arrived in the hilly village called Tekmetash. It was tremendously cold, and scarcely had we reached the posthouse (*manzeleh*) when the clouds covered the sky, the horizon was darkened, and a tremendous rising of the snow and sand from the ground in enormous masses took place.

No one dared stir from the house. The Persians call this kind of storm *kulagh*. I never as yet in my extensive travels had seen anything like it. Such kind of *kulaghs* kill in an instant the horse and the rider, especially when accompanied with a blast like death itself in chilness. We were obliged to stay in that miserable place, more exposed to the so-called *kulagh* than any other part of Persia, two days.

The day I left Tabreez on my way to Teheraun, I met with a learned derveesh in the place I had taken up my abode after my servant had left me. On my entering with him into a religious conversation, he broke forth into the exclamation, "You are another Tata Sultan and Kemaalee Howdbeen!" I asked, "Who were these two persons?"

Derveesh. The disciples of Buddr-Udeen Seemawn-Ogloo, who in the Hejrah 835 traversed the country of Room (Turkish Empire), taught that all the property of men ought to be used in common, —houses, arms, and clothing,—women excepted. Tata Sultan, whose name also was Beerekledje Mustapha, was a great friend of the Christians, and with one of them he spent much time in holy meditation about God in the island of Sakez (*i. e.* Scio). Tata Sultan destroyed the army of the Sultan of Room, Muhammed. At last Bayazeed Pasha made Beerekledje Mustapha prisoner, and murdered him, as it was believed, unmercifully, with all his disci-

ples; but Beerekledje Mustapha is still alive, and a friend of Christians; and you will, in unison with him, upset the Empire of Room and Persia. I heard of you at Delhi, where you have conversed with Akbar Shah, the King of Delhi, and the Mowlevees there; and I have heard of you at Cashmeer. You have been a Jew, and all great events proceeded from the followers of Moses, and will proceed again until Eesa (Jesus) will again make his appearance. When these events shall take place, when you shall see yourself surrounded by your followers, then remember the Derveesh of Geelan. Abd-ool Wahab has not succeeded in reforming the world, but you will."

The other Persians sat around us, listening with attention to the words of the Derveesh of Geelan, and then began to converse about the bravery of the late Wuzeer Mukhtar, *i. e.*, Sir John Mc Neil; of his defying the King of Persia, and of his preventing the Shah from taking Heraut. Since the time that Sir John Mc Neil has left Persia, the Persians talk more of him than of Sir John Malcolm. The Persians have a great deal of perspicacity, and characterize the British ambassadors there in the following manner:

1. Sir John Malcolm, the Munificent.
2. Sir Gore Ouseley, the Scholar.
3. Sir Henry Willock, the good and kind-hearted man.

4. Sir John Campbell, the determined and liberal Wuzeer Mukhtar.

5. Sir John Mc Neil, the shrewd, brave, handsome man, and the best Persian scholar who ever appeared in Persia, and one who at the same time was liberal.

6. Colonel Sheil, a man who loves retirement; but they give him credit for firmness.

The tone of Persians and Turks has also changed with regard to their estimate of the British and Russian powers. About twenty-four years ago the Turks spoke of England as a power inferior to that of the Sultan, and the Persians spoke of the Russians as men who never would be able to take Erivaun; but now, these Muhammedan countries have at last been compelled to acknowledge the superiority of both, Russia as well as England; and it is come so far, that both the Turks as well as the Persians acknowledge that they cannot go to war with each other, "for Russia and England will not allow it." Instead of saying as formerly, "No power can take Stambool," the Turks as well as the Persians frequently asked me, "When will the English come and take this country?"

January 23rd. We continued our journey towards Turkman-Jaa*. A cold air prevailed which

* It is so named from *Turkman* and *Jaa, a place*, for the Türkomauns had extended their plundering incursions to that place, and received there a great defeat.

penetrated my large boots, given to me by Colonel Williams, under which I had two pair of stockings. Suddenly I perceived an awful rising of the sand, so that I was forced to rub my eyes and shut my mouth. It soon increased terribly, with the snow falling from the mountain peaks; and at this juncture my mehmoondar called out, "*Kūlagh!*" but, most fortunately, after ten minutes the *kūlagh* ceased, the air grew warmer, and the snow fell gently in flakes from heaven. Had the *kūlagh* lasted longer, I should have been hurled down a precipice from which I was about twelve yards distant, but had not observed it. We rode on after this at full gallop, and arrived safely at Turkman-Jaa, where we stopt the night.

January 24th. On this day we reached the large market town called Miana, where I obtained a decent room, and called on the mullah of the place, with whom I had a long conversation on the coming of Christ in glory and majesty.

January 26th, we arrived in the city called Sanjoon. Here I met with Mirza Baker, the commander of the troops, who lodged for the space of two months with me in the house of Mirza Baba at Meshed in 1831. We talked over occurrences of former days.

January 28th, I arrived at Khoramtarah, where I had the pleasure of meeting with the Rev. Mr. Stocking, an American Congregationalist missionary

stationed at Ooroomiah with the Right Reverend Bishop Gabriel, metropolitan of the Chaldean Christians of that place; but beside him there is another Bishop at Ooroomiah, Mar Yohannan, the same who was in America. As Mr. Stocking and the said bishop had arrived before me at Khoramtarah, they had taken up their lodging in another house; but at my request they became my guests.

There cannot be entertained any reasonable doubt of the truth of the general tradition of the Chaldeans, of their being the descendants of the children of Israel, for they call themselves *Beni Israel* (children of Israel); their language is Hebrew; they have sacrifices called *Doghran Shlama*, ܕܘܟܪܢ ܫܠܡܐ in the feast of Transfiguration, consisting of a sheep, lamb, or goat. They have in their churches the Holy of Holies, ܩܕܫ ܩܕܫܝܢ they have a *veil* like the Jews; the Bishops are of the tribe of Levi; the Yeseede are of the tribe of Judah, but the latter have apostatized; they have a river called Gozan. The Jews of Chaldea call them their nephews; they have a horror of images, &c. They have seven sacraments (*Raase*, ܪܙܐ), and these are their names, by which you will observe that they are entirely different, at least the greater part, from those of the sacraments of the Roman Catholics; they are as follow:

1. ܟܗܢܘܬܐ ܒܘܟܪܐ Blessing of the priest, or ordination.

2. ܩܕܫܬ ܒܝܬ ܟܢܫܬܐ Consecration of the church.

3. ܡܥܡܘܕܝܬܐ Baptism.

4. ܩܘܪܒܢܐ Lord's supper.

5. ܩܕܫܬ ܣܥܝܢܐ The blessing of the old leaven.

6. ܒܝܬܐ Matrimony.

7. ܐܒܠ ܡܝܬܐ Service of the dead.

St. Thomas the apostle came into Mesopotamia, where they lived in captivity, and he preached to them the gospel, when they lived near Mosul, in a place called Halah and Habor, near the river Gozan, so that the Jews of Bokhara seem to have given after this to Bokhara and Samarcand, the name of their original settlements in Mesopotamia. Their Patriarchs resided first in Eelat Khokhi, after that at Marava, three days' journey from Tabreez, and then at Alkush, mentioned in Nahum i. 1, and after Tamerlane's invasion they retired to Cochanes in the mountains. Some years ago, when I was first curate at High Hoyland, the Bishop of London sent to me a letter, purporting to have been written by the Patriarch of the Chaldeans, produced by some pretended Chaldeans. I wrote at once to the Bishop of London that they were impostors, and Bishop Gabriel and

Mar Yohannan, assured me that I was not mistaken in my suspicion, and that the letter which they produced from the Patriarch was a forged one.

January 29th. Stocking and Mar Gabriel continued their journey towards Ooroomia, and I towards Teheraun, and arrived on the 30th at Siyadehen, where I had an excellent well-furnished room in the house of the Ked-Khoda, the chief of the village, Baba Abbas by name.

January 31st, I arrived at Kasween, whence I got such bad horses, that on my arrival at Sephir Khoja, fourteen farsangs or fifty-six miles from Teheraun, I was obliged to write to Colonel Sheil, petitioning him to send five horses to my assistance. I however continued very slowly my journey.

The horses sent most kindly by Colonel Sheil (his own horse for myself), arrived, with a kind letter from him, inviting me to take a room in the British Embassy.

CHAPTER VII.

Arrival at Teheraun. Interview with Colonel Sheil. Interview with Meshedee-Rajab, Colonel Stoddart's Servant. Bokhara Eljee. Account of Latif. Barenstein. Preaches before the Embassy. Audience with the Shah. Letter of Shah to the Ameer of Bokhara. Interview with the Vizier of the Shah. Ambassador of Bokhara tells Dr. Wolff that Stoddart and Conolly are alive. No certainty at Teheraun as to their Death. Ambassador of Khiva. Dilatory Conduct of Colonel Sheil. Borowsky, the Jew. Most distinguished Generals in the East, Jews. Sefaweya Dynasty. Departure from Teheraun. Visits Palasht; Darey Khur; Deh-Namak; Surkhak. Enters Khorassaun. Interview with Prince Seif Ullah Mirza at Semnan. Route through Aghwan; Khosha; Damghan (reported to be the oldest City in the World); Deh-Mullah Sharoot; Miyamey; Meyandasht; Meher; Khosroejerd. Sebzawar; Tower of Human Skulls built by Tamerlane at this place. Route continued—Safran; Germ-Ab. Letter received by Dr. Wolff from the Persian Viceroy of Khorassaun. The Assaff-ood-Dowla. Route continued—Nishapoor; Report here of Stoddart and Conolly being alive. Route continued—Kadamgah; Shereef-Abad; Askerea; meets here with Mullah Mehdee; Saleh Muhammed; the Akhund-Zadeh. Muhammed Ali Serraf, the Agent of Colonel Stoddart; suspicious Conduct of this Agent.

February 3rd. I arrived at Teheraun this day about twelve o'clock. Colonel Sheil at once assured me that he would give me every assistance in his power, in order to reach Bokhara in safety. He (Colonel Sheil) had also detained in his house Meshedee Rajab, from Heraut, who for three years was servant to Colonel Stoddart, by whom he was sent to Cabul. He had suffered imprisonment at Bokhara, and I took him into my service to accompany me to that city.

Stoddart and Conolly owed him one hundred and eighty tomauns, which were paid to him by Colonel Sheil.

Colonel Sheil told me that he had seen the Eljee (ambassador) from Bokhara, who told him that he did not believe that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were killed, but kept in prison. But the Russian ambassador told me that the Eljee from Bokhara had told him that they were killed. I asked Rajab, my servant, what his impression was: he told me it was not certain that they were killed, for there had been people at Bokhara detained frequently for five years in prison, and believed by all the inhabitants to have been killed, and then suddenly had made their appearance again. So much is certain, that no one at Bokhara of whom I can get intelligence has witnessed the execution either of Conolly or Stoddart; and at least in this point the account of the Akhūnd-Zadeh, with regard to the execution of both gentlemen in the presence of many people, is not exact: and my determination, therefore, of going straight to Bokhara was unshaken and unabated. *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*—"My castle strong the Lord he is."

I must confess that I attached no importance to the account of Latif, who appeared at Hyderabad with the story of having had letters from Stoddart, which had been taken from him, and that he was

alive; nor to the totally opposite account of the Jew Barenstein at Lahore, pretending to have witnessed the execution of both, with four others.

I did not believe Latif's account, for, 1st, it seemed improbable that they should take the letters from him, and suffer him to proceed on to India; 2nd, I always found that people flying off in their story on a subject of the highest importance, to a trivial matter, try by that to avoid a strict *investigation* on the graver question. Thus, for instance, when I had the intention of going to Timboktoo in the year 1836, a Maltese was sent to me who pretended to have been at Timboktoo: on my examining him he diverged in his answers as fast as he could from the main point, and began to talk about Rome. I suspected him at once; and after this I heard by Mr. Dixon, the Swedish consul of Tripoli, that the above Maltese had never come further than Tripoli. Thus Latif was examined by the authorities at Hyderabad, and he flew off and talked about Yar Muhammed Khan at Heraut, and the regret of the people of Candahar; and beside this, Rajab, who knew Latif, told me that he was a notorious liar.

Nor did I believe Barenstein's account, for it was entirely in contradiction with Saleh Muhammed's account, and every one who knows the timid disposition of the Jews of Bokhara will know at once that

they would have prevented Barenstein from witnessing such a horrid act; and, as I have already said, thus much was certain, that nobody had witnessed their execution; and even the ambassador of Bokhara expressed only to the Russian ambassador his belief that they had been killed. In short, *nobody knew*, and therefore further sifting was necessary. Another fact struck me: according to Saleh Muhammed's account, the Ameer was induced to kill them, because people from Affghanistaun demanded their death; and the Russian ambassador told me that the Bokhara Eljee told him, that the Ameer had proceeded against Stoddart for having despised his warning, and continued his correspondence with his countrymen in India, and Conolly for having gone to Khokand. I myself did not like to go to the Eljee of Bokhara until I had seen the Shah and his prime minister, and with both Colonel Sheil promised to procure me an interview. To Bokhara—to Bokhara! was my firm resolve; and even if the Ameer should tell me that they were dead, I was determined to demand their bodies, to put them in camphor, and carry them with me to Constantinople, and thence to London; at all events, I determined to see their bodies.

The King of Persia wrote a letter to his relation at Meshed, commanding him to send on with me a

mehmoondar to Merwe, which belongs now to the King of Bokhara; and the prime minister wrote a letter to Mirza Askere, the chief priest at Meshed, requesting him to give me strong letters to his influential friends at Bokhara.

His Excellency Count de Medem promised me a letter of recommendation in Russian, and I requested him also to have my doctor's diplomas and ordination papers translated into Russian; for they have Russian interpreters at Bokhara.

His Excellency, agreeable to his promise, forwarded me the following letter to the Ameer of Bokhara:

January 30, 1844.

Doctor Joseph Wolff, a Christian Priest, of great celebrity in Europe, and well known there for his extreme piety, has now determined on a journey to Bokhara, with the intention of obtaining of Your Majesty the liberation of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, his personal friends, in order to conduct them to Europe, by the route of Meshed and Constantinople, or rather by Orenburg and St. Petersburgh, according to circumstances.

Dr. Wolff has determined on this voyage in full reliance on the Most High, and the wishes of all the European nations, who consider him as a derveesh exclusively occupied with religious and scientific meditations, and completely indifferent to worldly affairs, accompany him in his enterprise.

Persuaded that the recommendation of the Minister of His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, in Persia, will contri-

bute to obtain for him a favourable and gracious reception on the part of Your Majesty, I take the liberty of strengthening him by this note.

The object of Dr. Wolff is also to deliver many other Europeans retained in slavery in Asia, and among this number is a Cavalière Naselli, who two years since went from Teheraun to Bokhara, and to whom I trust Your Majesty will not deny permission to return to his country if he manifests any desire to do so.

I preached and read prayers in my room in the British Embassy, when Count de Medem and all the interpreters and Russian attachés, and also the Russian consul-general, besides the English Protestants, attended. I preached on Psalm ii., verse 8.

There are here also two interesting gentlemen attached to the British embassy: Mr. W. Taylour Thomson, from Scotland, who had accompanied Colonel Chesney in his Euphrates expedition, and has also visited Khiva; and Mr. Glen, son to the celebrated missionary Glen, of Astrachan. He (Mr. Glen) is a young gentleman of very considerable acquirements, and is well acquainted with the Oriental languages. Colonel Sheil himself is a great Persian and Turkish scholar. I also met again here with my old friends Mr. and Mrs. Read; the former copied my journal in the year 1831, when on my way to Bokhara, and bestowed the same favour again on me now.

From this moment I began to draw money on the Drummonds in good earnest, for I had to appear respectably at Bokhara as the *great mullah* from England, as described by the Sultan and the Sheikh Islam, and others. But as the mullahs among the Muhammedans live with great simplicity, I determined to do the same. I also determined not to neglect to search for the other officers at and around Bokhara, and every Sepoy I might pick up.

I met here, February 5th, Mirza Abool Hassan Khan, minister for foreign affairs; he remembered Lady Catherine Long. Certainly Teheraun is an agreeable place: a little burst of the sun of civilization on me, after what I had passed and what I knew I was going to, was quite charming. I shall miss its sweet society, I thought, much in the deserts of Tūrkistaun. Colonel Sheil's notion of keeping the ambassador of Bokhara, as a hostage for my return, I thought very good. I could not but wish that a different idea had been entertained of Colonel Sheil by the Stoddart and Conolly Committee. I was received by him with unaffected kindness and hospitality, and with great cordiality also by Messrs. Thomson and Glen, the attachés; and I wish this to be understood of all our diplomatic agents in Teheraun in the fullest sense that the words *unaffected kindness and hospitality* can convey. Mar Yohannah, the Chaldean bishop from Ooroomia, mentioned above, was here

when I arrived. From conversations with him I am still further confirmed in my notion that the Chaldeans are, as they themselves say, the children of Israel.

February 7th, 1844. On this day I had an audience of the Shah.

Colonel Sheil was kind enough to introduce me to His Majesty. His Majesty sent, previously to our going to him, the nephew of His Excellency Mirza Abool Hassan Khan, minister for foreign affairs, who called, and said that it was His Majesty's wish to see me: Colonel Sheil and Mr. Thomson accompanied me. I had put on my canonicals, and my Doctor's Hood over them. His Majesty was sitting upon a divan about eight feet from the place where we took our position. As only ambassadors are allowed to sit down, Colonel Sheil, myself, and Mr. Thomson were standing. The moment we had made our bows, His Majesty at once said that he was rejoiced to see me again, and, to my greatest surprise, reminded me of all the minutiæ of our conversation at Meshed, of Lady Georgiana being the sister to the Earl of Orford, of her having been at Malta during my peregrinations; that I was made prisoner by Muhammed Khan Kerahe; that I had only one son, &c. His Majesty then informed me that he had written several letters, and one for the King of Bokhara himself; and His Majesty admired my philan-

thropy, and told me, if Stoddart and Conolly were dead, I might make them alive by my prayers! Once actually I forgot myself, and interrupted His Majesty whilst he was talking, when Colonel Sheil gave me a push, but His Majesty wished me to say what I wanted to say; and then His Majesty continued his assurances of his protection and countenance. We made our bow, after having been one hour with His Majesty, and then retired: we experienced on the whole a most gracious reception.

I here give a literal translation of the letter of the Shah to the Ameer of Bokhara.

(Translation.)

The Enlightener of the dawn of Sovereignty and Dominion, the Personage worthy to occupy the throne of power and government, the Exalted Star in the heaven of splendour and greatness, the Illustrious Sun in the firmament of magnificence and felicity, the Best of the rulers of illustrious rank, the Most Excellent of the sovereigns illustrious for their generous deeds, the Chosen of the pillars of the governments of Islam, the Assister in the path of the religion of Mustapha, Ameer Nusr Oollah: May your greatness and splendour not perish! May the glory of splendour, sovereignty, and dominion, be with you!

We make known to your friendly mind that amity and cordiality among those who believe in the unity of God, and are of pure minds and dispositions, and who secretly and publicly coincide with each other in opinion, and whose native countries and dominions are in close neighbourhood, are required, and it is therefore expedient, that the chain of correspondence should never at any time be broken, or that the

bonds of friendship should be snapped asunder between the two parties of Islam.

Now as the High in Rank, the Possessor of genius and understanding, the Endowed with sagacity and judgment, the Prop of the learned among the followers of Messiah, the Chief among the wise people of Christendom, the English Padré Wolff has the intention of proceeding in that direction, urged by the sincere friendship which exists between us, and in order to promote the unanimity of Islam, we are induced to issue this auspicious friendship-denoting letter, the love-increasing zephyrs of affection being reflected towards your benevolent mind, and the opportunity being favourable for announcing the ties of friendship which of old and now bind us.

In a former friendly letter we requested the princely Ameer, as friendship and correspondence are established between the two ever-enduring governments of Persia and England, that the high in rank Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, English officers, who have been for some time at Bokhara and are detained there, should be released and sent along with a trustworthy person to Meshed.

Now as the above-mentioned person of high rank, (Dr. Wolff,) is proceeding to Bokhara for the purpose of obtaining the release, and inquiring into the condition of those two officers, we also hope that the princely Ameer, as the above-mentioned person of high rank is one of the learned and distinguished persons of that government, will enjoin the authorities to show him all necessary kindness and hospitality, so that he may with all freedom and tranquillity employ himself in making inquiries as to their condition, and so that having completed his business he may return perfectly satisfied.

The peculiarities of the rules of friendship and cordiality are these; that the gates of amity and correspondence having been opened by the keys of the pen of unanimity, you should

send letters containing the glad tidings of your auspicious condition, and that you should acquaint the ministers of this government with all occurrences of importance, and believe that we shall conclude them agreeably to the most pure friendship.

May the days of sovereignty and dominion be perpetual.

On our leaving the room, Khosrof Khan, a friend of Lady Georgiana, was in waiting, who told me that he would call on me. He wanted me to procure him one of the newly-invented bellows to make fire with, which I promised to get for him. He made numerous inquiries about my son and wife and family. He is one of the chief eunuchs of the King, and was formerly the prime favourite of Futt Allah Shah, but is not so much so of the present King. Is it not rather remarkable that several of these eunuchs are married to several wives,—for instance, Manujar Khan, the present governor of Isfahan?

February 10th, I went to call on the ambassador of the King of Khiva, of whom more anon; but I must now continue to speak of the visits I made on Wednesday, the 7th of February. After I had left His Majesty's presence, Mr. Thomson called, with me, on the Haje Mirza Agasee, who is the prime minister and fac-totum of the King, and an extraordinary man he is. He has the King entirely in his power; and, under the garb of a mullah, he

lives with royal pomp, and scarcely ever says that the King will do so, but the Haje has commanded—I, the Haje, intend to send troops to Bokhara, &c. All the rest of the ministers approach him with reverence. When Muhammed Shah was as yet prince, Haje Mirza Agasee was his tutor, and predicted to him that he should be King; and after the execution of the late Kayem Makaam he was made vizier. He received me with great affability, asked me to sit down near him; and when I told him that I considered myself happy to see the great vizier of the great Shah, the Haje said, "I am no vizier, I am a mullah, like yourself, a poor derveesh, who cares nothing for this world,—I only think of the other world." We then talked about England. He expressed his admiration of the rest of the English nation; and then informed me that a person from Khorassaun had written to him that Stoddart and Conolly had been killed, but he was not certain; but I called after this on the ambassador of the King of Bokhara, who decidedly denied the whole of it, and believes them to be in prison. The ambassador of the King of Bokhara, and his secretary, when I called on them, treated me with the greatest kindness, and expressed a wish to accompany me themselves into Bokhara, and assured me that the King would receive me with the greatest distinction. In short, *nothing was known at Teheraun about them*, as

little as at London, and only my going there would solve the mystery. I called yesterday, the 8th, also on the ambassador of the King of Khiva, who is a great enemy to the King of Bokhara; he advised me to request of Colonel Sheil to tell the Shah that he would not allow the ambassador of Bokhara to stir from Persia until I had safely returned. I, of course, gave no answer to this advice, as Colonel Sheil did not wish to have it known that he had already spoken to the Shah about it.

Not a single eye-witness of the death of Stoddart and Conolly had as yet appeared; the ambassador even of the King of Khiva was not able to afford me any additional information. "*Maalloom neest,*" "Nothing is certain about it," was the answer to all inquiries. I do not think Colonel Sheil was to blame, though from his vicinity it might seem that he could easier arrive at the truth,—for all the Persians have such a horror of Bokhara that it would be almost impossible to induce them to go there even for *a thousand tomauns.* Colonel Sheil rendered *me* most effectual aid. The Russian ambassador has done the like. With all these aids, Colonel Sheil says,—and so does every one,—if they are alive, I shall get them.

I must not omit to mention, that Colonel Sheil also informed me that he had sent, two months before my arrival at Teheraun, a ghulam of the embassy to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, at Meshed, requesting

that His Excellency would send an express messenger to Bokhara with letters to the Ameer, in order that the Ameer might surrender to him the bones of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, in case they were dead, and their persons in the event of their being alive. Now I must say, if such a thing had been done immediately on the imprisonment of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, with the terror that the Ameer feels at the very name of the Assaff-ood-Dowla, such a measure would certainly have saved their lives. Therefore, as I am now in England, and reflect on these points more coolly, I cannot but blame Colonel Sheil for having delayed the adoption of so strong a measure until I was *en route*, and when he knew that I was *en route*. My readers will have observed, that I speak of Colonel Sheil with all the gratitude I owe to him, and with a due sense of his personal kindness to me; but still a portion of his conduct with regard to these gentlemen, will always remain, I fear, somewhat mysterious.

On the 11th of February I preached at the British embassy in German and English, and administered the sacrament to two Chaldean bishops, Mar Yohannan and Mar Joseph. After the service I requested one of them, Mar Yohannan, to pronounce the blessing, which he did. I have forwarded from them letters to the Bishop of London, requesting him to print their Liturgy in London.

On reflection, I found that I should be awkwardly situated at Bokhara. If I kept a journal it would look suspicious; I therefore determined to carry neither paper nor ink with me, to write in Persian, and send all the letters through the medium of the Ameer. The ambassador of the King of Khiva, a hostile power to Bokhara, told me that his Sovereign had a great esteem for Captain Conolly and Mr. Thomson, one of the attachés here, and he had warned Conolly on this very account not to go to Bokhara.

I find my mission has excited great interest in St. Petersburgh. I met here a Dr. Labat, professor of medicine at Paris, who assured me also of this. Letters have been despatched to Orenbourg, to the governor, to render me all the assistance in his power. I baptized here, on February 12th, the child of General Semino, whom I knew at Meshed in 1831-2. The Russian consul-general stood godfather, and Madame Labat, wife of the gentleman just named, godmother. I read the service in English, Italian, and German. After the baptism a splendid breakfast was given. Madame Labat is an extremely clever woman. She has accompanied her husband to Egypt, Suez, Algiers, St. Petersburgh, Astrachan, Bakou, Tiflis, and Teheraun; and they purposed at that time going to Heraut, but he became afterwards physician to the Shah. The child I baptized was as

black as a negro, and so is Madame Semino, who was formerly Borowsky's wife.

After I had returned in 1829 with Lady Georgiana, from Jerusalem to Alexandria, a Jew, Borowsky by name, called on me, of dandy-like appearance, who pretended to be the son of a Jewess, who was mistress of Prince Radzivil. He seemed to me of a boasting disposition, which rendered me reluctant to have any intercourse with him, and he supported himself at Alexandria by giving lessons in mathematics and English. He left Alexandria in the beginning of 1830, and set out for Bombay. On my arrival at Tabreez in 1831, I sat at table with Sir John Campbell and Dr. (now Sir John) Mc Neill, when a letter came from the British resident of Busheer, mentioning to Sir John Campbell that a Polish nobleman, Borowsky by name, had arrived at Busheer from Bombay; that he was of gentlemanly appearance, but as he had brought no letters of introduction, he had not been received at the British embassy. I immediately said to Sir John Campbell, "Borowsky is not a Polish nobleman, but a Jew whom I knew at Alexandria." I soon after left Tabreez, and proceeded on my way to Bokhara. When I arrived in Khorassaun, in 1831, towards the end of October, I was made a slave by the people of Muhammed Khan Kerahe of Torbad Hydarēa, who went by the name of the

"Head tearer," on account of his cruelty. I have given some details of this personage in a few previous pages. After I was liberated from captivity, by the interference of Abbas Mirza, I arrived at Meshed in utter destitution. I wrote, therefore, to Captain Shee, who was with the army of Abbas Mirza at Nishapoor, requesting him to send me money and clothing. A few days after my having written to Captain Shee, a gentleman in the uniform of an English general entered my room, exclaiming, "How do you do, Mr. Wolff?" It was General Borowsky, the same person whom I knew at Alexandria. He related to me his singular adventures—singular even in an Eastern land, where men do seem to rise as it were by the possession of Aladdin's lamp, or some process equally marvellous. He had become acquainted with Colonel Chesney at Busheer, with whom he had formed an intimate friendship, and Colonel Chesney recommended him to Sir John Campbell, who then recommended him as a man of talent to Abbas Mirza. That prince took him into his service. Borowsky assisted Abbas Mirza most essentially, taking for him the strong town of Cochan, in Khorassaun; and it was Borowsky also who took the castle of Sarakhs, and made prisoner the leader of the Tūrkomauns. After the death of Abbas Mirza, he gave most essential assistance to Muhammed Mirza, the son of Abbas Mirza, and enabled him to ascend the throne of his

grandfather, Futt Allah Shah. Borowsky confessed to me that he was the son of Jewish parents, on the father's as well as the mother's side. He left the interest of the British government, and joined the Russian party in Persia, and was shot at the siege of Heraut. His wife, a Georgian slave, received a pension from Muhammed Shah, for the essential services Borowsky had rendered to Abbas Mirza, and after his death married General Semino.

It will probably be thought that I am about to take a chapter from Mr. D'Israeli in the following assertions, and I may be exposed, like him, to the laughing gibes of that sad fellow, *Punch*, but notwithstanding, it is true, that the most distinguished generals of the East are Jews. For instance, General Jochmus, who distinguished himself in Spain, and at last in Syria against Ibrahim Pasha, is a Jew; General Ventura, in the service of Runjeet Singh, and afterwards of Sheer Singh, at Lahore, and who was the terror of the Affghans, and the beloved governor of Cashmeer, is a Jew by birth; his name is Reuben-Ben-Toora. I could name several others. General Jochmus told me that he was ready to march to Bokhara with a detachment of three thousand European soldiers, if supported by the British government. After the Jews, the Armenians are the most enterprising people of the East. Samson Khan and Yakoob Khan, from Tiflis, are brave and valiant

generals at present in the service of the King of Persia; and Krimitzki, Archbishop of the Armenians in Persia and Hindūstaun, has established of late an excellent college at New Joolfa, where the Armenian boys are instructed in the French and English tongues.

I must here mention some curious details of those two men, Borowsky and Semino, which happened in the year 1831, at Meshed. Borowsky was in my room when Semino entered in full uniform, and demanded satisfaction from Borowsky for having struck his (Semino's) servant. Borowsky told him that he had been impertinent to him. Semino called him a liar; upon which Borowsky spat in his face. Semino then drew his sword. Borowsky said, "I will give you satisfaction in an instant." On saying this, he attempted to seize his pistols; on which Semino gave a signal to his eight servants at the door, who entered, bound Borowsky, and carried him off. I immediately ran, although it was ten at night, to Abbas Mirza, and procured Borowsky's release. The day following a Persian court martial was held, of which, singular to say, I was president, and I decided that Semino should remain in arrest for twenty-four hours, and then apologize to Borowsky, as well as to myself. And this was done.

Borowsky died, as I have shown, after this, and left behind a widow and twenty-two thousand ducats.

Semino married Borowsky's widow in hopes of getting his money, but the executors of Borowsky made away with it. He got the widow *without the money.* Borowsky might smile at him in the other world. Semino, though I thus punished him, as I have stated, was now my great friend.

I saw this day, February 12th, a pompous Mussulman from Masulipatam, on the Coromandel coast, in India, famous for its snuff. He is, however, in reality of a renowned race. He descends from the Sefaweya, who governed Persia. He came for purposes of religious discussion, but my mind was so full of my poor friends at Bokhara, that I did not undertake it, and simply asked him some questions about the Sefaweya dynasty. He says that there were eleven kings in Persia of that dynasty. The first lived in 1590. I give their names:

1. Ismael, son of Sultan Junneyd.
2. Shah Tahmanee.
3. Shah Ismael.
4. Sultan Muhammed.

All these resided at Casween; the following at Isfahan:

5. Shah Abbas the Great.
6. Shah Sapee.
7. Shah Abbas II.
8. Shah Suleiman.
9. Shah Sultan Hussein.
10. Shah Taman.
11. Abbas III.

So far of the Sefaweya, the promoters of science and literature, by whose orders the Bible and Gospel were translated into Persian. Their successors:

12. Nadir Shah; after him three kings, who reigned a few months; and then came to the throne,

13. Kereem Khan, who married a daughter of the Sefaweya.

14. Ali Murad Khan.

This day also the ambassador of Khiva called on Colonel Sheil, and brought me a letter of recommendation addressed to all the Tūrkomauns of Sarakhs subject to the King of Khiva, and informing them that I was in possession of letters from the Sultan, for the Kings of Khiva, Khokand, and Bokhara.

On my departure from Teheraun, Colonel Sheil could scarce conceal his grief at losing me; he gave me some presents for the King of Bokhara, consisting of a watch, &c., but he was too ill to accompany me out of the town; Mr. Abbot, the British consul of Teheraun, Mr. Holmes, both of whom had arrived the day before my departure from Teheraun in this capital, Messieurs Thomson, Reed, Karapet, and Glen, accompanied me one farsagh (four miles) out of town. I was on February the 14th, escorted by Sadik Beyk, His Majesty's courier (*gholam*), Korban Ali Beyk, courier (*gholam*) to the British embassy, Rajab, late servant of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, Jaarwadar (muleteer), and

a postillion (Shakerd Japarjee); and furnished, beside my various letters of introduction, with a firmaun from the King, containing an order to the burgomaster (Ked Khoda), and every Hakem (governor), of every town, to give to me, in every station, without money, four chickens, pilaw, fifteen pounds of butter, ten mans of wood, five pounds of wax candles, barley and straw for the horses, and five horses. I arrived the first day at Palasht, a miserable village, containing about twenty-five houses, twenty miles from Teheraun.

Thursday, the 15th, I was annoyed by the muleteer, on account of the bad horses he had procured; but as the post-horses are not always to be got, I preferred hiring five with my own money to the trouble of waiting for them, and the whole hire did not amount to seventeen tomauns and five sahebkeran (8*l.* 10*s.*) from Teheraun to Meshed. We reached that day Jvanee-Keif, twenty-eight miles from the former, a very considerable village, surrounded by a range of gardens. Though I travelled at His Majesty's expense, I of course gave always two or three sahebkeran (one sahebkeran = sixpence) as a present, but the person with whom I lodged was over civil, for which he expected a large present, but was disappointed; and I must say that I never was so fortunate with servants as this journey—excellent servants they were, though of different characters; I

mean by servants, all the attendants above mentioned.

Friday, the 16th February, we went between the mountains called Darey Khar. Many murders have been committed in this pass. We met here people from Heraut, who told me that they were returning to Heraut with the intention to murder Yar Muhammed Khan, the vizier of Heraut, who had murdered their King, Shah Kamran, and was now tyrannizing over the people of Heraut. We arrived that day at Kitshlagh, twenty miles from the Darey-Khar.

Saturday, the 17th, we went towards Deh-Namak (Village of Salt), for the ground and water is salt. On the road we met pilgrims on horseback, who on their way to Meshed sang praises to Muhammed:

> Comfort to Muhammed!
> Comfort to Ali!
> Prayers are worthy to be given to Muhammed!

Here I was informed that there is a sect existing at Mazanderan who have a superstitious belief in the effect of eating swine's flesh.

Sunday, the 18th February, arrived at Lasgerd, forty miles from the Deh-Namak. There I remained overnight in a castle, a most ancient building, built evidently before the appearance of the Prophet, and the saying is current that Genii had erected it. This

spot was formerly a famous place for Guebres. The inhabitants told me that the Genii were since the time of the Prophet banished to Taht Soleiman, near Tabreez, to Mazanderan and Sistan, but they are now chained, so that they are not able, as in former times, to carry away beautiful girls and children.

Monday, the 19th, on passing the village Surkhak, we saw that Prince Seif Ullah Mirza was on his hunting expedition, and met his hounds. He is governor of Semnan, and brother to the King. After twenty miles ride we arrived at Semnan, a considerable town, containing about 6000 inhabitants. So far we travelled in the province of Irak. Semnan is the first town belonging to Khorassaun, coming from Teheraun. It contains several colleges. The vice-governor gave me a very good room in the caravanseray, and sent me the victuals ordered by the King.

As I was not quite well, I stopped at Semnan the next day, and called on the prince, who spoke with great regard of Colonel Stoddart, whom he knew personally. He spoke, also, very highly of Sir John Mc Neile, though he and all the Persians accuse Sir John of having been the cause why Muhammed Shah could not take Heraut. His Highness sent me venison.

Wednesday, the 21st February, we arrived at Aghwan, a caravanseray twenty-four miles distant.

A child was lost here in former times, which was restored to the mother by an animal called Aghu, at the intercession of the great patron saint of Khorassaun, Imam Resa; hence, the caravanseray is called Aghwan.

Thursday, the 22nd February, we left this caravanseray, and passed the ruined castle built by Nushirwan. We passed the cold mountain Tatawar, and arrived at a castle built by the present Shah, called Sultan-Abad*, near the caravanseray called Khosha, built by Shah Abbas. Muhammed Shereef Khan, from Casween, assured me that he was a great friend to the English people, for which he desired me to give him wine; as I had with me a few bottles given to me by Colonel Sheil, I gave to him one of them. The climate is particularly cold here.

Friday, the 23rd of February. Arrived, after twenty-four miles ride, at Damghan, considered, after Balkh and Nishapoor, the most ancient city in the world; and the numerous ruins testify the truth of its antiquity. But the Kedkhoda (burgomaster), who had been previously informed that a great (Elchee) ambassador from England was coming, with above two hundred men, was so frightened that he fled from the town, and the

* *Abad*, abode. A curious union of European and Asiatic terms.

colonel (Serhenk) was obliged to procure victuals for me.

Saturday, February 24th, we arrived at Deh-Mullah; as I felt very unwell, I got a barber to bleed me.

Sunday, the 25th, I arrived at Sharoot, a city containing about two thousand inhabitants. I lived here in a house erected expressly for the reception of respectable strangers by Ismael Mirza, formerly prince governor of Boostan, the same who, twelve years ago, wanted to exact a promise from me, that King William should give him six thousand tomauns per annum, in case of his sending me safely to Bokhara: a pension which just now would be welcome to him, for he lives now at Teheraun in poverty. It is surprising to observe the change of feeling in Khorassaun towards the English people. Twelve years ago, the people of Sharoot insulted my servants for serving an infidel; now, I entered Sharoot in my clerical habit and gown, and was well respected. This change is to be ascribed to the entrance of Abbas Mirza into Khorassaun, which brought, for the first time, many English people into notice in this country; and also to the invasion of the British army in Affghanistaun. On Monday I remained here, and visited the Muhammedan college of Sharoot, and conversed about the Gospel with their mullahs.

February 27th, I arrived at Miyamey, and on the

28th at Miyandasht. From Miyandasht to Meher, the road is considered rather dangerous, for the Tūrkomauns sometimes make it still unsafe, though not in such a degree as formerly; I therefore was, according to the order of the King, escorted, and Korban Khan, of Miyandasht, himself, with five horsemen armed, accompanied me to Abbas-Abad; and I must here observe, that Korban Khan behaved in a very handsome and disinterested manner. The road to Abbas-Abad is very dreary, and not a single village was seen for forty miles.

February 29th, I arrived at Abbas Abad, twenty miles.

March 1st, 1844, we arrived at Massenan, formerly a large town, but now in ruins.

March 2nd, I arrived at Meher, where I met a person from Torbad, who immediately recognised me as the person who formerly was slave at Torbad. I also met a person, Soleiman by name, who was Stoddart's servant for a few days.

Sunday, March 3rd, we arrived at a beautiful village called Khosroejerd. I had sent on the King's courier to procure me a place for one hour's rest, but the fellow was tired, as well as myself, and took lodging for staying there over night.

Monday, March 4th, we arrived at Sebzawar, four miles distant; a town containing twelve thousand inhabitants. Here Tamerlane built a tower of

the sculls of men whom he had slain in battle, and hither it was that the Jews were transported from Kaswin to Khorassaun, by Shah Abbas. Sebzawar is covered with verdure and melons in profusion. Hence it derives its name, *Sebz, verdure; Awar, having.* All the mullahs called on me; and as the Persians dislike Omar, Osman, and Abubekr, they asked me therefore: "Whom do you like better, Omar, Osman, and Abubekr, or Ali, Imam Hussein, Imam Resa, and Abool Casem?" *W.* The latter. *Mullahs.* Why? *W.* Omar, Osman, and Abubekr killed people; but the latter were more conciliating.

Tuesday, March 5th, I arrived in a miserable village called Safran.

Wednesday, March 6th, at Germ-Ab, *i. e.* Warm water, for there is a spa. As I had learnt that the Assaff-ood-Dowla (viceroy) of Khorassaun, and uncle to the King, for whom I had letters from the King, and who resides at Meshed, was only twenty miles distant from Germ-Ab, for his diversion, in a place called Maadan; I therefore sent to him the King's courier, my mehmoondar, to ask His Excellency whether he would receive me there or at Meshed. My mehmoondar returned late in the night, with a letter from the Assaff-ood-Dowla (viceroy), for his lieutenant-governor, at Meshed, to procure a good house for me at Meshed, and provide me with everything necessary, and at the same time with a mes-

sage to me, that he would receive me at Meshed, on the 25th of the month Saffar, *i. e.*, the 15th of March, (after to-morrow,) when he would be at Meshed; and he sent me word that Stoddart and Conolly were alive eleven months ago, and that he had sent, only ten days before my arrival at Germ-Ab, Hassan Baba, a Merwee, with presents to the King of Bokhara, at the request of Colonel Sheil. For Colonel Sheil, as I mentioned, had sent three months before my arrival at Teheraun, an express Ghulam to Meshed, requesting the Assaff-ood-Dowla to send on a man to Bokhara, and to demand the bones of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. Now is it not very remarkable, that the man, though sent from Teheraun three months before my arrival there, should have been delayed four months at Meshed, until the Assaff-ood-Dowla granted the wish of Colonel Sheil. That the man waited at Meshed four months until he was admitted to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, is evident from the circumstance that the Ghulam of Colonel Sheil came to Germ-Ab on his way back to Teheraun. When I asked him, "Why did you stop so long at Meshed?" he answered me that Muhammed Ali Serraf, Colonel Stoddart's agent, to whose care the letter was sent by Colonel Sheil, delayed giving it to the Assaff-ood-Dowla until eleven days before I met the Ghulam at Germ-Ab. Now here I cannot avoid making another

remark, for the matter is too important to be hastily passed over. Before I left England I wrote a confidential letter to Mr. Addington, of the Foreign Office, telling him that I should do all in my power to prevent any political discussion on account of my mission, in order that my mission might assume its true form, and not become a question of Whig or Tory. The subject is, however, too important to be passed over, and since I have come back, and been enabled to reflect on the subject, I must say that it was very unfortunate that Colonel Sheil did not know, before he reposed such confidence in Muhammed Ali Serraf, the character of the man; and thus the safety of the lives of the two Envoys were left dependent on the trustworthiness of a villainous Persian, who was surreptitiously concealing the property of one of the victims, whom from the basest motives he had left to perish at Bokhara, holding his property from him and his relatives, and sacrificing his life.

Thursday, March 7th, 1844, I arrived at Nishapoor. Youssuff Kakulli, a Tūrkomaun from Khiva, and Hassan Khan Kurd, from Mazanderaun, both chiefs, called on me there; and Kakulli showed to me a letter from his brother at Bokhara, who assured him that the tall Englishman was still alive at Bokhara. Tamas Beyk, chief of the couriers in Khorassaun, to whom all the couriers (Japarjees) and the

Kafila Bashis (heads of caravans) from Khorassaun come, a man active and well-inclined to the English interest, also called on me, and assured me that Mullah Kurban, the Kafila Bashi from Mymona, had assured him that Stoddart and Conolly were still alive, in the Kalaa (castle) outside Bokhara.

Friday, March 8th, I stopped on purpose with Tamas Beyk, to see whether he would remain consistent in his story, and he did.

Saturday, I arrived in the village called Kadamgah (Place of the foot), inhabited by Sayids, where my mehmoondar had prepared a place for me in the mosque, but I declined accepting it, observing that it was not decent to sleep in a place of worship: all the Sayids exclaimed, "Khoob ademee," "He is a good man." Several of the chief Sayids came to me, and wished to obtain from me a notion of the religion which I profess, and which I faithfully conveyed to them. Many of them expressed a wish to go to England, and be better informed of our religion and habits. The change for the better I have met with in Khorassaun, since the time I was here in 1831, is surprising: a proof of what a more regulated government is able to effect; for it is evidently now better governed by the King and his lord lieutenant, than it was under those tyrannical khans, who have been successfully exterminated, in a most wonderful manner; and the invasion of the

British in Affghanistaun has also much contributed towards it.

Sunday, the 10th, arrived at Shereef-Abad, the place where I, in 1831, was the second time in danger of being made slave, and where I was beaten for not saying the *Kalima*. I lived now again in the same house, feared and respected; though arriving in my clergyman's gown, which made them stare.

On Monday, the 11th of March, I arrived at Askerea, two miles distant from Meshed. I had sent on before the King's mehmoondar, and the gholam of the British embassy. The first who came to meet me was Mullah Mehdee (Meshiakh), the Jew with whom I had lodged twelve years ago, and who treated me most hospitably when in distress and misery and poverty, previous to the arrival of Abbas Mirza at Meshed, from Nishapoor.

All the Jews of Meshed, a hundred and fifty families, were compelled, seven years ago, to turn Mussulmans. The occasion was as follows: A poor woman had a sore hand; a Mussulman physician advised her to kill a dog and put her hand in the blood of it; she did so; when suddenly the whole population rose, and said that they had done it in derision of their Prophet. Thirty-five Jews were killed in a few minutes; the rest, struck with terror, became Muhammedans; and the *fanatic* and *covetous* Muhammedans shouted, نور محمد افتاد بالا ایشان

"Light of Muhammed has fallen upon them!" They are now more zealous Jews in *secret* than ever; but call themselves, like the Jews in Spain, *Anusim*, "the compelled ones!" Their children cannot suppress their feelings when their parents call them by their Muhammedan names! But Mullah Mehdee and Mullah Moshé believe in Christ, and Mullah Mehdee asked me to baptize him. He has been of the greatest use to the English in Heraut and Candahar, as his testimonials from Rawlinson and others amply testify.

Soon after, Saleh Muhammed, the Akhund-Zadeh who gave to Colonel Sheil the detailed account of the death of Stoddart and Conolly, came also on horseback to meet me. He is not the same person whom I supposed that I knew, and he is a Sunnée, and may have heard the story at Bokhara; but I did not believe the truth of it, and was still of the opinion with many others, that both were alive.

The third who came out to meet me was Mullah Muhammed Serraf, Colonel Stoddart's agent at Meshed. This person, I was informed by Mullah Mehdee and others, held property in his possession to a considerable amount belonging to Colonel Stoddart. He himself never uttered a word about it; on the contrary, he spoke to me of Colonel Stoddart's being in his debt. He (Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf) seemed to me to be a civil, many-promises-making fellow,

boasting of the services he did to the English—a cowardly rogue, only bent upon his own interest, and who had most shamefully neglected Colonel Stoddart's welfare, for which he was paid. At the recommendation of Colonel Stoddart himself, who seemed to have been imposed upon by the said mullah. Colonel Sheil forwarded through him all the letters to Stoddart. Now what struck me as strange in him was this; that the first thing he told me was: "I shall now deliver to you the letter Colonel Sheil sent to me from the Sultan of Constantinople."

W. Why did you not send long ago a man with the letter to Bokhara, which you sent back once to Colonel Sheil after the report of Stoddart's death, and which was sent a second time to you by Colonel Sheil for the purpose of forwarding it on?

M. M. A. S. Every one was afraid to take it.

W. Why did you not send on the letter with the man of the Assaff-ood-Dowla, who was sent to Bokhara at Colonel Sheil's request thirteen days ago?

M. M. A. S. I was afraid that the King of Bokhara might ask the man of the Assaff-ood-Dowla, "What have you to do with the Sultan of Constantinople? Who gave you this letter?"

Could anything be more annoying than this? Beside this, Mr. Macnaghten and Miss Stoddart had forwarded, one year ago, letters to Colonel Sheil from Sir Moses Montefiore, at my advice, for the

Jews of Samarcand, Bokhara, and Balkh: all these letters Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf told me he had sent on *only one* month ago to the Jews of Bokhara, —if he sent them at all. I became therefore more anxious than ever to go to Bokhara, and determined that nothing should prevent me from my design but death; for the Assaff-ood-Dowla himself sent me word, that he had learnt that, eleven months ago, *both* had been alive. And I wrote therefore a second letter to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, on my arrival at Meshed, beseeching him to send me on with the greatest speed and haste; and His Excellency proved that he was ready to do so, by sending me on to Mowr with all the Tūrkomaun chiefs who were at Meshed at the time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrival at Meshed. Visited on arrival by the Heads of the Mosque. Distance traversed by Dr. Wolff. Dr. Wolff reported to be a Mullah two hundred years old. The improbability of Saleh Muhammed's Statement clearer shown by further examination of him. Muhammed Ali Serraf, a Villain. Haje Ibrahim, brother of Abdul Samut Khan. Aga Abool Kasem. Letters of Sir Moses Montefiore for the Jews of Bokhara detained by Muhammed Ali Serraf, and not forwarded to Bokhara. High Priests of the Mosque. Arrival of the Viceroy, the Assaff-ood-Dowla, at Meshed. The Viceroy commends Dr. Wolff to the care of the Tūrkomauns. New Rooz, New Year's Day of the Persians, March 20th. Advice given by the Assaff-ood-Dowla to Dr. Wolff. The Viceroy sends Presents by Dil Assa Khan to the Ameer of Bokhara. Tūrkomauns. Delays used by the Tūrkomaun Chief, Dil Assa Khan. Letters sent to the King of Khiva. Interrogation of Saleh Muhammed by Dr. Wolff. Dr. Wolff quits Meshed. Extortion of Dil Assa Khan. Arrival at Jehaar Gunbaz. Threat of Assaff-ood-Dowla to Dil Assa Khan. Route through Rabat, Mahel, Masteroon, Karagosh, Gonbazli. Arrival at Mowr. Hospitably received by Abd Arrahman, the Khaleefa of the Tūrkomauns. High Character of the English in Mowr. Description of Abd-Arrahman. Anecdote of the Protection of the Khivites by the Khaleefa. Dancing Derveeshes. The Khaleefa offers Dr. Wolff the means of escape and dissuades him from going to Bokhara. Conversation with the Derveesh of Kashgar. Letter to Captain Grover. Sensation created at Bokhara by Lord Ellenborough's Letter to the Ameer. Letter to Lady Georgiana. Schools in the Desert. Ghengis Khan. March of the Russians to India.

On my arrival at Meshed I was received in the most polite manner by Mirza Askeree, Mirza Moosa Khan, both heads of the religion, and chiefs of the great mosque at Meshed; which is not a little thing. The

Assaff-ood-Dowla was expected on the 15th of March to a certainty.

But the above-mentioned Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf, in whose hands above two thousand tomauns worth of property of Stoddart was found, actually frightened one of my servants, Rajab, from accompanying me to Bokhara, for he would follow me only as far as Mowr. I took another servant of Stoddart, Abdullah by name, who turned out to be a most consummate rascal. I was now overrun with people who came from Heraut, Cabul, and other places from Affghanistaun, Affghauns,—with testimonials from Rawlinson, Conolly, Todd, and Doctor Riach, of the services they had rendered to the British army. I copy one of these testimonials:

This is to certify that Meer Allie Khan Khort was one of the chiefs of the Kuzzelbash, who accompanied me for the recovery of the prisoners, and that he behaved most handsomely and afforded me all the assistance in his power.

(Signed) RICHMOND SHAKESPEARE.

September 20th, 1842.

I gave to this fellow one tomaun, for he seemed to me to be in great distress. But there came two others, who produced some paper from Major Todd, by whom they were sent to Bokhara to release Stoddart, who were most consummate rascals. The name of the one is Seyf Kulle Khan, and the other Tamas Kulle Khan; they bitterly complained that they

had been sent to Bokhara, and received no remuneration for it, whilst I knew from Aga Abool Kasem, formerly British agent at Meshed, and from my friend Mullah Mehdee, that they had received about one thousand five hundred tomauns, or seven hundred and fifty pounds sterling, as a reward. On mentioning Aga Abool Kasem, formerly British agent here, the question may be asked, Why was he not employed by Colonel Sheil in forwarding the letters to Bokhara? There are two very weighty reasons for it, if not more. 1st. Aga or Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf was Stoddart's agent, and recommended as such. 2nd. Aga Abool Kasem candidly told me, that he had declined to undertake the task, as he had a brother residing at Bokhara, who had not the courage to assist him. And the above-mentioned rascals themselves told me, that when they came to Bokhara they only had a sight of Colonel Stoddart, but were afraid to speak to him; and all they did, was to deliver a note to him in a stealthy manner, and to receive one from him in the same way. I wrote to Colonel Sheil, and requested him to send on immediately Mr. Thomson to Meshed, to look also into the affairs of Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf, Stoddart's agent, in order that everything might be delivered into his (Thomson's) hands.

All the Jews from Torbad, who saw me in slavery there in 1831, and the Jews who knew me at

Sarakhs, were here; one of them offered himself to me as a servant. I found that I should not be enabled to set out from Meshed before the 25th of March, for Bokhara.

My journey up to this point was as follows:

	Miles.
1. From Southampton to Constantinople - -	3300
2. „ Constantinople to Trebizond - - -	480
2. „ Trebizond to Erzroom - - - - -	180
3. „ Erzroom to Teheraun - - - - -	588
4. „ Teheraun to Meshed - - - - - -	556
	5104
There remained only to Bokhara - - - - -	550
	5650

Among the other wild Eastern rumours at Sharoot, a report was spread that a mullah from England had arrived, two hundred years of age—Joseph Wolff, by name.

I forwarded hence three letters to the King of Khiva; the first from the Sultan of Constantinople, the second from Colonel Sheil, and the third from the Ambassador of Khiva to the Court of Persia, whom I had met at Teheraun, with a letter to His Majesty the King of Khiva, written by myself. My own letter was in the following terms.

Joseph Wolff, the derveesh of the Christians in England, sends his blessing to His Majesty the King of Organtsh, and wishes him the wisdom of Solomon the Wise, (upon

whom is the comfort of God and peace,) and the power and riches of Timur Kurikanee, the conqueror and possessor of the earth. Know ye, O King, that I am the well-known dervcesh of England, and have traversed, for the sake of Jesus, Egypt, Mount Sinai, Yemen, Jerusalem, Damascus, Bokhara, Balkh, and Hind, and the New World, which lies on the other side of the Ocean. All these countries I traversed for the sake of God and Jesus, and for the good of my fellow creatures, telling princes and little ones that they should repent and turn to God, for we are of God, and to God we must return. I also spoke with the Muhammedan Mullahs, and with Jews and Guebers, that we have to expect first of all the coming of the Dejaal (Antichrist), who shall bring great mischief into the world, and force many to worship him as God; but after him, Jesus shall come, and kill Dejaal with the breath of his mouth, and set up a kingdom, that all nations shall serve Him; and in his time the lion and the lamb shall lie down together, and the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea; and universal peace shall prevail upon earth.

But now I go to Bokhara for another object. I have been informed, and all England has been informed, that two English officers of high rank, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, have been put to death at Bokhara; and as the life of an Englishman is dear to his people, the account has spread indignation throughout England, Russia, Germany, and America. I therefore said that I would go to Bokhara, in order to ascertain the truth or falsehood of that report; and if they should be still alive, that I would demand their persons from the King of Bokhara. I beg, therefore, Your Majesty to bestow on me the following favours: 1st. To write to the King of Bokhara to grant my request; 2nd. That Your Majesty will make known my mission, not only among Khivites, but also send letters to all the Tūrkomauns and Hazārahs, and to the Khans of Ankhoy, Maymona, and

to the Ameer of Cabūl, and to the King of Khokand and Shahr Sabz.

Giving you my benediction as the great derveesh, well known throughout Frankistaun and in the land of Russia.

(Sealed) JOSEPH WOLFF.

To the Hazārah at Daragass, Arand, Ankhoy, and Khoollom:

Joseph Wolff, the derveesh of England, believer in Jesus, sends his salutation and his blessing to the powerful tribe of the Hazārah, celebrated among the heroes of Tūrkistaun, and whose ancestors have been valiant companions in battle to the great Ghengis Khan, the Tshagatay. Know ye that I am going to Bokhara to demand from the Ameer Nasir Behadur Ullah, in the name of God and Jesus the Word of God, the release of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly; and after this I wish to pay you a visit, and speak with you about the great trumpet which shall be sounded, and the descent of Jesus from heaven, amidst the shouts of angels! For I have learnt that you have a respect for Englishmen, and especially such as Pottinger and Darcy Todd. And therefore I am confident that you will receive me kindly. I therefore beseech you to announce my going to Bokhara among the Ghirgese and Cossacks of the Desert. For it is of high importance that all the inhabitants of Tūrkistaun should know that Englishmen do not look with indifference on their brethren in captivity, and that there is a derveesh whose life is devoted to the service of God.

(Sealed) J. WOLFF.

I got both these corrected and fine copied at Meshed, by Mirza Muhammed Noori, and forwarded by a relation of Shah Soujah El-Mulck, late King of Cabūl.

During the whole period of my stay at Meshed, the Assaff-ood-Dowla (viceroy) of Khorassaun, ordered his lieutenant to treat me with all the respect of an ambassador, and three rooms were placed at my disposal, and every day victuals were sent to me by the Calandar.

On a further conversation with the Akhund-Zadeh Saleh Muhammed, my hopes were further raised, of the probable existence of Stoddart and Conolly. One solitary person at Bokhara was also, he admitted, the sole source of his information. I did not believe his story: 1st. Because Tamas Beyk, the chief of the Japaree of several provinces in Khorassaun, a kind hearted and excellent man, who lives at Nishapoor, told me that Kurban, the chief of caravans, who resides at Maymona, twelve days' journey from Bokhara, and who is there every three months, assured him that both Stoddart and Conolly were alive, and imprisoned in the Kalai, outside of Bokhara. Kakulli, also a Tūrkomaun chief, who also was at Nishapoor, showed to me a letter from his brother at Bokhara, in which he stated that Stoddart was alive to a certainty. Further, His Excellency the Assaff-ood-Dowla (viceroy) of Khorassaun, to whom I sent the king's courier to inquire where I should meet him, whether at Maadan or Meshed, sent me word that Stoddart and Conolly were alive last year. 3rd. The people of Meshed themselves told me, that the

report of their death had been current at Meshed three years ago, when it was certain they were alive. 4th. It was reported for five years at Bokhara, that the Goosh Bekee had been put to death, when he suddenly made his appearance again, and only died a short time since a natural death. 5th. All people at Meshed say, "Kesee nadeed"—"No one has seen the execution."

The further I investigated the character of Aga Muhammed Ali Serraf, the greater rogue he appeared. Poor Stoddart ordered all his letters to be addressed by Colonel Sheil to him. The Sultan's letter was sent to him, for Colonel Sheil had nobody else at Meshed on whom he could rely.

My proofs are these: on my first meeting him I asked him whether he had sent on the letter of the Sultan, which he had received a year ago, and which he had sent back to Colonel Sheil on the first report of their death, and which Colonel Sheil returned with the express order of forwarding it to Bokhara at any rate? I have shewn how he equivocated on that point: and on my entrance into Meshed, he hesitated as to giving me the letter, until I sent him a threatening message, when he produced it, but brought with him one of his friends who was at Bokhara, *viz.* Haje Ibrahim, brother to Abdul Samut Khan, of whom Colonel Sheil told me afterwards, that cunning and knavery were

depicted in his very look; and he sate down in my room, and said, with a loud voice, "Have you a letter from the Queen of England for the King of Bokhara?" I replied, "No; but I have letters from the Sultan of Constantinople, from the King of Persia, and from the Russian ambassador." Haje Ibrahim replied, "All these letters are *pootsh*," which means, *good for nothing*. "I will tell you what they will do with you as soon as you arrive at Jehaar-Joo. They will put you in a little room, take from you all the money you have, keep you there until an answer comes from the Ameer, to whom they will report your arrival. After his answer, they will bind your eyes, that you shall not be able to see anything about you in the country, put you in the black well, and then kill you." I asked, "How do you know that?" He said, "Stoddart came to Bokhara with a letter from the Vizier Muchtar, the British envoy at Teheraun; he was put in prison. After this, Conolly came with letters from the ambassador at Cabul, or, as he called him, the Laard Nawaub Saheb. He was put in prison. Then a letter came from the Sultan. The Ameer cast it away with disdain, and said 'The Sultan is half a Kafir (infidel). I want a letter from the Queen of England.' Some time after *a letter arrived from the Sirkar of Hind* (the Governor-General). This letter," said he, with a sneer, "stated '*that Stoddart and Conolly were inno-*

cent travellers.' Upon which the Ameer was so angry that he put both *to death, and I have this account from my brother, Abdul Samut Khan.*"

I beg the reader to remark this point with respect to this important letter, which on my return to Teheraun, when Haje Ibrahim came thither for the money which he claimed for Abdul Samut Khan, he boasted, in the presence of Mr. Glen, one of the attachés of the British embassy, to have mentioned to me, and then repeated all the above conversation at Meshed, verbatim, especially relative to Lord Ellenborough's letter.

I immediately took the letter of the Sultan, which was in the possession of Muhammed Ali Serraf, and put it into the case with the other letters of the Sultan and the King of Persia which I had brought with me, and told the fellows: "Your endeavour to frighten me is in vain; I shall set out from here, and need not the assistance of any one of you!"

Aga Abool Kasem, formerly the British agent at Meshed, a respectable merchant from Heraut, called on me, for I had a letter for him from Colonel Sheil. I asked him why he did not take the letter from Muhammed Ali Serraf, and send it on to Bokhara? He, more upright than that fellow, told me: "I have a brother at Bokhara, who is a coward, and who would not have executed my wish; and I should not have liked to compromise him myself, for I never received

a salary from the British government, and I am a merchant."

On the 13th March, I by chance learnt from Mullah Mehdee, the Jew, that several letters had been sent from Sir Moses Montefiore to the care of Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf, Stoddart's agent. I immediately recollected that they must be the same letters which I had advised Mrs. Macnaghten and Miss Stoddart to procure from Sir Moses Montefiore, and forward them through Mullah Mehdee, of Meshed, to the Jews of Bokhara, Samarcand, Balkh, and Khokand; but Colonel Sheil, of course, according to Stoddart's direction, forwarded them through his agent, Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf. He called yesterday evening, and I said: "What have you done with the letters for the Jews of Bokhara, &c.?"

M. M. A. S. I broke the seal, took off the envelope, and had the direction of it written by Ismael the Jew in Hebrew only; for as the English writing upon it might make the Jews suspected, I thought that it was not safe.

Now there was some reason in this; but in the first instance, in the East a letter without a seal goes for nothing; secondly, on my desiring him to produce the envelopes, which he said he had preserved, I found that he only had forwarded the letters to Samarcand, Balkh, and Khokand, but broken the seal and kept back the most important of all, the letter of

Sir Moses Montefiore to the Jews of Bokhara. As I was sure that Sir Moses Montefiore, who does not like me, would be sorry if I was the deliverer of the letter, and seeing then no necessity for it, I returned the letter to him in England. And even the other etters, I found to a certainty, had only been forwarded thirty days ago.

Aga Abool Kasem, the above-mentioned respectable merchant, and formerly British agent, gave me this day the following exact information as to the property of Colonel Stoddart, in the hands of his agent: (viz.,) that Muhammed Ali Serraf was in possession of shawls consigned to him by Colonel Stoddart, which he had given as a pawn to merchants, to obtain money from them for buying land, for they are to the amount of two thousand tomauns—one thousand pounds sterling. I asked him about that. He replied, that he had still the shawls in his possession, and he intended to deliver the shawls to Colonel Stoddart's sister in person; and then sat down to write a letter to his (Colonel Stoddart's) sister. The fellow is a rogue; and it was not Colonel Sheil's fault, but Stoddart's, in choosing such an agent. He told me that Stoddart said, (which has a lie on the face of it,) that he was to deliver the shawls to his sister, who would richly reward him.

I called on the 12th on the great high priests at Meshed—Mirza Said Askeree, the Imam Jemaat

of Meshed, and Haje Mirza Moosa Khan, Metwalle of the Mosque, both of whom have been very kind to me, and given me every assistance. They wish to obtain a lithographic press, each one of them, and the Assaff-ood-Dowla wishes for a beautiful spy-glass. I wrote to England, to get these things forwarded to them, not by Stoddart's agent, but by Mullah Mehdee, my friend.

March 15th. The Assaff-ood-Dowla (viceroy) of Khorassaun arrived here, and immediately sent his chamberlain to welcome me. Three hundred Tūrkomaun chiefs from the desert of Mowr were here, beseeching the Assaff-ood-Dowla to bring their tribe near Meshed; by them I was to be escorted to Mowr. The Assaff-ood-Dowla will send one of his men with me on to Bokhara. Report said that a Russian ambassador reached that city a month previous to the time I was at Meshed.

March 20th. The Assaff-ood-Dowla assembled the Tūrkomauns in his tent, read my letters from the various Sovereigns, and then said to them, "Here I recommend to you an English mullah, recommended to the King of Bokhara by four Powers." They stroked their beards, and swore to bring me safely to Bokhara.

This is the *New Rooz* (new-year's day) of the Persians. His Excellency the Assaff-ood-Dowla sent me sweetmeats, and gold and silver *pence*,—which

are considered *blessed pence*,—to the value of five tomauns sterling, according to Persian custom. I saw at his levée the Persian soldiers drilled before him. One Tūrkomaun chief is appointed to bring me safely to Bokhara; and of the three hundred Tūrkomaun chiefs, thirty go to the King of Persia, and the rest ride on before to announce me to the Tūrkomauns of Sarakhs and Merwe.

My letters from the Sultan and Sheikh Islam of Constantinople, for the King and Mullahs of Khiva and Khokand, were sent on by an express Tūrkomaun, for which I paid fifty tomauns. I gave one hundred tomauns to the men of the Assaff-ood-Dowla. The change of circumstances in Khorassaun surprises me, since the last twelve years, among the low as well as among the high. I am here received by all the mullahs with the same distinction as they treat each other. The Assaff-ood-Dowla is one of the shrewdest persons I ever met with. He said to me, "Now I will tell you a few words which you must learn by heart, and address to the King of Bokhara, and the words are these:

من فرستاده ام از طرف انگلیز واز طرف دولت روم وانز طرف دولت روس وانز طرف دولت ایران بعلت محبتی ودوستی باالانگلیز

i. e. "I am sent from England, and from the Turkish government, and from the Russian government, and

the Persian government, by reason of that friendship which subsists between these governments and England." I asked him whether he would wish to have an English physician here; he significantly, but with politeness, replied, "There is no necessity for that,—all we want is, the friendship of England." He sent presents by Dil Assa Khan,—the Tūrkomaun chief who is to take me to Bokhara,—for the King, amounting to five hundred tomauns in value. Really our government ought to recognise his great kindness, even to so mean a member of its body corporate as myself. My letters from England were conveyed to me by the hands of his own chamberlain. My rooms were here a most extraordinary sight. On one occasion, while I was writing a letter to England, four Tūrkomaun chiefs were seated on the ground, eating bread, sour milk, and pocketing the sweetmeats given to them; Mullah Mehdee sate in another compartment of the room (I have privately baptized him); Dil Assa Khan, opposite to him, writing down what I wanted for the road, such things as sugar, four horses, a tent, dates, &c.; Aga Abool Kasem, a Persian merchant, sitting on the ground. Sadik Beg, the King of Persia's Mehmoondar, looks anxiously about my safety. My own servants consulting what I ought still to have with me.

On the 25th the Assaff-ood-Dowla sent for me, (by the way, I ought not to have omitted to state that

this kind and excellent person is the uncle of Muhammed Shah,) and desired me to mention in my letters to England the following facts.

After the Tūrkomauns of Merwe had rebelled against the King of Khiva, and killed the governor set over them by that sovereign, they first of all sought protection from the King of Bokhara, but he (the Assaff-ood-Dowla) having been informed of the ill treatment of Stoddart and Conolly, induced all the Tūrkomauns to rebel against the King of Bokhara, and that now three hundred Tūrkomaun chiefs, whom I myself had seen at the palace, were come to Meshed to ask permission to settle near it. The Assaff-ood-Dowla has consequently secured under his command the most powerful tribes, Sarakhs, Mahal, Merwe, and Tajan. From these Tūrkomauns he sends to Teheraun, not, as I first understood, thirty, but seventy, as hostages to the King, in order to insure me a good reception in the desert of Mowr, and also to obtain their powerful interference in case the King of Bokhara should resort to violent measures against me. Besides this, he assured me that, should the Shah have any scruples as to the detention of the Eljee of Bokhara, he would detain him at Meshed until I reached it safe and sound. When Colonel Sheil wrote to him fifty days ago, to send on a man to Bokhara, he immediately sent one with presents to the amount of five hundred tomauns, and he said that

he should send further presents to the same amount by Dil Assa Khan.

He also said that he was ready to march on Bokhara with the Shah's permission, and upon the first hint from England, and that our own country would be the noble liberatrix of thousands of slaves.

Were even the bones of Stoddart and Conolly produced to me, I determined now to proceed to Bokhara, and to investigate how they died. A strong prestige was also rising in my favour. Yar Muhammed Khan, at Heraut, had been advised by his friends at Meshed to write to the King of Bokhara to release the prisoners and treat me well. The Hazarah, also, in the deserts of Maymona, proclaimed my mission to Bokhara, as far as Khoollom. The various delays at this place became so vexatious that I wrote to the Assaff-ood-Dowla on the 24th March, complaining of Dil Assa Khan, the chief of several tribes of Merwee, who wanted to stay till the 27th of this month, when it was my wish to set out on the 26th (the Tuesday), and not on the Wednesday. His Highness ordered Dil Assa Khan, accordingly, to leave on the 26th of this month. Dil Assa Khan received from me one hundred tomauns, and the Assaff-ood-Dowla gave to him out of his own pocket three hundred tomauns, and sent presents, as I have mentioned, for the King of Bokhara, to the amount of five hundred tomauns. Colonel

Sheil also had given to me some cloth (three pieces), and a silver watch for the Ameer, in order not to appear empty handed. The letters of the Sultan of Constantinople for the King of Khiva, and the letters of the Sheikh Islam of Constantinople for the mullahs of Khiva and Khokand, had also been sent to the King of Khiva by Youssuff Mirza, the Shah Zadeh, an Affghan prince, who early this morning called on me; and who sent on a man to Khiva with a Tūrkomaun, to whom I paid fifty tomauns, and shall have to pay him thirty tomauns after he brings an answer from the King of Khiva, which will be delivered to Colonel Sheil at Teheraun, for I shall not be back from Bokhara until the answer returns from Khiva. I also wrote to the King of Khiva, desiring him to order the Tūrkomauns under his jurisdiction not to molest me on the road, and to make known to all the Tūrkomauns the reason of my expedition to Bokhara. This will have, as the King of Khiva is at enmity with Bokhara, the two-fold effect,—first of all, he will take good care to make it known among all the Tūrkomauns, and at Shahr Sabz, Khokand, Samarcand, Khoollom, and even at Bokhara, that the conduct of the King of Bokhara is disapproved by the Sultan, and resented by the other Powers of Europe; and it will at the same time deter the Usbeck Tatars from giving any further assistance to the King of

Bokhara. Mullah Mehdee, a friend of Yar Muhammed Khan, at Heraut, wrote, *in his name* (*not in my name*), to Yar Muhammed Khan that now was the time to succeed in obtaining the support of England by writing to the King of Bokhara that he should set free the English prisoners, and receive me with distinction on my arrival at Bokhara. Youssuff Mirza, the Shah Zadeh, wrote also the same to him, and to the Hazarah tribes of Maymona and Ankhoy; to the latter he wrote for the purpose of making it known among all the mullahs, derveeshes, and awliyaans, in order that they may call on the Ameer of Bokhara to suffer the strangers to go back to their own land.

I also addressed a most respectful letter to the Ameer of Bokhara, with the intention of delivering it myself, in which I reminded His Majesty of the hospitable reception he granted to me when at Bokhara twelve years ago, and my having boldly defended him in England and throughout Europe, when I heard him accused of having been the murderer of guests; and petitioned His Majesty most humbly to allow me to bring back my friends to their native country, or, should *they have died on account of some fault committed,* to inform me of the nature of their crime, and to permit me to carry with me to England their corpses, to be buried there by their relations. I put this letter into the hands of the Imam Jemaat, of

Meshed, who read it in the mosque of Gowher Shah, where five thousand people were assembled.

A caravan arrived here some days ago from Bokhara, and the answer to my inquiries was, *They may be alive*, for nobody has seen them executed, whilst the others were publicly executed; and the Goosh-Bekee, or vizier, who for five years was supposed to have been put to death, suddenly came forth *alive and well from prison:* and the chief of the caravan of Bokhara, Mullah Kereem by name, who is there every two months, and has a wife there, told me two days ago, that if any one asserted that he had seen the execution of the two Eljees, he was a liar! And, as I have said, even the Akhund-Zadeh, Saleh Muhammed told me that the two persons who were put to death, and of whom he gave a circumstantial account to Colonel Sheil, might have been two other persons, and the executioner who told him the story might have belied him; and besides this, I must confess that two things are suspicious to me in the extreme in the Akhund-Zadeh's account. First of all, at one time he told me that the executioner from whom he had the story had been the executioner of Stoddart; on another day, when I asked him again which of the two executioners had put Stoddart to death, he replied that he did not know. Besides that, I used the method of questioning him, which Mr. Pitt applied to people whose veracity he sus-

pected *on a certain subject*. He questioned those people on other points: so did I with the Akhund-Zadeh; I asked him one day about the intended expedition of the Russians to Khiva. The answer of the Akhund-Zadeh was, that he knew positively (معين) that not one single Russian came back to Orenbourgh; every one of them, with all the camels besides, were killed. Besides that, he made a claim on Colonel Sheil for one hundred and twenty tomauns, which I learnt from different quarters he had received from Major Todd; and I learnt, moreover, that he was of the party who frightened my servant (Rajab) from accompanying me to Bokhara. The other servant of Stoddart, when at Heraut—who is also in my service—told me quite gravely, that he received once two thousand stripes by order of the King of Persia, for having served the British officers who were at Heraut during the siege of Heraut. You will perceive by this, how difficult it is to find out the truth in such a country of lies! The Assaff-ood-Dowla is very anxious to march against Bokhara, and take it. He is confident that he could take Bokhara in less than half an hour.

The Assaff is really a great man; he has brought, by his prudent conduct, the greatest number of Tūrkomauns under his sway. The Japow, or Plundering Expedition of the Tūrkomauns into Khorassaun, is

through him in a great degree abolished. He has erected caravanserays and other buildings. There he keeps and maintains now the Shah Zadeh of Affghanistaun, in order to check, by continual fear, Yar Muhammed Khan, of Heraut, who killed Kamran Shah, one year ago. But I felt very angry with him, for he might have sent me away sooner if he had not kept me on account of the man whom he sent to Bokhara thirty days ago; five months ago also, Sheil sent an extra Gholam to urge him to send one on to Bokhara, but that delay did not happen by his fault, but by the fault of Stoddart's agent. Now, however, he expects back the man who went thirty days ago, but I am determined to go away next Tuesday, *i. e.* to-morrow. I have already bought four horses, victuals, &c. However, as a precaution, I determined to write to Colonel Sheil, that he should send on a man to Meshed, with an order from the Shah to send me on immediately.

The trouble that Dil Assa Khan occasioned me is almost inconceivable. Though ordered by the Assaff-ood-Dowla to accompany me with the armed men to Bokhara; though letters were given to him for the King of Bokhara, the chief Tūrkomauns of Sarakhs, and the Khaleefa of Mowr, the spiritual head of the Tūrkomans, writing to all that they should take good care of me, for Persia,

England, Russia, and Turkey would otherwise call them to account; all had little influence on this fellow. His dread of Behadur Khan seemed as unmitigated as his cupidity. I was obliged to pay him a hundred tomauns in advance to begin. The Assaff-ood-Dowla next charged him with presents to the King of Bokhara, and gave him orders to leave Meshed on the 26th. He made, however, constant excuses, and at last sent me on with one of his men to Kanakoosha, twelve miles from Meshed. Mullah Mehdee, the Jew, also accompanied me. Late in the evening a letter arrived there for me from Dil Assa Khan, telling me that the Assaff-ood-Dowla wished me to sit in a *kejaweh* during the journey, or what they call at Cairo a *shebrea*, in order not to attract too much the notice of the Tūrkomauns, and to take beside another camel for water. I saw at once into this contrivance on his part to extort more money from me. I therefore sent Mullah Mehdee with a letter to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, telling him that I was ready to hire a camel with a *kejaweh*, and also another camel, but that I hoped His Excellency would order Dil Assa Khan to make no further delay; if not, I would go back, and proceed *viâ* Russia to Bokhara. A kind letter arrived from the Assaff-ood-Dowla, and I had taken the two camels in order to avoid delay, but still Dil Assa Khan came not until the 30th to Nazarieh, four miles from Kanakoosha,

and even then he wanted to stay some days more, until I positively ordered my servants to make ready for returning to Meshed.

March 31st. We at last entered fairly the desert, and encamped on the plain, covered with shrubs, called Jehaar Gunbaz. Dil Assa Khan so annoyed me with incessant demands for money, that I sent on secretly Mullah Mehdee, who had accompanied me so far, with a letter to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, desiring him to send me another companion in my route. Meanwhile I steadily refused Dil Assa Khan's demands.

Monday, April 1st. We arrived at Rabat Mahal, a desert place, where I pitched my tent. The water here is very salt. On the 2nd of April a horseman came in all haste behind us, calling out, "Stop, stop!" We stopped, and the horseman was sent after us from the Assaff-ood-Dowla, with a letter from him for myself and Dil Assa Khan. His Excellency wrote to Dil Assa Khan: "I will ruin you and your family if you ask one single (derahem) farthing from my friend Joseph Wolff, and do not discharge well your business." And to me he wrote that to Sarakhs I should not part from the caravan, and at Sarakhs I should take on with me, beside Dil Assa Khan, also four Tūrkomauns and ten from Mowr, where I am already announced by the two hundred Tūrkomaun chiefs. Dil Assa Khan is now very humble and submissive.

We arrived at Masteroon, a fortress built upon the height of the mountain, in order to watch the movements of the Tūrkomauns of Sarakhs; and to prevent them from plundering the caravans, fifty artillerymen are on this account placed here with some cavalry by the Assaff-ood-Dowla. The chief of those soldiers came to my tent; I made him a present of a loaf of bread; he observed other Saheboon (a name given to English gentlemen) made him always a present of some tomauns. I replied, "that a mullah's bread is blessed." He was quiet.

On the 3rd of April we arrived at Karagosh (Black Straight), for the water is black here between two straights, and very salt.

On the 4th of April, we passed the desert place of Abe-Sherok, and came to Gonbazli, twenty miles from Sarakhs. Here I had nothing left to eat but dates and bread, and rain water to drink. I forgot to mention that Rajab, after all, went on with me from Meshed, and accompanied me as far as Merve. I had also with me Mullah Seffee, the Jew, who served Conolly and Stoddart, the first time when at Khiva, the second when at Bokhara. He was also with Todd at Heraut. I cannot enough impress upon the minds of the English people the necessity of sending an English gentleman by birth to Meshed; for though Mullah Mehdee is very useful, still he needs the surveillance of an English gentleman, and the

agent of Stoddart, Muhammed Ali Serraf, is a most contemptible fellow.

On the 5th of April (Friday), we arrived at Gonbazli, three farsakhs (twelve miles) from the former; nothing but a well in the desert, and very salt. On the 6th of April (Saturday), slept again in the desert. We crossed the Derya Sarakhs (River of Sarakhs), which comes from Heraut. On the 7th we arrived at the Camp of Nafas Beyk, who lives twenty-four miles from Old Sarakhs, a ruin since Abbas Mirza came there accompanied by Borowsky. Nafas Beyk treated me hospitably, for which he expected a Khelat. I gave him a Tūrkomaun shirt. On the 8th of April (Monday), we left the camp of Nafas Beyk, but lost our way in the desert, as the sky was very foggy, and only found it again on the 9th of April (Tuesday).

To-day (10th of April, Wednesday), we made twenty-four miles, and are in a desert place, where there is a Hausee-khan—a house of water made by a khan. I was now sixty miles from Merve, and three hundred miles from Bokhara. I received yesterday a letter from Mullah Mehdee, sent from Meshed by a Tūrkomaun on purpose, enclosing a letter from Yar Muhammed Khan, governor of Heraut, who promised his powerful influence to me with the King of Bokhara. The King of Bokhara intends to march against Khiva; it is therefore probable

that I shall meet him to-morrow at Merve, or, after a few days, at Jehaar-Joo.

I was bothered every day to death by my companion, Dil Assa Khan, the man of the Assaff-ood-Dowla, for presents, which I firmly refused. I arrived safely, April 12th, at Mowr, and was received very hospitably by Abd Arrahman, the Khaleef of Khiva and Bokhara. The Jew Nathan, and other Jews who knew me twelve years ago when in this place, immediately called on me, and we talked over old times. I may safely say that I was, in the year 1831, the only Englishman known in the desert of Mowr, but now the names of Stoddart, Conolly, Shakespeare (who is called Sheikh-Sefeer), Abbott, Todd, Riach, and Thomson, are mentioned with respect and regard, and the whole nation is admired; so that Lord Palmerston ought to have the thanks of Britain for having invaded Affghanistaun, for even in Affghanistaun they think now with affection of England and Englishmen. Abd Arrahman, my host, is a venerable old Tūrkomaun, worthy of his office; a man without many words, without covetousness, given to prayer, and a friend of hospitality. Conolly stopped in his house when going from Cabūl to Khiva. One of his sons knew Major Todd well; if the British government in India could be aware how highly respected Todd rendered the English name throughout Tūrkistaun, they would not have sent him back

to his regiment. The name, and liberality, and kindness of Todd, resound through the desert of Tūrkistaun; and thus is Riach respected, and the above-named gentlemen; only Stoddart is described as a *brave* but *rough* man *universally;* Conolly is described as *a man of religion.*

The above-mentioned Khaleefa Abd Arrahman told me positively that Stoddart was alive, but in prison; about Conolly he was not quite certain. The Jew Nathan believed them to be dead, but had his accounts from the Akhund-Zadeh, Saleh Muhammed, Colonel Sheil's informant. Rain, slowness of the camels, wind of the desert, occasional want of water, mistaking the road on cloudy days, were all causes for unexpected delays. Beside this, the country is in a warlike condition. The Tūrkomauns here in Mowr, or Merve, lately rebelled against Khiva, and killed their governor, so that they may expect every moment an invasion of the army of Khiva. There are two parties here and at Sarakhs, some tribes holding with Bokhara, the others with Khiva. I found Captain Grover quite right; Stoddart *was* sent by Sir John McNeill, but Conolly was also an *accredited agent,* for he was sent by Sir W. Macnaghten to Bokhara to liberate Stoddart.

A letter from Bruges reached me here in seventy-five days. Ghersi's account about Stoddart

was erroneous, for Abdul Samut Khan is a Persian at Bokhara, head of the artillery, but is erroneously believed by many to be an Englishman, or Feringhee. In this remarkable place (Mowr) there is an equally remarkable man; I allude to the Khaleefa of the Tūrkomauns. My readers will in this work see the portrait, by a Persian artist, of this remarkable individual.

Providence does appear in a most wonderful manner to operate by the most singular causes to restrain the wickedness of men. The Tūrkomauns of the desert of Mowr and Sarakhs are a people of such a perfidious disposition, and of such great rapacity, that one could not depend for a moment on their promises, or on any treaties entered into with them; for the Tūrkomauns, as well as the Bedūins in the deserts of Arabia, do not consider consequences, but are only restrained by instant infliction of punishment; and therefore, no caravan could ever dream of passing through the deserts of Mowr, Sarakhs, and Rafetak, if there was not one man in that desert who knew how to restrain the Tūrkomauns. This man is the great derveesh, who has the title of Khaleefa, or successor of the Prophet, and is addressed by the royal epithet of Hasrat, *i. e.* Majesty, and to whom are paid all the honours due to royalty by the Tūrkomauns. His blessing they invoke previous to their going on any expedition,

Mirza Abdul Wahab delt

Standidge & Co lithe.

TURKOMAUNS.

THE KHALEEFA OF MAWR.

and to him they give the tenth of all their spoil. He receives all the caravans under his protection, and shows hospitality to all the wanderers. His blessing is the most ardent desire of the Tūrkomauns, and his curse their deepest dread. He inculcates among them the rites of hospitality, and tells them that Abraham was honoured with the visit of angels, as a reward from God for his hospitality. Even the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, Khotan, and Khokand, and even the Governor of Yarkand in Chinese Tartary, send him presents, and give him the title of King. His name is Abd Urrahman, "Slave of the merciful God;" for, on the day of his birth, the merciful God sent rain over the desert after it had not rained for a long time: such is his gifted nativity in the mind of these simple-minded people. He has a son, whose name is Kereem Werde, which means, "The bountiful God has given;" for after God had only given daughters to the Khaleefa, He at last bountifully added a son to his family. This is the man sent by Providence to keep the Tūrkomauns in order to a certain degree. I say to a certain degree, for he himself encourages them to fight and spoil the Sheea, which he tells them is more acceptable to God than the performances of pilgrimages to Mecca or to Masaur, near Balkh, where Ali's camel ascended to heaven.

Several years ago the King of Khiva had forced

upon the Tūrkomauns of Mowr, a governor, who resided in the castle of Mowr, with 600 Khivites. The Tūrkomauns conspired against him, and slew him and several hundred of the Khivites. About three hundred took refuge in the house of the Khaleefa Abd Urrahman. The Tūrkomauns rushed to his house, and asked him furiously to deliver up to their vengeance the rest of the Khivites; but he boldly came out of his house and said, "First you must put to death your Khaleefa, and then those unfortunate men who took refuge under my roof." The infuriated Tūrkomauns retired, and during the night time he escorted the remnant of the Khivites out of the desert of Mowr until they were safe from being pursued by the Tūrkomauns.

During my stay at Mowr, a company of dancing derveeshes arrived from Yarkand, who stripped themselves and danced about until they sank down to the ground. The son of the Khaleefa, seeing them dance about thus, stripped himself also, and danced about with them. The coincidence in the method of naming his children, and of these wild rites, with some passages in Scripture, cannot but strike our readers. We adduce one in corroboration of the latter: "And he stripped off his clothes also, and prophesied before Samuel in like manner, and lay down naked all that day and all that night. Wherefore they say, 'Is Saul also among the prophets?'" 1 Sam. xix. 24.

The chiefs of the Tūrkomauns came from all parts, and said to me loudly: "Write to your King of England, that if he gives us a good sum of money, we will assist him in sending an army to Bokhara, in order that he may punish the King of Bokhara, for having put to death Stoddart Saib and Conolly Saib, for we Tūrkomauns do not mind who governs those countries of Bokhara and Khiva, whether Behadur Khan, or England, or Russia; if we only get *khelats* (robes of honour) and *tillahs*, *i. e.* ducats. We are now sorely pressed by Khiva, for we have slain the governor; and the Kajar, *i. e.* Persia, cannot be trusted; and therefore we shall at last go nearer to the Russian territory, where they have built a castle. A pity it is that the Kasaks and Kirgiz and the snow have prevented the Russians from marching towards Khiva, for we would have assisted them in spoiling and killing the people of Khiva!"

The Khaleefa also told me: "If you wish to go to Bokhara, I will send on a Tūrkomaun to Bokhara, and recommend you to the King there, previous to your proceeding hence, but I do not advise you to go, for I thought, at first, that Conolly was alive; but I am mistaken—he is dead, and it is quite a different person who is now with Abdul Samut Khan. Youssuff Wolff, you are a derveesh like myself, permit me to save you, and to be instrumental to your

escape to the Tūrkomauns of Akhaul, who will bring you to Astarabad, whence you may proceed to Khiva. Do not go to Bokhara." I replied, "To Bokhara I must go." The Khaleefa therefore wrote letters to the governor of Jehaar-Joo, and to the King of Bokhara, mentioning to them that I was a holy man, and came accompanied by Dil Assa Khan, a man of the Assaff-ood-Dowla, but that Dil Assa Khan designed to betray me, but he (the Khaleefa) exhorted His Majesty the Ameer of Bokhara to treat me well.

I think that it might be of the highest importance and beneficial consequences, if the British government would charge their ambassador at Teheraun to enter into a friendly correspondence with the Khaleefa of Mowr, and send him presents from time to time. He requested me to write to Colonel Sheil, that he should intercede with the King of Persia in behalf of four Tūrkomauns, who were kept as slaves by the King's mother, in order that they might be set free again. I wrote to Colonel Sheil, but I received no answer about them. He also wished me to write to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, in whose hands there were twenty Tūrkomaun prisoners, that he should release them. I wrote to this effect to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, and he promised to do so.

The Jews who reside at Mowr, and are either from Heraut or Meshed, are great favourites with the Khaleefa, and some of those who were forced to

become Mussulmans at Meshed, exercise again the Jewish religion at Mowr.

Nathan, the above-mentioned old Jew, called on me one day with a derveesh, from Kashgar. The derveesh from Kashgar observed: "Youssuff Wolff, who is the Author of the Fire and Water?"

W. God.

Derveesh. No such thing! Satan is the author of both; for fire and water are destructive materials, and therefore it is impossible that God could be the author of them. And you ought to know that there are two Gods,—one is God of the world above, who is a good God, who created the light which does not burn, and who created the rose and the nightingale; but a battle took place between God above and God below, and the God below marred all the creatures of God above; and this is a fight which still goes on. Men who act well are servants of the God above, and his creatures. Men who act badly are the servants of the God below. There shall be another battle fought, when the God below shall ascend to the seventh heaven with myriads of his soldiers; flying serpents shall soar up with him; but the God below shall be defeated, and at last shall become a humble subject of the God above!

I then read with the derveesh, and Nathan the Jew, Revelation xii., and showed to them how far Scripture agrees with them, and how far not. I

then said, "All that is, is the work of God—of that God who is above, and who is the Creator of heaven and earth, and of Adam and Eve; and after He had overlooked all things that He had made, He pronounced everything to be good, but Satan, in the garb of a serpent, and who is called by the apostle the God of this world, beguiled Eve, and she her husband, and thus evil came into the world; and as where tyranny prevails the country becomes a desert, thus the world and men therein became corrupt; but *Jesus*, the *Word of God*, who descended from heaven, and was born of Mary, came to the world below to unite again the *Creator* with the *creature:* and to effect this great work He showed his love to the creatures by giving his life for them, but took it again after three days. He gained by that first act a great many followers of all nations, and those countries which follow Him are therefore better, and the inhabitants thereof better, than those who do not follow Him; but a combat is still going on between God and Satan—between the followers of the one and the other—the seed of the serpent and the woman's seed—and will be carried on until Jesus the Meseeh, *i. e.* Christ, shall return with ten thousands of his saints amidst the sound of the trumpet and the shout of archangels, and the rising of those dead people who became martyrs for the sake of the religion of Jesus. And then Satan shall

also be killed, who, though called 'God,' is not an eternal God, but was a created angel, who remained not faithful to his Creator, and then Jesus shall erect his throne at Jerusalem, and there shall be a communication between the inhabitants on earth and the inhabitants in heaven, and angels shall ascend up to God and descend upon Jesus his Son.

At the request of the Khaleefa, I addressed to Captain Grover the following letter:

Desert of Merve or Mowr, 12th April, 1844.

My dear Grover, and to the whole Committee!

I now write to you at the request of the Khaleefa or spiritual guide of all the Tūrkomauns throughout the Desert, and even the spiritual guide of the Kings of Bokhara, Khiva, Khokand, Tashkand, and Shahr Sabz, who has the title Majesty (*Hasrat*); I am his guest. He entered just now my room, and showed to me a letter, in which he wrote to the King of Bokhara that it was of the highest importance to deliver up the strangers to me, (*i. e.* Stoddart and Conolly,) and to make reparations for the insult to England, and not to keep me longer than three days at Bokhara. This letter was dispatched by an express Tūrkomaun on horseback, who will arrive in three days, and three days before me.

His Majesty also sends with me one of his own relations and disciples, to introduce me properly to the King of Bokhara, and ten Tūrkomauns as far as Jehaar-Joo, the first town belonging to Bokhara.

He desired me, therefore, to express to the Queen his ardent desire to become a sincere friend to the British nation, and that he accompanies this request with the following petition: One year ago Raheem Dad Beyk, chief of the

Hazara, made twenty prisoners of the Tūrkomauns of Mowr, and sold them as slaves to the Assaff-ood-Dowla, who will not deliver them up though the Khaleefa restored to the Assaff eight Persian slaves in his possession. He (the Khaleefa) requests, therefore, the Queen or the Vizier of England to intercede for the twenty Tūrkomauns to the Assaff at Meshed, in order that the twenty Tūrkomaun slaves may be restored to liberty, as he has not the thousand tomauns demanded for them in his possession. I promised to His Majesty to write to Lord Aberdeen, and also through you and the Committee to the Society for the Abolition of Slavery. Give your assistance in this affair, and Britain's name will be greater than ever in the desert of Tūrkistaun.

In six days it will be decided whether Stoddart and Conolly are alive, or whether I shall be allowed to leave the town again. In six days I shall enter Bokhara.

Pray for your affectionate friend,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

While here, I cannot express how much pleased I felt with the diligence and attention of Mullah Mehdee. My letters of the date of the 3rd of February reached me even here by the kindness of Colonel Sheil and this valuable agent; but had Mullah Muhammed Ali Serraf been the medium, the villain would have kept them from me, possibly for a year.

Yar Muhammed, the present governor of Heraut, wrote most strongly, I was told, to the King of Bokhara in my behalf.

The Assaff-ood-Dowla has behaved most handsomely during my whole connection with him. But

Dil Assa Khan frustrated all his benevolent purposes in every possible way.

The sensation created at Bokhara by the letter of Lord Ellenborough I learn was extraordinary. The Khan expected a direct communication from the Queen, and was greatly irritated by not receiving it.

The Desert here even, I repeat, rings with the names of Todd, Riach, Shakespeare, Thomson. From the Affghanistaun war the English name is now known, respected, admired, and even loved among the Tūrkomauns. The children of the Desert speak of the English as the noblest sons of the earth.

Notwithstanding all this, which raised encouraging sensations, I could not but feel that I was about to place myself wholly unprotected in the hands of a despotic monarch of more than ordinary cruelty, even for an Eastern dynasty; one who had probably put to death many of my countrymen, as well protected as myself. I committed myself therefore, as all should do in perilous circumstances, to the keeping of God's good providence, which had so wonderfully sustained me previously, and which I trusted would yet preserve me for better things. In anticipation of the worst, I sent the following letter to Lady Georgiana:

Merve or Mowr, 14th April, 1844.

My dearest and most beloved Georgiana,

I set out after two hours from here for Bokhara. The Khaleefa of Mowr has behaved most excellently towards me; he has sent one of his own disciples with me to Bokhara. Be of good spirits, my dearest Georgiana, for all that may happen to me there *is of the Lord.* I go there *without much apprehension.* I often think of you and dear Henry, and pray pardon me, both of you, if I have ever uttered an unkind word; I love both of you more than myself. All the Tūrkomauns behave very respectfully to me.

Your most loving husband,

JOSEPH WOLFF.

At Mowr, Nizam Oolmulk, the Great Vizier of Malek Shah, of the Seljuck dynasty, established a school, and since that time, as the Tūrkomauns assured me, a school is kept up, and even now, the sons of the Great Khaleefa keep a school at Merw, in which they instruct the children in the Arabic and Persian tongues. I must here observe that it is remarkable that wherever celebrated schools have existed in ancient time, among the Eastern people, they would consider it a sin to give them up. It is thus invariably among the Muhammedans, the Guebers, and the Jews. I instance, first, that at Mowr already mentioned; though a desert, a school is kept there, on account of its antiquity. At Bassora, in the Persian Gulf, though destroyed, the school is not given up; at Bagdad the same; and even the Arabs around Kūfa have a school; and Teman or

Yemen, where knowledge did not cease in the time of Jeremiah, to this day has celebrated schools,—Zubeyd, Sanaa, Hodeydah, and Loheyah. And, with regard to the Jews, I shall only mention that in the city of Safet, where the great Simon Ben Yohaaye, the compiler of the Book of Zohar, and the other compilers of the Talmud, lived; a famous school is still existing. At Yazd, in Persia, formerly the seat of Parsee learning, the ancient Parsee language is still taught.

At Merw, all those Jews who have been constrained to embrace Muhammedanism in other parts of Persia, are permitted to return to their ancient usages and religion. But it is a remarkable fact, that there are some Jews at Mowr, who have professed the Muhammedan religion and become Tūrkomauns, and that there are Jews at Khiva, of whom I was told at Mowr, who, though remaining Jews, have intermarried with the Usbeks. And is it not striking, that Jews have received the most powerful protection among the wild inhabitants of the desert? Thus, Jews, who are tyrannized over at Bokhara and in Persia, fly to the inhabitants of the desert, at Mowr, Sarakhs, Akhal, and to the Hazarah in Affghanistaun. And this is even the case in Morocco, where they often fly from the tyranny of the Emperor to the inhabitants of the desert at Tafilla-Leth. And in Mesopotamia they

escape from Bagdad and Mosul to the wild Yeseede, in the mountains of Sunjar.

Here, before I proceed further, I have a few words to say on the campaigns of Ghengis Khan in these regions. Ghengis Khan was attacked by Jelaal-Oodeen, the son of Allahdeen Muhammed, King of Organtsh or Khiva. The great Ghengis Khan therefore marched from the city of Tūrkistaun or Hazrat Sultaun, first to Khokand, Khodjand, Samarcand, Bokhara, Peykand, Jesmaan-Doo, Allat, Jehaar-Joo, Rafitak; thence to the borders of the Caspian in the land of Khorassaun.

This leads me now to speak on the question agitated so much in England, Will the Russians be able to march towards India from that road? Having so many people, as Macdonald Kinneir, and others, against me, who consider it improbable, and being devoid of military knowledge, I may not be considered a competent authority; but, despite of this, I must give my decided opinion, that I believe that the Russians can march with great ease through those countries. It will be asked, Why were they not able to do so in 1838 and 1839, when they intended to march against Khiva? I answer, that, in order not to involve themselves in war with the Kings of Khokand, Bokhara, and Shahr-Sabz, they intended to make the whole route through the desert from Orenbourgh to Khiva. Probably they also did

so, in order to show to England that they had no design on Bokhara and Khokand, but only to get redress for the insults they received from Khiva. But if once they are determined to make themselves masters of those countries, nothing is more easy for them than to march from the frontiers of Russia to the city of Hazrat Sultaun, or Tūrkistaun. Hence to Khokand, and, with a few thousand troops, insure Samarcand and Bokhara; and the people, disaffected as they are with their respective governments, will not fire a shot. Nothing can resist in these countries a well-disciplined artillery and cavalry; and the body of the army may march to Khokand, to Cashgar, and Cashmeer, and thence come down to Lahore and India. Not one shot would be fired, for the people of Cashmeer would receive them with open arms, and at Lahore the British army would meet them, and then the strongest would have it. And also there, much will depend upon whether the people of the Punjaub are affected or disaffected to England. Or they may go from Khokand to Kondus and Khoollom, thence to But-Bamian; and if they keep friends and promise liberty to the Guzl-Bash from the yoke of Dost Muhammed Khan and Akbar Khan, they will obtain a powerful body of auxiliaries. And as the Guzl-Bash in Affghanistaun have been most shamefully abandoned by the British army after the retreat of Lord Ellenborough, they certainly will join the Russians.

I must also note, that the moment I heard that the English had invaded Affghanistaun, I wrote from High Hoyland, where I was the curate of the Reverend Christopher Bird, to Lord Hill, the Commander-in-Chief, and told him that if the English people did not keep a bright look out near Cabul they might be cut to pieces by the mountaineers. So it happened. But I say that though I considered that whole war a gross act of imprudence, Lord Ellenborough ought to have ordered the troops to stop there five years after they had reconquered Cabul and Ghuznee. The shout of the Affghaun nation at seeing the English return was, "These Englishmen are like birds flying in the air, nothing can be done with them;—they are more dangerous after defeat than victory;—we must submit." The Guzl-Bash also would have taken fresh courage, and have stood by them to a man. Christianity might have been established among them, but by the sudden retreat the poor Guzl-Bash have been left a prey to the vindictiveness of the Affghauns. Meer-Ali-Nake, as his letter from Shakespeare proved to me, had assisted most gallantly the English people in retaking the prisoners at But Bamian, in reward for which he is given over to beggary with thousands of other Guzl-Bash. There is also a loud complaint all over Affghanistaun, that the English people did not behave well towards Nawaub Jabar

Khan, brother to Dost Muhammed Khan, who was the greatest friend to the English before the war, so much so that even to this moment Dost Muhammed Khan frequently asks him in a joking manner, "Now, brother, how are your friends the English going on?" It must, however, be confessed, that nevertheless the name of the Englishman is respected all over Affghanistaun and Khorassaun, as already said, and many of the Saddoo-Szeyes still expect to regain their throne by the influence of England.

It must also be observed, that the Russians have now steamers in the Caspian Sea, and have built a fortress on the shore, not far from Khiva, where they can easily land troops; no power can then prevent them from taking Khiva, and when once Khiva is in their possession, they may march to Balkh with the greatest ease; neither the Usbeg nor the Hasara will dream of resisting the Russian army, and thus they may proceed towards India as above stated. The other way for the Russians to advance towards India is to make an alliance with the Assaff-ood-Dowla after the death of the King Muhammed Shah, and march with him through the land of the Hasara, Maymona, and Ankhoy, towards Cabul; for it must not be concealed, that the Assaff-ood-Dowla is more favourably disposed towards the Russians than towards the English government, for more attention is paid to him by the Russians than by the English,

and he was especially displeased at his not receiving any answer to the letter which he sent through me to His Grace the Duke of Wellington; and it may be asserted with certainty, that all the members of the Royal Family in Persia are more inclined to Russia than to England, and almost all the people in authority, whilst the populace in general are more inclined to England; and I have not the least doubt, that one of the reasons for which the people in authority are offended at England is, the shabby presents they get from the British government, at the suggestion of Colonel Sheil: as instances I mention these three facts. 1st. The Assaff-ood-Dowla twice sent to the King of Bokhara presents to the amount of five hundred tomauns, once by Hassan-Baba, who was sent by the Assaff-ood-Dowla, eleven days before my arrival at Meshed, to Bokhara, and then by Dil Assa Khan, who accompanied me to Bokhara. To my great horror, after my return to Teheraun, Colonel Sheil told me that he had proposed to the British government to make a present of a watch to the Assaff-ood-Dowla. Again, Abbas Kouli Khan, who behaved so generously towards me, as I shall show, was also considered as adequately remunerated by a watch. 3rd. Colonel Sheil sent with me, as a present for the King of Bokhara, a silver watch and two pieces of cloth, both not worth more than six pounds, by which the King of Bokhara was exceedingly offended.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Mowr. Letter to Captain Grover. Ameer Sarog. Vile Conduct of Dil Assa Khan. First serious Apprehensions of the Death of Stoddart and Conolly. Mode of Capital Punishment altered at Bokhara from Strangling to Beheading. Dr. Wolff entertains serious Alarm for his own Safety; adopts Measures accordingly. Letters of Sultan and Sir Moses Montefiore never forwarded to Ameer by Muhammed Ali Serraf by order of Colonel Sheil. Distant manner of Colonel Sheil disadvantageous to the British Interest in Persia. Khosrow Khan. Dr. Wolff makes up his mind to die. Letter from Kalja in the Desert to his Friends. Writes from this place to the "Philanthropists of Europe." Fall of Snow. Conversations in the Desert with Türkomauns. Their account of Timur Kurican. Timur's Pyramid of Skulls; Love of Truth; Bodily Strength; Inflexible Character; Death; believed by the Jews of his time from his Warlike Character to be the Messiah. Nadir Shah. Route. Rafitak. Dr. Wolff escapes Death from an incursion of the Khivites; his Death reported. Jehaar-Joo. Silly Conduct of Ameer Sarog; his wish to add a fourth Wife to his Harem resisted by the other three. Dr. Wolff robbed by Dil Assa Khan and his Followers. Shah Kamran. Yar Muhammed Khan; puts to Death his Sovereign Shah Kamran; his treacherous Conduct to Dr. Wolff; sends three Ambassadors to the Ameer of Bokhara requesting the Ameer to put Dr. Wolff to Death, but affects to be well disposed to him. Dil Assa Khan the Servant of this Yar Muhammed Khan. Dil Assa Khan escapes from Yar Muhammed Khan, and becomes the Servant of the Assaff-ood-Dowla. Letter from Dr. Wolff sent on from Jehaar-Joo to the Ameer of Bokhara. Visit from Jews of Bokhara. They warn Dr. Wolff of his Danger; recommend Flight to Organtsh, and tell him of the Death of Wyburt, Stoddart, and Conolly, and five other Englishmen. Derveesh tells him to proceed.

On April 14th, I quitted the roof of the kind and excellent Khaleefa with great regret, and advanced into the Desert twelve miles, where I indited the

following epistle, as stealthily as I could, to Captain Grover:

In the Desert of Mowr, twelve miles from the house of the Khaleefa, in the tent of Ameer Sarog, April 15, 1844.

My dear Grover,

I left yesterday the house of the Khaleefa, where I wrote to you two days ago. I learnt here by my host, a very highly respectable Tūrkomaun, that the King of Bokhara took great offence that the Queen ordered the Governor-General of India to answer his letter. It is certain that no *public execution* of the officers has taken place; but it is also certain, that if they are alive they are in the prison behind the harem of the King. I advance confidently towards Bokhara, and shall be at Jehaar-Joo or Char-Joo after two days. If the King does not stop me, in three days more I shall be in the capital. Should I find them alive—well,—if not—and should my head fall, exert then your powers for the ransoming of 200,000 Persian slaves in the kingdom of Bokhara. I cannot write much, for the Tūrkomauns sit near me on the ground. Merve is already subject to Bokhara, and in a few days a governor from Bokhara will be sent here.

J. Wolff.

April 15th. I passed a pleasant day in the tent of the Tūrkomaun Ameer Sarog. A most extraordinary fall of snow took place at this period. Dil Assa Khan grew worse and worse. Though sent by the Assaff-ood-Dowla to protect me against the extortions of the Tūrkomauns, I was actually obliged to call on them to protect me against him. Three couriers did that kind friend the Assaff-ood-Dowla send through the desert to threaten him, and to give

him fair warning. If the Assaff-ood-Dowla catches him at any time, I would not give a *para* for his life. The Khaleefa of Mowr sent up with me also Ameer Sarog, his own relative, who was to proceed with me to the King of Bokhara. I began now to be for the first time under very serious apprehensions for Stoddart and Conolly. I found *they were not seen* at Bokhara by repeated inquiries, and the Samut Khan mentioned by Ghersi, the Consul of Trebizond, as being Colonel Stoddart, was, I found, not a correct statement. Samut Khan is a Persian employed in the artillery, and called "Frankee" by the people of Bokhara. I found also the other European young man with him *was not Conolly*, but *Giovanni*, an Italian watchmaker, made prisoner by the King of Bokhara at Khokand and brought to Bokhara. This Italian had turned Mussulman, which probably led some persons to believe him to be identical with Colonel Stoddart.

I could not, however, find any European or Asiatic that had witnessed the execution. All the other Europeans, as Youssuf Khan, had been publicly executed. I could not help thinking that there was another *poor Youssuf* who might shortly share the fate of his more dignified predecessor. Strangling, I learnt also, was abandoned by the present King—that was one comfort, for I have a strong antipathy to hanging—and slaughtering with a knife substi-

tuted in its room. This was not the case when I was *first* at Bokhara. In this respect alone is Saleh Muhammed right in his circumstances. In the event of anything happening to me, I wrote, knowing that *alone* would be efficacious, to my wife, to say, *that* nothing short of Her Majesty's sign manual to a letter to the King of Bokhara, could save me. The Ameer evidently viewed it as a deadly affront that the letter he wrote by Stoddart to the Queen was answered by Lord Ellenborough, though Governor-General of India. I also wrote to request my friends to obtain a similar letter from the Emperor of Russia. I further pressed on them not to forward any letter from the Queen to the King of Bokhara by Meshed, for Mullah Mehdee might not be there when it arrived, and the Persian Muhammedan agents were either cowards or rascals; but to send it to the care of the British Ambassador at St. Petersburgh, who might recommend it to the charge of Count Nesselrode, to transmit *viâ* Orenbourg to Bokhara by a Cossack.

I knew, if it fell into the hands of Muhammed Ali Serraf, my death would be certain, since I found, as I have mentioned, in the possession of that villain, the identical letter written by the Sultan, two years ago, to the King of Bokhara, and also another from Sir Moses Montefiore to the Jews of Meshed. When I asked him why the letters were not sent on by an

express, he said, "Here are Colonel Sheil's letters, in which he tells me not to send them on by an express, but at a convenient opportunity." I am at a loss to guess the motives of Colonel Sheil. Perhaps Muhammed Ali Serraf might have given him intimations of which I am not aware, which influenced him to this singular course. It must also be observed that Colonel Sheil was not an Ambassador, but simply Chargé d'Affaires, by which he found himself possibly not enabled to act at his own discretion, but from instructions from the British Government. It gives me particular pain to utter one word of censure of Colonel Sheil, who received me most kindly at Teheraun, but I must, from a regard to truth, state, that his retired and distant manner operates as a check to the Persians, and even Europeans, in their approaches to him. It is quite different from what I witnessed at Teheraun from Sir Henry Willock in 1825, and from Sir John Campbell and Sir John McNeill in 1831. At that time the British Embassy was the rendezvous of the great men of Persia, but now it is, as the French gentlemen in Persia expressed themselves, "L'érmitage des Anglais." In illustration, I supply the following anecdote.

Khosrow Khan, one of the chief eunuchs of the King of Persia, whom I had frequently seen in the company of Sir Henry Willock and Sir John Mc

Neill, called on me at the last visit but one to Teheraun, when I was on my way to Bokhara. On his leaving me, just as he was going out of the house he looked back and said, "Oh, here formerly my friends Willock Saib, Ousely Saib, McNeill Saib, Campbell Saib, were living! And then I considered the British Embassy my home, but now I am a stranger here." Two things may be said in defence of Colonel Sheil: 1st. He is exceedingly bilious, and has frequent attacks of gout, which may preclude conventionality. 2nd. The present Prime Minister, Haje Mirza Agasee, is very jealous of the English, and does not like Persians to visit the British Embassy; but this is also the case with the Russian Embassy, but I saw constantly the latter filled with Persians, while the former was deserted.

I also admonished all my friends to bear my death, should it happen, as the will of God, and that no doubt good effects would spring from it, for I should die in the full belief of His all holy Son Jesus, and in joyful hope of a resurrection of the just.

I wrote these brief notices to them under a tent, and, having no writing paper, on the slips of my memorandum book, at a desert place called Kalja, between Mowr and Jehaar-Joo, a hundred miles in advance in the kingdom of Bokhara, April 16th, 1844. I was then only a hundred and eighty miles from the dangerous capital of Bokhara's King.

At this place I was accompanied by a caravan, composed of people from Bokhara, Khokand, Tashkand and Heraut. At Kalja I received a present of a lamb from the Jew Mullah Seffy, and had the pleasure of sending back by the Tūrkomaun that brought it, the communications alluded to with the beloved, of my beloved and adopted country, England, and also the following letter:

To the Philanthropists of Europe.

(Sent from Mowr.)

My dear Friends!

I am now proceeding to Bokhara, from which city I am only seven days distant. Soon it will be decided whether Stoddart and Conolly, and also Cavalière Naselli, are dead! The general report in the Desert of Mowr is, that they have been executed, and the Tūrkomauns assured me that I should share a similar fate, and they advised me therefore to go to Khiva; but I am determined to proceed as long as there is the least probability of finding them alive, or perhaps some other Europeans. Should my head fall, it falls for a good cause, and Christians ought to be ready to lay down their lives for the brethren, as Christ did. I do not call on you to avenge my death, in case that you should hear that my head has been struck off; but remember one thing—that 200,000 Persian slaves are sighing in the kingdom of Bokhara.

Philanthropists of Europe! make one grand attempt, in ransoming them, to carry at the same time the light of pure religion and civilization to the land of Timur and Ghengis Khan, and my bones in the grave shall shout that I was thus the humble instrument in rousing you, Philanthropists of Europe, to carry your benevolent exertions from Europe to the Oxus.

JOSEPH WOLFF.

There fell at Kalja an unusual quantity of snow, which prevented us from stirring out that day. This was an unusual occurrence in the month of April in these regions. A Tūrkomaun in the tent showed to me a whole bag of Greek and Arabic coins. It is remarkable to hear these Tūrkomauns speak of the exploits of Alexander and Timur, exactly as if of modern occurrence. One of the Tūrkomauns, striking upon the ground with his hand, said, "Here it was that Timur the Kurikan was born (as Tamerlane is called there). Timur Kurikan passed here to punish the Khan of Kharasm, *i. e.* Organtsh, and how severely did he punish him. He made a pyramid at Organtsh, entirely of sculls of men, cemented with clay. He spared the lives of none, except those of holy derveeshes, of the learned, and of poets, around whose houses he placed Karawl, *i. e.* guards. He was nine times in the desert of Mowr, nine times he returned in triumph to Samarcand. He had white hair from his childhood, and by his strength of body he could have slain a Rustam, and was endued with such a strength of mind that he never wept. He so much loved the truth, that when some person told him a lie with the intention of pleasing him, he cut him to pieces; and when a person told him a truth, though disagreeable, he rewarded him with gold. At the death of his son, whom he tenderly loved, he lifted up his eye

towards heaven, and said the word of the *Koran*, 'We are of God, and to God we shall return.'" Then another Tūrkomaun turned to me, and said, "He also came on to your country, Joseph Wolff, (*i. e.* the land of Room, Turkey,) where he made a prisoner of Bayazid, and brought him in a cage to Samarcand. He was only once wounded, and this was in the country of Sistan, which made him lame, and for which reason he received the name of Timur-Lank, *i. e.* Timur the Lame. The gardens which he made at Samarcand were innumerable, and his court was filled with the learned from the country of Ghatay, with the fakeers of Hindūstaun, and with the scholars from Room. Jews and Guebers, Cossacks, and the inhabitants of the land of Russ, became his guests. The man was born at Shahr-Sabz, and was on his way to Ghatay to conquer the whole land of Cheen-Pa-Cheen, when Fate decreed otherwise. He died at Atraw, but he is buried at Samarcand, in a splendid tomb." Mullah Seffey, the Jew present, said, "Our ancestors, whom he much loved, and for which they were rewarded by God with so much power, believed him to be the Messiah; and when he returned to Samarcand they went to meet him with the Sepher Torah in their hands, and palms in the other, and we sang, 'We beseech Thee, O Lord, save us! We beseech Thee, O Lord, we beseech Thee, O Lord, prosper us!'"

Then one of the derveeshes present in the tent began to speak about Nadir Shah, the son of a pelisse-maker, who became mighty in battle, and a tiger in war. He was at Mowr, and marched towards Hind. He sent six thousand people on to Rafitak to dig wells. He had numbered the number of Tūrkomauns, and a regular census of the inhabitants was established in every country he traversed. The tribe of Salor in the camp of Yolatan, (six miles from Mowr,) were his great friends, and he gave sums of gold to the Tūrkomauns; on which account they assisted him in his march; and one of the other Tūrkomauns said, "Thus the English must do as Nadir Shah did, when they want to conquer Khiva and Bokhara; they must feed us Tūrkomauns. We care not who rules; we are always with the stronger party."

From Kalja we arrived at Rafitak. We were three days without water until we arrived there. There are in this place four wells, two wells with bitter water, and two wells with sweet, but they are extremely deep, full forty feet, which the Tūrkomauns fill up with sand and stone. When we approached Rafitak we heard from some stragglers the fearful rumour that the people of Khiva were in the neighbourhood, and marching with six thousand men towards Merw. When Ameer Sarog and Kaher Kouli, my Tūrkomaun companions,

heard this report, they said, "Allah, Allah, Allah, this will make the tents of Merw tremble;" which reminded me of the words in Habakkuk, "The tents of Kushan tremble." But fortunately the Khivites did not come that day, but came to Rafitak two days after, and smote the caravan that succeeded ours; and I heard after, in a letter from the Assaff-ood-Dowla, which I received at Bokhara, that the rumour had spread throughout Khorassaun, that I had been killed by the people of Khiva, which had induced His Highness to send an express courier to Sarakhs to ascertain the truth of that report.

From this place, annoyed with every inconvenience that the knavery of Dil Assa Khan could throw in my way, I reached Jehaar-Joo. Besides all this I was both amused and annoyed by that fool and knave, Ameer Sarog,—so named because he was born on the same day as the former Ameer of Bokhara. That silly fellow, though above sixty years of age, was daily weeping and lamenting his disappointment in love. He said, "I have three wives, and I wish to have a fourth, and I could have succeeded in marrying her, if my other wives had not intrigued, and if the parents of that beautiful woman had not demanded such a sum for her. I at last shall be obliged to hang myself." This horrid fellow murdered a merchant in his house, and robbed him of all his property. Dil Assa

Khan, and the villains that accompanied him, took from me by force the tea and sugar and provisions which I had taken with me from Meshed, and sold them to the people of the caravan. They compelled me to give them money for purchasing sheep and other victuals, which they pocketed. From Sarakhs I sent another Tūrkomaun expressly to the Assaff-ood-Dowla to recall Dil Assa Khan. A second horseman reached us, after our arrival at Merwe, threatening Dil Assa Khan that the Assaff-ood-Dowla would destroy his house and imprison his family if he did not behave better. His Excellency wrote that it was too late to recall him, and that he would be of great use to me at Bokhara, and sent me a copy of the letter he had written to him. This Dil Assa Khan being a Merwee and a Sunnee, the Assaff-ood-Dowla thought would be of use to me at Bokhara. These Merwees are a most villainous tribe, notorious, even among Tūrkomauns, for avarice, faithlessness, and treachery. They are very numerous in Bokhara, and are descendants of Ghengis Khan. This fellow, Dil Assa Khan, was in the service of Yar Muhammed Khan, who was the vizier of the King of Heraut, infamous in repute as a man-seller. I will now add a few particulars about his master, Yar Muhammed Khan.

Shah Kamran, of the Saddoo-Szeye, the royal

dynasty of Affghanistaun, was King at Heraut. His vizier and fac-totum was Yar Muhammed Khan, an Affghaun, a man of extraordinary talent, but the worst of characters—a drunkard, a liar, and a slave-seller. Shah Kamran was an imbecile. When Muhammed Shah besieged Heraut, he courted the English government, and treated with great politeness Pottinger and Darcy Todd and Colonel Stoddart. But as soon as Muhammed Shah had raised the siege, he entered into a treaty with the Assaff-ood-Dowla at Meshed, and threatened Darcy Todd with death if he did not give him an immense sum of money. Only two years ago, he most cruelly put to death his royal benefactor and master Shah Kamran. He now spends his days and nights in revellings, and in order to make himself popular among the Affghauns at Heraut, he has permitted them to make and drink wine. Bands of dancing girls dance before him whole days, and he has lately contracted an alliance by marriage with Dost Muhammed Khan, the Ameer of Cabul, and Kohandil Khan of Candahar. To give a further idea of his treacherous character, I just mention that he wrote to me a most polite letter, promising to send on my account an express Ambassador to the Ameer of Bokhara, in order that His Majesty might send me back to my country with honour, instead of which, he sent three Ambassadors to

Bokhara, advising the Ameer to put me to death. Now, of this Yar Muhammed Khan, Dil Assa Khan was the servant. He had escaped from Muhammed Khan, and went over to the Assaff-ood-Dowla. The Assaff-ood-Dowla had taken him into his service, and given him the village of Nasarieh for his possession, and made him there Chief of the Merwee. Even with all this hold upon him, the rascality in his nature was so strong, that he was incessantly committing some act of villainy; at one time hiring camels and charging them to me, at another a kajava or palanqueen bound on the camel. Mullah Mehdee wanted to engage them, by way of check against him, of the Kafila Bashi or caravan leader. But Dil Assa Khan said the caravan would be too slow for us, and produced three camels of his own, for which I was obliged to pay double the price of camels. Eight Merwees, amid them a fellow named Ismael, that accompanied him, seemed to vie with each other in villainy. At Mastron, sixty miles from Meshed, where a horseman reached me from the Assaff-ood-Dowla, and proved a momentary check on their rapacity, the instant after he had quitted, Dil Assa Khan and Ismael actually unloaded one of the camels where my baggage was, put it on one of the camels of the caravan leader, with the promise to him that I should pay him for it, and loaded my camel, hired

of Dil Assa Khan himself, with the merchandize of that villain.

I have mentioned that one of my servants, Rajab, expressed a fear at accompanying me beyond Mowr, and remained there. Hussein and Abdullah, however, followed me. The Khaleefa of Mowr had sent on two other Tūrkomauns with me of the tribe of Sarog. Both behaved exceedingly well on the journey through the desert, and the Tūrkomauns against whom I had taken Dil Assa Khan as a protection, became a protection to me against him. Thus did we reach Jehaar-Joo, the first place in the Ameer of Bokhara's dominions.

Jehaar-Joo means Four Wells. It was a place of considerable importance, with about twenty thousand inhabitants, fourteen years ago. But the continued invasion and depredation of the people of Khiva has reduced the inhabitants to about two thousand, who live in continual consternation. They have a fortress—a castle; but the Usbecks cannot make use of artillery, and the Ameer is afraid of sending Persian slaves thither, who have learned the art of artillery under his Lieutenant, Abdul Samut Khan. And he even would not trust Abdul Samut Khan by sending him to Jehaar-Joo, for fear of his being bribed by the Persians.

From that place I sent on a letter to the

King of Bokhara, and delivered another to the Governor of Jehaar-Joo, detailing the object of my mission.

To the Most Powerful and Renowned Ameer of the Believers, the King of Bokhara, Ameer Nasir Ullah Behadur: God preserve him.

Be it known to Your Majesty, that I, Joseph Wolff, am the well-known Derveesh of the Christians in England, who have traversed Syria, Persia, Egypt, Mesopotamia, Yemen, and Hindūstaun; and have enjoyed the friendship of Muhammed Ali, Pasha of Egypt, the Sheikh Islam of Stamboul, Akbar Shah of Delhi, the Khaleefa of Mowr, Muhammed Shah Nakshbandee at Cashmeer, the Great Moursheed of Tūrkistaun, of Abbas Mirza of Persia, and of the present Shah of Persia. I have also been at Bokhara twelve years ago, where, after receiving the hospitality of Your Majesty for more than a month, I set out with a gracious passport from Your Majesty to the following purport. "The High Decree has gone forth, that Joseph Wolff, the Englishman, should return to his country, and that on his way through these dominions nobody should lay any impediment in his way on entering or quitting any place. He that readeth this, let him hear and obey." And obeyed it was; for Your Majesty's command is powerful, since I was well received at Balkh and at Masaur.

Now again I am about to enter Bokhara, in order to claim Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, of whom it is reported in England, Russia, Germany, and America, that Your Majesty has put them to death. But I, knowing the hospitality of the inhabitants of Bokhara, did not believe it; and therefore I shall petition Your Majesty on my arrival there, to send both gentlemen with me to England, in orde that the commotion may subside which now exists through-

out Europe, and that strict friendship may be established between Your Majesty and the British Government. Should they have been put to death on account of some misdemeanour on their part, I beg Your Majesty to state to me the cause, and to deliver to me their bones, in order that they may be buried in their own land. For Your Majesty must know that I have been the Moorsheed of Conolly, and Conolly was my Murreed.

I am Your Majesty's humble servant,
J. W.

The Khaleefa of Mowr had also stated that Dil Assa Khan was merely sent by the Assaff-ood-Dowla to Bokhara on my account. That villain, however, had the effrontery, without informing me, to send a message to the Governor of Jehaar-Joo, purporting that he was an Ambassador from the Assaff-ood-Dowla to the King of Bokhara, for the purpose of offering the Ameer assistance in his war with the Khan of Khiva. He had even the impudence to say that he was in no way connected with me, but came for quite a different object. I picked up this piece of intelligence from Kouli, his own servant, and several of the inhabitants of Jehaar-Joo confirmed it, as also the Governor himself; but he, by the provident care of that great man, the Khaleefa of Mowr, was fortunately apprized of the real facts of the case, and had learnt from him that Dil Assa Khan was my servant, and that he was sent forwards for the sole object of protecting me by the Assaff-

ood-Dowla. From the Governor of Jehaar-Joo, I consequently experienced every kindness.

I was here also visited by Jews from Bokhara; and, most remarkable, *the same Jews* whom I met at Jehaar-Joo, twelve years before. They expressed a very great joy to see me again well. And after the Usbecks had left my tent, the Jews spoke to me in the following manner: "Joseph Wolff, Joseph Wolff, Joseph Wolff, you are a son of Death as soon as you enter Bokhara. For God's sake do not enter; there is still time to retrace your steps; this night we will fly with you to Organtsh, or send a man with you to Organtsh, with one of our friends. The King of Organtsh is a friend to England, and to Conolly, but for God's sake do not go on to Bokhara. Stoddart has been put to death; Conolly also; and some years before both of them, Lieutenant Wyburt, who was on his way to Khiva, but was brought to Bokhara and put in prison there, and some years after his throat was cut; and five other Englishmen have been put to death at the Gate of Jehaar-Joo, only ten months ago. Poor Conolly, poor Conolly, poor Conolly was dragged to the place of execution. His words were, 'Wail, wail, wail; Kee aftadam bedaste Szaalem.' 'Woe to me, woe to me, woe to me, that I have fallen into the hands of a Tyrant.'" This very fact of his exclaiming thus was told me previously by

Mullah Nathan, the Jew, when at Merwe. I however replied to them, "I shall go on, I must be more certain as to this object." A derveesh entered my tent at this instant, who was considered to stand in immediate communication with God, and he had the title Baba. He said to me, "Go on, and prosper."

CHAPTER X.

Arrival at Karakol. Dr. Wolff is abandoned by his Servants. Motives for the conduct of Dil Assa Khan. Shahr Islam. Shouts of Populace on Route. Description of Usbekistaun. Kaffer Seeah Poosh. Their Language; Worship; Dress. Reception of Dr. Wolff on entering into Bokhara. Roofs of Houses thronged. Thousands to witness the entry into the City. Bible held open in his hand; brought up to the King. Interview with the Makhram. Inquiry whether he would comply with the Ceremonies used in Presentation to Ameer; assents to them. Ordered to send up Letters; sends Letters from Sultan, Shah, Haje, Count Medem, Sheikh Islam, Assaff-ood-Dowla. Dr. Wolff and Dil Assa Khan introduced to the King of Bokhara. The King thinks Dr. Wolff an extraordinary Personage. Person of the King. History of Ameer; gains the Throne by Hakim Beyk; murders all his five Brothers except Omar Khan. Dr. Wolff meets Omar Khan a Fugitive in the Desert of Mowr, who is there recognised by a Derveesh. Omar Khan shares the fate of his Brethren, and dies in battle against Behadur Khan. Ameer supposed also to have murdered his Father. History of Hakim Beyk; becomes Goosh Bekee; raises the Character of the Nation; supplanted in King's favour by Abdul Samut Khan, whom he had raised from a low station. Imprisonment of Lieutenant Wyburt; the Goosh Bekee intercedes for him; the King promises to reform. Doctrine of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance laid down by the Reis; the Ameer acts on it. People believe that the King can do no Wrong; seizes Wives of his Subjects. Goosh Bekee resists; is exiled; recalled; and executed.

I PROCEEDED, I own, with considerable misgiving from Jehaar-Joo to Karakol, where rooms were assigned me by the Governor by order of the Ameer of Bokhara, and proper provision sent for me. Here, also, that execrable villain, Dil Assa Khan, called, without my knowledge, on Hussein Khan,

Governor of Karakol, a man of probity and mercy, whom I knew in my former journey into Bokhara, in the year 1832. I was asleep from the fatigues of the journey, when Dil Assa Khan called on Hussein Khan. When I awoke in the morning, I called out for my servants. After a considerable time, Abdullah appeared, and said, "Ameer Sarog and Kaher Kouli have left you, and I also cannot any longer be servant to you; and I have eaten dung, because I came with you. I can no longer be your servant." He then seized his bag and went off. At last Hussein, the other servant, appeared, and said, "I shall stand by you." This man was a rogue, but was not devoid of that kind of affectionate spirit I have noted in some very depraved men, which leads me to imagine that had that tendency been oftener watched and fostered into fuller growth, the character itself might have become essentially changed. Hussein had been my servant in 1832, from Meshed to Bokhara and Cabūl, and had witnessed the Providence that God had extended over me, when they wanted to burn me at Doo-Ab, near But-Bamian. His abiding with me brought back Abdullah, but I noticed that both the Tūrkomauns, Ameer Sarog, and Kaher Kooli, went always from this time with Dil Assa Khan and his servants, and both Abdullah and Hussein exhibited considerable signs of alarm, although they remained with me.

Kooli, the servant of Dil Assa Khan, soon gave me the key to this mystery. Dil Assa Khan had been with the Governor of Karakol, closeted for some time, and had been informed by him that Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly had been killed, and also several other Europeans, and that he entertained little doubt that I should share their fate, since the Ameer now evidently looked upon all Europeans as spies, and would execute them accordingly; that he doubted not that the instant I reached Bokhara I should be beheaded. Dil Assa Khan instantly possessed the Tūrkomauns with all these circumstances, told his own servants also, and advised mine to abandon me, to look out for their own safety, and to join him. I have no doubt, also, that this villain had pondered over in his mind three states of circumstances that might arise. The first, and to him the most probable, for his conduct evinced his belief, was, that I should be executed on the instant of my arrival. He therefore determined to divest himself of all implication as one of my suite. The second, that I might so represent his conduct at Bokhara, supposing that I succeeded in saving my life, as to get him into very serious difficulty. The third and last, and for this he was prepared by a short cut, as we shall subsequently shew, to obviate that position, that on my return I might urge the Assaff-ood-Dowla to punish him, as he well knew

that he deserved, for his robbery, lies, and treachery to me. Dil Assa Khan prepared himself for all circumstances, and he also expected to extort from me a large sum of money.

Perceiving this state of circumstances, while we were leaving Karakol, and on the road to Shahr Islam; (Shahr Islam is the place where formerly Afrasiab, the famous king in Persian history, in ancient time resided, and also where Islamism was first introduced, it is eight miles from Bokhara;) I said to Dil Assa Khan, "I now fully perceive that you have acted, do act, and will continue to act, *the traitor*. Be cautious; I warn you, the consequences will alight on your own head."

D. A. K. (sneering). Both of your folks (Kawm) are killed, Stoddart and Conolly.

W. And, in consequence, you will play traitor?

D. A. K. How much money will you give me to do your work?

W. Not a single *pool*, *i. e.* penny.

When, however, I reached Shahr Islam, the King's chamberlain (Makhram) was sent to *welcome me*, not Dil Assa Khan, and sweetmeats were sent for me, and the Makhram brought me, in the King's name, the assurance of His Majesty's good will towards me. The scene then became suddenly changed. Both the Tūrkomauns, Ameer Sarog and Kaher Kooli, diminished the distance between us.

I was dressed in full canonicals the entire distance from Mowr to Bokhara, being determined never to lose sight of my position as mullah, on which alone my safety depended, I soon perceived. I also kept the Bible open in my hand; I felt my power was in the Book, and that its might would sustain me. The uncommon character of these proceedings attracted crowds from Shahr Islam to Bokhara, all which was favourable to me, since if I was doomed to death, it would be widely known, and the consequences might be even serious to the Ameer himself, of interfering with a sacred character, armed with the Book of Mousa, and David, and Jesus, protected by the word of the Khaleefa of Mowr, supported by the Sultan, the Shah of Persia, the Russian Ambassador, the Assaff-ood-Dowla, both by word and letters, and the popular principle among the Mussulmans, as testified on my route, in shouts of "Selaam Aleikoom," "Peace be with you."

The Türkomauns my guides were in the strictest sense of the word *masterless*, for their Aga Sakals, "Lords with the Beard," have only a right to give advice, and to conduct them on their plundering expeditions, but they have no power to punish.

This country of Usbekistaun is filled with beautifully-watered and cultivated valleys. Here we find the Great Bokhara, in contradistinction to Little Bokhara; from 34° to 42° north latitude, and from

80° to 92° east longitude, it extends in different directions. It borders towards the south-west from the desert Khawar towards Iraun; from the river Amoo to the territory of Balkh, towards the southern Affghanistaun, through the high galleries of mountains to the Hindoo Kush, it borders on the southern provinces of China.

Since the expulsion of the Turks or Tatars the Usbecks are the dominant people. Sheybek Khan brought them to the country of the river Amoo, in the year 1498, when they had the centre of their empire at Organtsh, in Khiva. They spread death and destruction over the whole of Tūrkistaun, as far as Iraun. The celebrated Murad or Beggi Jan raised the nation of the Usbecks. Incessant wars with Persia and Cabūl have sometimes extended the empire as far as Merve, Heraut, and Balkh; and sometimes it has been reduced to its former limits. The Usbecks are Mussulmans, rough and uncultivated; but the Tatshick, the original inhabitants, are more civilized. The Usbecks live mostly on cattle, whilst the Tatshick are merchants. The Tatshick are the Armenians of Tūrkistaun; they are merchants and brokers; their language is the Persian. The Tatshick are exceedingly deceitful. The people of Khokand are proud and effeminate, but friends of Europeans; the women chaste, but men given to vice; fond of music and of hunting, and of cheer-

ful temper. The inhabitants of Marghilaan are a quiet, inoffensive, and agreeable people. The Kaffer Seeah-Poosh are pagans. They are believed, as I have said, by some to be the descendants of the army of Alexander the Great; their women are beautiful, and celebrated in Asia; their dialect seems to be derived from the Sanscrit, as some of the following words may prove:

Imra - - - - -	God.
Dagoon - - - - -	God.
Tereham - - - -	God.
Tata - - - - - -	Father.
Yeh - - - - -	Mother.
Manash - - - - -	Man.
Amatesan - - - -	Village.
Ama - - - - - -	House.
Geda - - - - -	Horse.

They worship their ancestors. Their idols are of wood and stone, to whom sacrifices are offered by the hereditary priesthood. They also have magicians. They consider fish as unclean. Polygamy is practised among them. They are deadly foes to the Muhammedans. They are sociable, cheerful, and passionate. Dancing, with musical instruments and drums, forms part of their amusements. Hospitality and vengeance of blood belong to their religious principles. The men wear a shirt, and over it a black goat's skin, for which they are called *Seeah-poosh*, black clothed. The women wear only one

shirt, and their heads are covered with silver ornaments. A red tiara distinguishes the maidens. They live on cattle, fruit, (walnuts, apples, grapes, and apricots,) and good wine. Their domiciles are of wood, with subterranean chambers; utensils according to European fashion, as chairs, tables, and bedding. They have daggers and fire-arms. A wealthy Seeah-Poosh possesses eight hundred goats, three hundred oxen, and eight slaves. Their number amounts to ninety thousand. Upon the height of Badagshaun are four free tribes of Israel; those of Naphthali, Dan, Zebulon, and Ashur.

My villain escort, Dil Assa Khan, then came up to me and said, "You ought to enter Bokhara dressed as a poor man." I replied, "Villain, liar, and man-seller, (for strong terms alone are effective in the East,) leave me. The Assaff-ood-Dowla will assuredly put you to death when we reach Meshed." Dil Assa Khan turned deadly pale. Shouts of "Selaam Aleikoom" from thousands rang upon my ear. It was a most astonishing sight; people from the roofs of the houses, the Nogay Tatars of Russia, the Cassacks and Girghese from the deserts, the Tatar from Yarkand or Chinese Tartary, the merchant of Cashmeer, the Serkerdeha or Grandees of the King on horseback, the Affghauns, the numerous water-carriers, stopped still and looked at me; Jews with their little caps, the distinguishing badge of the

Jews of Bokhara, the inhabitants of Khokand, politely smiling at me; and the mullahs from Chekarpoor and Sinde looking at me and saying, "Inglese Saib;" veiled women screaming to each other, "Englees Eljee, English Ambassador;" others coming by them and saying, "He is not an Eljee, but the Grand Derveesh, Derveesh Kelaun, of Englistaun."

My addresses had been circulated throughout all the parts of Persia, Tūrkistaun, and Bokhara; my object had become widely understood, and I doubtless reaped the fruit of making the object of my mission thus clear and intelligible to all the Mussulman world. Amid the continued shouts of "Selaam Aleikoom," I looked closely among the populace, in the hope that I might recognise Stoddart or Conolly. It was vain.

Before we were carried to our assigned quarters, we were brought what they emphatically call "*Bala*," *up* to the palace of the King. This is situated on a lofty eminence. When we reached it, the Serkerdeha, *i. e.* the Grandees of the Empire, were just leaving it, riding upon horseback. The people crowded in masses on me, demanding, "What book have you in your hand?" I replied, "The *Towrat-e-Moosa* (Laws of Moses), the *Saboor-e-Dawood* (Psalms of David), and the *Anjeel-e-Esau* (Gospel of Christ), and the Prophecies of Daniel, Isaiah, Ezekiel, Jeremiah, &c." Devoutly did those

poor unenlightened souls touch the Book. At the entrance of the palace gate we were ordered to dismount from our horses. Only the Grandees of the Empire, and Ambassadors of the Sultan of Constantinople, of the Shah of Persia, should they come to Bokhara, are permitted to enter the palace gates on horseback. No Christian, Heathen, or any other Ambassador is allowed that privilege. Singular to say, however, I was allowed this privilege at my audience of leave, prior to my departure from Bokhara.

Previous to our entrance, one of His Majesty's Makhrams appeared before me, and said, "His Majesty condescends to ask whether you would be ready to submit to the mode of Selaam," (for Stoddart Saib refused, and drew his sword.) I asked, "In what does the Selaam consist?" He replied, "You are placed before His Majesty, who will sit upon the Bala Hanah, (from whence Balkan is derived,) and the Shekawl (Minister of Foreign Affairs) will take hold of your shoulders, and you must stroke your beard three times, and three times bow, saying at each time, 'Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar, Allah Akbar,'—'God is the greatest, God is the greatest, God is the greatest;' 'Salaamat Padishah,'—'Peace to the King.'" On being asked if I would do so three times, I said, "Thirty times, if necessary." Entering the gate, we were desired to sit down

upon a stone seat, and after a few minutes' delay were ordered to send up our letters. I sent the following:

1. Two letters from the Sultan. The one which the Sultan himself gave me, and the other which I found at Meshed, and which was not forwarded by that villain Muhammed Ali Serraf.

2. A letter from His Majesty Muhammed Shah of Persia.

3. A letter from Haje Mirza Aghassee, Prime Minister to the King of Persia, addressed to the so-called Vizier of the King of Bokhara, but who in fact is nothing else but the chief of the custom-house, and who is not allowed to receive or open any letter without the Ameer's permission.

4. A letter from His Excellency Count Medem, Russian Ambassador at Teheraun, to the Ameer himself.

5. A letter from the Sheikh al-Islam of Constantinople, to the Cazi Kelaun (grand judge) of Bokhara, for I knew that none of the dignitaries of Bokhara, not even a merchant, are allowed to receive letters without first of all being perused by the Ameer.

6. Letters from the Assaff-ood-Dowla written to myself, in which he stated to me, that all the presents he had sent to the King of Bokhara were sent on my account; and he further wrote to me, that if Dil Assa Khan should betray me at Bokhara, he would burn his father.

7. A copy of the letter sent by the Assaff-ood-Dowla to Dil Assa Khan himself, warning him not to betray me.

Most of the above letters have been published in the course of the previous Narrative, but the letter to the Cazi Kelaun, or Sheikh Islam of Bokhara, from the Sheikh Islam of Constantinople,

is so characteristic a document, that I cannot refrain from giving it at full length.

O Asylum of Excellence, O Loom of Knowledge, the Master of the art of appreciating the worth of men of science, the Possessor of deliberateness, whose customs are those of sincerity; may He endure in honour!

With the offering of the select of sweet-smelling prayers, and of running fountains of odoriferous blessings of good odour, the friendly representation is this; that of the officers of the Kingdom of England, a Colonel named Stoddart, another officer, and two or three Englishmen under safe conduct, who had gone to Bokhara on business some time back, had been arrested, and imprisoned by the glorious Government of Bokhara; and on account of the request which was formerly made on the part of the said kingdom, an august epistle containing (a request for) the exertion of endeavour to liberate the said persons, was issued and dispatched on the part which unites honour and glory, of the asylum of the Caliphate, His Majesty, my Magnified Lord, the Royal, Dread, Puissant, and Great Emperor of the posterity of Osmaun (may God eternize Him, and fortify Him with His assistance unto the end of time!) my Master, to His Majesty, the fortunate, brave, and glorious Khaun, (may God grant him long life, with glory and renown!)

At this present time, it has been resolved on the part of England to send the esteemed Derveesh called Doctor Wolff to gain information concerning the circumstances of the said imprisoned persons, and if they are alive, to take them with him and conduct them back to their country; and a request has been made on the part of the said kingdom that our August Imperial Epistle to His Majesty the said Khaun, be this time also issued, and that an express letter be also written and sent on our sincere part to Your High Quarter, to the effect that endeavour be made to deliver the said

imprisoned persons to the said Derveesh, and to restore them to their place.

According as it is known to Your Excellent Self, the endurance and stability of the pillars of sincerity and friendship, and of the columns of love and amity which from of old have stood and remained firm between the Sublime Empire of eternal duration and the said kingdom, is a thing desired on both sides; and by this reason, such requests as take place are deposited in the centre of acceptance and fulfilment; also in reality the imprisonment and detention of such guests cannot be in accordance and congruous with the laws of nations and the customs of sovereignty; and again, by reason that, according to the result of the requirements of the uniting point of religion and true faith which exist between the Imperial Person of the Caliph and His Majesty the said Khaun, it is an undoubted circumstance that the requests of either to the other which appear in the mirror of event and forthcoming, will arrive at the receptacle of acceptance; therefore, although it is evident that already endeavour has been made to clear of impediment the road of the said imprisoned persons, still in case they should not yet have left Bokhara, an august epistle has been issued and dispatched unto His Majesty the said Khaun, to the effect that endeavour be used for their being delivered to the said Derveesh, to their being restored and sent back safely and joyfully to their place with all possible speed, by way of Constantinople; therefore, according to the generous qualities of equity and conscientiousness with which Your Noble Self is endowed and qualified in this matter, that is, in the matter of restoring and sending back the said imprisoned persons to their place with all possible speed, it is hereby explained, that it is Our sincere and most express hope that most strenuous endeavours will be exerted to the attainment of the requisite means, and the accompaniment of the necessary assistance and protection in their behalf; and in this wise the present

letter, the bond of sincerity, has been written, and sent and forwarded to Your Presence, the Element of Excellence. When, with the grace of the Most High, it shall arrive, the exertion, in the manner aforesaid, of Your most strenuous endeavours, depends upon Your Qualities, Odoriferous with great things.

From the sincere friend, MUSTAFA 'AASIM, son of the native of Mecca; may both their sins be forgiven.

After the letters were sent up, we were brought before the King—Dil Assa Khan and myself. His Majesty was seated in the balcony of his palace, looking down upon us: thousands of people in the distance. All eyes were bent on me, to see if I would submit to the etiquette. When the Shekawl took hold of my shoulders, I not only submitted to his doing so to me three times, but I bowed repeatedly, and exclaimed unceasingly, "Peace to the King," until His Majesty burst into a fit of laughter, and of course all the rest standing around us. His Majesty said, "Enough, enough, enough." We were then ordered to retire. The Shekawl, an officer who answers to our Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, then assured me that His Majesty had smiled upon me, and exclaimed, "What an extraordinary man this Englishman is, in his eyes, and his dress, and the Book in his hand."

His Majesty is about five feet six inches high, rather stout, black eyes and small, of dark complexion, with a convulsive twitching of the muscles

of his face; his voice not remarkably powerful, but rapid in intonation; his smile appears forced. He has the whole appearance of a *bon-vivant*. His clothes are quite those of a common mullah, without any pomp or decoration. He has deprived the mullahs of all their power, and taken the executive into his own hands. On his accession to the throne he killed five of his brothers: two of them, it is reported, were murdered in the territory of foreign powers, viz., one of them at Khokand, and the other at Orenbourg in Russia. After the death of his father, Turah Zadeh was the eldest, and had actually taken possession of Bokhara; however, Nasir Ullah, the present King, retired to the fortress of Karshi, and his friend, who was the Hakim Beyk, remained at Bokhara, and gained over the people of Bokhara by his learning, talent, integrity, and wealth, in favour of Nasir Ullah. After he had thus gained the inhabitants, he sent word to Nasir Ullah to come with troops to the gates of Bokhara. As soon as he appeared the gates were opened, and Turah Zadeh murdered, and Nasir Ullah ascended the throne. A second brother was murdered in the arms of his mother. Omar Khan, a third brother, had the good fortune to escape, and he wandered about in the whole of Tūrkistaun, spent some time among the derveeshes of Mowlana and Jelala Adeen, in the Turkish Empire, performed under the garb of a

derveesh his pilgrimage to the Kaaba at Mecca, to the grave of Muhammed at Medina; returned again to the Khunkaar (Sultan) of Stamboul; and when I, in 1832, was in the desert of Mowr, seated in the tent of a Jew, a derveesh entered the tent of my Jewish host, and soon after an Usbeck came in, and stared at the derveesh, and exclaimed suddenly, kissing his feet, "God preserve Omar Khan, my padishah of Bokhara, son of Ameer Hyder Behadur." Omar Khan said, "Betray me not;" and thus Omar Khan wandered about in the desert of Mowr, and made an alliance with the King of Khiva; and I heard after this that he was slain in battle against his brother, the present King. It is also said that the present King poisoned his own father.

Hakim Beyk, who had assisted him to mount the throne, became his Goosh-Bekee, or Vizier; and as long as he followed the advice of that wise minister, Nasir Ullah was the beloved King of Bokhara, and feared by the Kings around Bokhara. The Kings of Khokand, Cashgar, and Khetay, sent Ambassadors with presents unto him, and Russia continued to be on friendly terms with the King of Bokhara. The object of that great minister, the Goosh-Bekee, was to draw to Bokhara learned men, and men of arts, from all the countries of the earth; and his friendship with Moorcroft had given him a predilection for England, and he desired me in 1832

to prevail on the British Government to send physicians and officers, together with an Ambassador, to Bokhara. Sir A. Burnes, after me, received the favours of that great man, and Dr Haenigberger, also, from Hungary, who came from Lahore, where he was in the service of the great Runjeet Singh, the Lion of the Punjaub. The derveeshes of Bokhara began to sing of the praises of Nasir Ullah and his great minister, the Goosh-Bekee. The town of Bokhara began to be adorned with beautiful mosques, and outside Bokhara gardens and country houses were planned; but Nasir Ullah Behadur became jealous of the Goosh-Bekee. At that time, in the year 1835, Abdul Samut Khan arrived from Cabūl, where he had run away from Dost Muhammed Khan; and he boasted that he was acquainted with all the European sciences and military discipline. The excellent Goosh-Bekee recommended him to the King, and the King nominated him the Chief of the Sirbaas, *i.e.* of the regular troops and of the artillery. The Goosh-Bekee poured favours upon the new comer, whilst Abdul Samut Khan all the time began to intrigue against his benefactor, and made the King believe that the Goosh-Bekee was in correspondence with England. The influence of the Goosh-Bekee began visibly to decline.

At that time a report reached the King, that an Englishman was on his way to Khiva; he sent

soldiers (Usbecks) after him, and made a prisoner of that Englishman. His name was Lieutenant Wyburt. He was cast into prison. The Goosh-Bekee appeared before Nasir Behadur; the respect of the servants was no longer paid to him as before; the Goosh-Bekee bowed three times to the ground, stroked three times his beard, and recited the first chapter of the *Koran*, called Fatkha, which is as follows: "In the name of the most merciful and compassionate God; praise to God, the Creator of the worlds, the most Merciful and Compassionate, the King in the day of judgment; we serve Thee, we look up to Thee; guide us thoroughly in the way of those to whom Thou art merciful, not in the way of those with whom Thou art angry; not in the way of those who are in error. Amen." And then he stroked again his beard. The King asked him to sit down, which he did, bowing again to the ground. Then the King asked, "What is thy request?" He said, "Oh, Hasrat! I have devoted my old days and my gray hairs to the service of my King and my Master; I have served many years your father, to whom God has been merciful. I have not gathered treasure; and I did all that you might become a powerful monarch, honoured by all nations; that you might become like Timur, and your name renowned like that of Scander Sulkarneyn. But in what have I now

sinned, that my advice is no longer heard?" The King demanded, "What is thy desire?" He replied, "Why has Your Majesty pulled down those beautiful palaces which you built with so much expense, and which were the delight of the inhabitants? and besides that, why does Your Majesty arrest Englishmen in the highways, and bring them prisoners to Bokhara? England is a powerful nation; all Hind belongs to it. Shah Soojah-Almulk, and Shah Zemaun, the two Kings of Affghanistaun, have found shelter in the dominions of England. Runjeet Singh, the idolater, threatens to attack Affghanistaun; and if once in Affghanistaun, he may come to Bokhara. On the other side we are threatened from Russia and Khiva, and the Guzl-Bash will unite to destroy the King of Bokhara, which may God prevent. What can save us from all these evils, except a strict alliance with England?" The King told him to retire, and promised to profit by his advice.

Soon after this the Reis, *i.e.* the Great Mullah, who enforces with bastinadoes and death obedience to the observance of the rites of the Muhammedan religion, preached one day to the Muhammedans in the following manner: "The King is a shepherd. The subjects are the sheep. The shepherd may do with the sheep as he thinks proper; he may take the wife from her husband, for the wife is the sheep of

the King, as well as the husband, and he may make use of any other man's wife just as he pleases." From that moment Nasir Ullah became the greatest profligate at Bokhara. He employed all his Makhrams as so many ruffians. The persons who were not willing to give up their wives, were instantly put to death, and he so habituated them to tyranny, that the husband, on being deprived of his wife, sighed and resigned himself to the will of the King with the exclamation, *Een Kary Padsha hast*— "This is a royal act." The honest Goosh-Bekee alone resisted, and boldly reproved the King for it. Upon which he was exiled to Karshi. When the friends of the Goosh-Bekee wanted him to escape to Khokand, he said, "I am too old to be a traitor, I am sixty years of age; I will die in my native country, for die I must, whether in my house or in prison." He remained quietly in prison at Karshe, spent his days in reading the *Koran*, saw from time to time derveeshes of the family of Nakshbande, and was at last brought again to Bokhara, and there put in prison, and then executed by order of the Ameer, behind the palace, on the spot where afterwards Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly were executed.

CHAPTER XI.

Passive Obedience the feeling of the People of Bokhara. Bad Character of the Mervee. King's Touch supposed to cure Disease. His Wives; his mixed Descent from a Persian Mother and an Usbeck Prince; nursed by a Cassack Woman. Dr. Wolff's Interview with Shekawl. Equivocation of Dil Assa Khan. Dr. Wolff explains his Mission. The Makhram sent in the Evening with Questions for Dr. Wolff to answer. Appearance before Ameer on the following day. Makhram sent to Dr. Wolff with another Question. Visit to Abdul Samut Khan; history of him. Nayeb receives Dr. Wolff with apparent cordiality. Long Conversation relative to the Death of Stoddart and Conolly. Private Conversation with Nayeb afterwards; he affects to have befriended Stoddart and Conolly; shews Testimonials from them and Sir Alexander Burnes. Dr. Wolff hears "God save the Queen" played by the Ameer's Band; writes to Lord Aberdeen about the Russian Slaves in Bokhara. Nayeb gives Dr. Wolff three thousand Tillahs; Dr. Wolff objects to receive them. Dr. Wolff explains to the Nayeb the Object of the Stoddart and Conolly Committee. Nayeb demands how much Money Dr. Wolff would pay for his Ransom. King deeply affected at Report made by the Makhram of Dr. Wolff's Interview with Abdul Samut Khan. Letter to Captain Grover.

Whatever crime or cruelty the King of Bokhara commits, the people simply observe, "This was an act of the King"—"Who can fathom the heart of a King?" But the Tatshick have more sense of liberty, and they in secret complain of the cruelty of the King; and the Mervee would at once join the Persians, if the latter would send an army there. But the character of the Mervee is so bad, that the proverb is current at Bokhara and Meshed, If you meet with a viper (*mar* in Persian) and a

Mervee, kill first the Mervee and then the serpent (*mar*). They (the Mervee) are, however, as also the Tatshick, fond of reading poetry. They assembled daily in the quarter where I lived, in the room of Dil Assa Khan Mervee, the treacherous Mervee who served me as *mehmoondar* from Meshed to Bokhara, and read aloud the poem of *Scander Nameh*, or, History of Alexander the Great. It is curious, that though the people of Bokhara are great enemies of the Sheah, yet they are great admirers of the writings of Hafiz and Saadi.

The people of Bokhara and all the rest of the Tūrkomaun nation attach a particular efficacy to the touching of the King's garments or hands, and believe that sick people may be cured by the simple touch of the King.

The King has four wives, of whom he has only one son, who is about twenty years of age, and said to be of a weakly constitution. But it is said that his wives hate him, and that they are Persian slaves. They are the friends of Abdul Samut Khan, to whom they report every action and every word of the King. And it is not to be wondered at that they should hate the profligate above described. It must be observed, that the King himself is the son of Shah Hydur, with a Persian slave; and as a Tūrkomaun well said, at Nishapoor, "As a horse paired with a donkey produces a mule, so an Usbeck married to

a Persian must produce a monster." Besides that, the King had a Cassack woman from the desert as his wet nurse, and thus, as the same Tūrkomaun at Nishapoor observed, "he drank the milk of a man-eater, for the Cassacks in the desert are accused of eating the bodies of dead men, and it is for that reason that he is such a bloodhound."

After presentation to the King we were brought to a small room in the palace, which serves as an *office;* here the Shekhawl above mentioned came accompanied by Mullah Haje his secretary, who is one of those Persian slaves of whom there are two hundred thousand throughout the kingdom of Bokhara. Mullah Haje recollected having known me when at Bokhara in 1832. The Shekhawl then opened the business by first addressing himself to Dil Assa Khan Mervee.

Shekhawl. What is your name and country?

D. A. K. Dil Assa Khan.

Sh. What is your request of His Majesty (Hazrat)?

D. A. K. *My request consists only in one point; His Excellency the Assaff-ood-Dowla being a great friend of His Majesty, and convinced that the King of Bokhara with justice demands the possession of Khiva and Khokand, offers his assistance to His Majesty against Khiva and Khokand, and all the cannon, ammunition, and troops, demanded from him, the*

Mirza Abdul Wahab delt.

Standidge & Co. litho.

TURKOMAUN LADY.

Assaff-ood-Dowla will be ready to send to the Ameer. Khorassaun is near to Bokhara, Russia is two months distant from Bokhara, and England six months; therefore friendship between the Assaff-ood-Dowla and Bokhara is most necessary. This is the only request I have to make.

Wolff. *Have you no other request to make?*

D. A. K. *None whatever.*

W. *You are my man, and the Assaff-ood-Dowla has merely sent you here to assist me in my request to the King, and you have been paid by me for it.*

D. A. K. The Assaff-ood-Dowla has merely sent you on with me here.

Sh. What is your name and request?

W. Joseph Wolff is my name, a well-known mullah and derveesh from England. I was in the city of Bokhara twelve years ago, (Mullah Haje here recollected me and at once said so,) when I was well treated by His Majesty, and a passport was given to me previous to my departure, saying that the high order had been issued that Joseph Wolff the Englishman should be allowed to return to his country, and that on the road nobody should lay any hindrance in his way. After me Sir Alexander Burnes arrived, and was well treated and allowed to proceed on his way to England, and the hospitable conduct of His Majesty towards myself and Sir Alexander Burnes induced others to visit Bokhara

Shereef. Two officers, (highly beloved and honoured by the British government,) my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, came here; Captain Conolly was my Murreed, *i. e.* spiritual disciple; when suddenly it was reported from the land of Russia, the land of Khiva, and even from the land of Khokand, and also from the land of Hindūstaun, that both officers, brave in war, and religious men, had been killed by order of the King of Bokhara, and this news made not only a great commotion throughout England and Hindūstaun, but also in the new world (America), and Muhammed Ali of Egypt heard of it, and thousands in England exclaimed, "War with Bokhara!"

Here the Shekawl interrupted me by asking, "How far is England from Bokhara?" Dil Assa Khan replied, "Six months march." I said, "That is untrue; England itself is only three months march distant from Bokhara, but we have troops at Shikarpore, near Candahar, which is only thirty days march from Bokhara."

I then continued, saying, "I, Joseph Wolff, seeing this great commotion (حرکت) throughout the world, about the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, put into the newspapers, 'Oh my English friends, I cannot believe the report of the death of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly, for they revere at Bokhara *guests* very much. I shall

therefore go there and ascertain the truth.' All my friends said, 'Don't go there, for they will kill you also.' I said, 'I shall go, for Conolly was my great friend.' On seeing my determination, my friends induced the Government of England to order their Ambassadors at Constantinople and Teheraun to procure me letters for His Majesty the King of Bokhara from the Sultan, and from Muhammed Shah. On my arrival at Constantinople the Sultan gave me the required letters, also the Sheikh-al-Islam of Stamboul; and Muhammed, Shah of Persia, not only gave me letters for the King of Bokhara, but also for the Assaff-ood-Dowla, ordering him to give me every assistance and aid, in order that I might meet with a good reception at Bokhara. On my arrival at Meshed the Assaff-ood-Dowla asked me whether I should like him to send a respectable man with me, who would speak in my behalf to the Ameer; in this case he would give himself one hundred tomauns to that man, and I should give another hundred tomauns to that same man. And His Excellency the Assaff-ood-Dowla said he would also send presents to the Ameer to secure for me a good reception. I accepted the proposal, and gave a hundred tomauns to Dil Assa Khan, and we set out for Bokhara, but as he *behaved on the road like a knave, I sent several Tūrkomauns to Meshed, reporting his bad conduct, on which account the Assaff sent me several*

letters, and letters to Dil Assa Khan, with copies of them to me, which I have delivered to the Ameer with the rest of the letters, by which the Ameer will perceive that Dil Assa Khan is only my man, that he has played the traitor, and that the statement of the object of his coming to Bokhara and back, is a falsehood from beginning to end."

D. A. K. *I never said that I did not come on your account, for I know that England and Persia are great friends.*

W. *I don't want your assistance.*

Sh. What is therefore now your object?

Dil Assa Khan here replied, "His (Joseph Wolff's) object is to establish friendship between England and the King of Bokhara."

W. I have no authority for that, but my object is, first, to ask, *Where are my friends, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly? are they alive, or dead?* If alive, I beg His Majesty to send them with me back to England; if dead, His Majesty will state his reasons for putting them to death, and also send with me an Ambassador to England.

I perceived that if I did not hold out some hopes of reconciliation, he (the King) would be driven to despair, and perhaps put me to death; and at the same time the Ambassador would serve me as an escort in my journey through the desert. I now give the continuation of my dialogue with the Shekawl.

Sh. Has the British Government itself authorized you to come here?

Dil Assa Khan interrupted me here, and said, "Yes."

W. No; I am sent by the Sultan and Muhammed Shah, on account of their friendship with England.

Sh. Are you authorized to claim them if alive?

W. Yes, by all the Powers of Europe, and the voice of the British nation.

Sh. Is there much commotion about it in Europe?

W. Very much so; people speak only of Stoddart and Conolly, and of the apprehension they entertain of my sharing the fate of Stoddart and my friend Conolly.

Mullah Haje. You loved Conolly very much?

W. Very much.

We were then dismissed; and the house formerly belonging to Toora Zadeh, brother to the present King, who was killed by order of the latter, was assigned to us as our dwelling; and from that moment, all liberty of going out as I pleased was taken from me. I was watched day and night by the Makhrams of the King. The evening of my arrival the King sent to me two persons, the one was a Makhram, the other a Mirza who writes down

everything which the Makhram (confidential servant to the King) asks the stranger.

Mirza (addressing himself to me). This is a favourite Makhram to Hazrat (His Majesty). * * *

Makhram. His Majesty has been graciously pleased to order you to answer two questions, which he proposes to you now through his slave. The first question is, "Are you able to awake the dead?" The second question is this, "When will the day of resurrection take place?"

W. By God's power, one is able to do everything, for God is mighty above all; and if God (His name be praised!) gives me that power, I am able to do so, but hitherto He has never granted me that power from above. With regard to the second question: when I was at Bokhara, twelve years ago, I conversed with the Jews about the return of Jesus, and then I told them, and also the Goosh-Bekee, His Majesty's Vizier, that Jesus would return after fifteen years: but since that time I have had some doubts that my calculation may not be quite correct, for the meaning of the numbers mentioned in the Prophet Daniel admit of a twofold interpretation; yet I am convinced by the signs of the times that the time of the coming of Jesus is at hand. I then pointed out to him the signs of the times, as mentioned in Matthew xxiv. xxv.; Luke xxi.; Isaiah

xxxiv., &c., and then departed,—every word I said having been written down by the Mirza.

We were ordered to meet the next day again, to appear before the Ameer to make our Selaam, and then to retire. On returning to my lodging, a Makhram was sent again by the King to ask me why I was dressed in black and red colours,—for I wore my clergyman's gown and doctor's hood whenever I was obliged to call on His Majesty. I therefore replied that it was the costume of the Mullah Kelaan, Great Mullahs of England.

Makhram. Has it some meaning?

W. With me it has.

M. What meaning have these colours with you?

W. The black colour indicates that I mourn over my dead friends, and the red colour indicates that *I am ready to give my blood for my faith.*

I arrived, I think, on the 27th of April, it was on a Friday, and on the 29th, Makhram Kasem came and said I must follow him somewhere.

W. Where shall we go?

Kasem. This you will see.

All the attendants around me trembled. An old Yoos Bashi (commander of a hundred soldiers), who was a Persian slave, wept, and said to me in a whisper, after Kasem had gone out of the room of Dil Assa Khan, "Why did you come here? Stoddard Saib and Conolly Saib have thus been taken

out of the house where they will now bring you." I asked my servant Houssein, "Will you accompany me?" He replied in the affirmative. Dil Assa Khan also mounted his horse, and, accompanied by his servants, he rode proudly before me, Makhram Kasem at his side,—who throughout the road conversed with Dil Assa Khan, and not one word with me; and Dil Assa Khan's servants drove violently back my horse, when it came a little near the side of Dil Assa Khan. Houssein, my servant, also began to fear to appear as my servant, and walked near the horse of Dil Assa Khan. We rode one mile out of the town, to the garden of Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan, chief of the artillery, which he disciplines in the European way.

Before I proceed with the relation of my first interview with the Nayeb, a slight digression will make my readers acquainted with a fact, which I believe I mentioned in my journey to Bokhara, in 1831—32. When I arrived at Cabūl, in 1832, I met with Sir Alexander Burnes, and in conversation he told me, "When you come to Peshawr be on your guard against a person there who calls himself the Vizier of Sultan Muhammed Khan; his name is Abdul Samut Khan, a great rascal, who if he can do any harm to an Englishman he will do so, for he knows that we look with contempt upon him." Therefore, on my arrival at Peshawr, I

never came near him, but saw him only for one moment, when he called upon me in the company of Sultan Muhammed Khan.

Abdul Samut Khan was born at Tabreez, in the year 1784, and having acquired some smattering of military science at Kermanshah, from Monsieur le General Court, he was employed there for a while by Muhammed Ali Mirza, the celebrated son of Futt Ullah Shah: on account of some misdemeanour of Abdul Samut Khan, Muhammed Ali Mirza ordered his ears to be cut off. The Khan then deserted, and went over to Muhammed Ali Mirza's antagonist, Abbas Mirza at Tabreez; but was soon obliged to escape from Tabreez. He proceeded to India; thence to Peshawr; from whence he escaped, and took service with Dost Muhammed Khan; he fled thence and came to Bokhara, where the wise and good Hakem Beyk, the Goosh-Bekee of Bokhara when I was there in 1832, procured him service with the Ameer, in order to teach the soldiers the military discipline. The Ameer made him a Khan, and nominated him his Nayeb (lieutenant). He lives in great pomp outside the town, and has acquired, during the nine years he has been there, a fortune of sixty thousand tillahs, *i. e.* ducats. He visits the King every Sunday, and likes to pass as a European by birth, and a disciple of the English officers. He was once in

disgrace on account of having withheld the pay of the troops, and was near being killed soon after Stoddart's death, but the war with Khiva and Khokand prevented the Ameer from doing so, as he was in need of his advice. To this man, Abdul Samut Khan, I was brought, and to the room in the upper story of the house where he frequently conversed with Stoddart and Conolly.

He first embraced slightly Dil Assa Khan, but when he came to me he pressed me to his heart, kissed me for about ten minutes, pinched my hands and my fingers, as I suppose (for I am no Freemason) the Freemasons do, then asked me to sit down and partake of an excellent breakfast of kubaab (roasted lamb), rice, coffee, and tea. Whilst the Nayeb, Dil Assa Khan, and myself, were seated at table, Makhram Kasem, with a Mirza, was seated on the ground in the Eastern manner, and the Mirza (writer) with the pen in his hand and paper and ink before him.

Nayeb (eating at the same time). Now, Mullah Youssuf Wolff, I have known you twelve years; aye, I saw you at Peshawr, and I know all about you. At present England and Bokhara are at war and are enemies; but after you have heard how the two officers, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly treated Hazrat (His Majesty), and how they have treated me, England and Bokhara

shall be friends, which I heartily wish. By the Uzbecks I am suspected of being an Englishman, and by the English I am suspected of being an Uzbeck, but I am neither the one nor the other. All I wish is that the truth should be known, and now I will tell you all about it. When Colonel Stoddart arrived at Bokhara, His Majesty sent a whole troop of soldiers to receive him; he came to Bokhara, and to the Ark, just when Hazrat returned from a pilgrimage to Baba Deen Nakshbande (a holy man buried outside the town). Colonel Stoddart was on horseback. The Shekhawl, and several other Serkerdeha (grandees) went up to him and said, "This is His Majesty, you must dismount." But he replied, "I have no orders for doing so." The Ameer smiled, and said he is a mehmoon (guest). When you, Joseph Wolff, made your Salaam before the Ameer, the Shekhawl took slightly hold of your shoulders to make you bow down; you submitted with your book in the hand; but when the Shekhawl only touched Colonel Stoddart, he laid his hand on his sword and drew it. Nothing was said to this. The house of Toora, the same house in which you live, was assigned to him as his quarters. When a few days after the Rais (one of the mullahs who watch over the people, and have power to flog any one who does not observe strictly the Muhammedan religion) sent one of his

friends to Stoddart and asked him whether he was an Eljee (ambassador) or a Sodagur (merchant)? Stoddart replied, "*Eat dung!*"

His imprisonment upon this occasion the Nayeb passed over in silence, and continued, "At last from fear, Stoddart said he would become a Mussulman, and according to the Muhammedan religion, if a person says he will turn Mussulman, he must either do so or die. He became a Mussulman, and a short time after openly avowed again the Christian religion. At last it was agreed that he should write to England to be acknowledged as the accredited agent of Great Britain at the court of Bokhara, and that the King of Bokhara should be the acknowledged sovereign of Turkistaun, &c.; and Colonel Stoddart promised that in four months an answer should arrive from the Government of England. Though at his (Stoddart's) request, Japar Khanas (post-houses) were established from Bokhara to Sarakhs, which did not exist either at Bokhara or in the land of Tūrkistaun from the time of Afrasiab, *fourteen months* elapsed, and no answer arrived. During the time that Colonel Stoddart was at Bokhara, Captain Conolly went from Organtsh (Khiva) to Khokand, where he stopped a considerable time, exciting both countries to wage war against the Ameer of Bokhara. He at last arrived at Bokhara, announcing himself as a British Agent,

without having any letters from the British Government; and whatever Colonel Stoddart had agreed to he upset, announcing to the King of Bokhara that the British Government would never interfere with the affairs of Tūrkistaun, and all that Colonel Stoddart had agreed to went for nothing. Thus it was clear that Colonel Stoddart was a liar. During the stay of Conolly and Stoddart they took every opportunity of despatching, in the most stealthy manner, letters to Cabūl; and on this account His Majesty became displeased, and both Captain Conolly and Colonel Stoddart were brought, with their hands tied, behind the Ark (palace of the King), in presence of Makhram Saadat, when Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly kissed each other, and Colonel Stoddart said to Saadat, 'Tell the Ameer that I die a disbeliever in Muhammed, but a believer in Jesus —that I am a Christian, and a Christian I die.' And Conolly said, 'Stoddart, we shall see each other in Paradise (Behesht), near Jesus.' Then Saadat gave the order to cut off, first the head of Stoddart, which was done; and in the same manner the head of Conolly was cut off."

W. I thought strangling was the mode of killing at Bokhara.

N. Strangling was formerly used, but the King of Bokhara said, "Strangling gives more pain, and the rascally Khan of Khiva strangles people;

and therefore, out of mercy, I command the heads of evil-doers to be cut off with a common knife."

Then the Nayeb said to me, "Have you some request to make?"

W. First of all, I am astonished that His Majesty should have thought that the Government of England would enter into a correspondence with him as long as Stoddart was a prisoner, and thus forced to write whatever His Majesty pleased. Secondly, I am astonished that Colonel Stoddart should have expected that Government would, under these circumstances, listen to his proposals.

N. (knocking upon the table on which the breakfast was spread). But Japar-Khanas (post-houses) were established on Stoddart's account, which existed not from the time of Afrasiab.

W. Yet he was a prisoner.

N. (again in the same manner). But Japar-Khanas were established on Stoddart's account, which existed not from the time of Afrasiab.

W. Then I have to observe, that the correspondence between England and Persia was carried on for a long time through the Governor-General of India. Now I have been informed that Lord Ellenborough, the present Governor-General of India, wrote to His Majesty the King of Bokhara.

The Nayeb evidently appeared embarrassed, and said, "I never saw such a letter from the Governor-

General;" and then immediately asked me, "What is to be done?" I saw clearly that there was nothing else to be done but to contrive to get away from Bokhara as soon as possible, and in the best and safest manner I could. I therefore saw clearly, that if I did not hold out some hopes of reconciliation, that I should not be allowed to go back to tell the story, and therefore thought that the best way to effect my escape would be to propose to the Ameer to send an Ambassador with me; for even if he had suffered me to go alone, I had reason to be apprehensive that Dil Assa Khan—afraid that I should get him punished for his treachery by the Assaff-ood-Dowla—would murder me on the road to Meshed; and such an Ambassador, therefore, would serve me as a protector. I therefore simply told the Nayeb, "Let the King send with me an Ambassador to apologize in England for his conduct."

This whole conversation, at my proposal, was written down; and the Makhram Kasem, with the Mirza, instantly rode off to the palace, for the King was so impatient to know the result of the conversation, that he actually sent three Makhrams on horseback, one after the other, from the palace to the garden of the Nayeb.

After the Makhram Kasem and the Mirza had departed, the Nayeb desired Dil Assa Khan, his servants, and my servants, to go down and take a walk

in the garden, and after this had been done by them the whole conversation took quite a different turn.

Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan began to weep, and said, "Both Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly have been put to death *without a sin or crime on their part.* I was not able to answer your objection, that the King could not expect an answer from Dowlat, (this, which means *the Power*, is the emphatic designation of our Government at Bokhara,) as long as Stoddart was a prisoner; in fact, he was so much worn out that when he (Stoddart) came to me he had not a shirt on his back, pale as the wall. I offered to the King one hundred thousand tillahs for their release, but he would not give ear to my proposal; all His Majesty replied was, 'They are spies, and as spies they must die.' Soon after them another Englishman came, whose name I don't know,—he was also put to death; and one Frankee, Naselli by name, who had letters for Avitabile at Lahore. The tyrant (Abdul Samut Khan continued) intended putting me to death, and has for two years back not given me any salary, until he saw that he could not go on without me; and thus he acted even after I had taken Khokand; and if he had been able to have taken Khiva, he certainly would have cut off my head. Let the British Government send one officer to Khokand, another to Khoolom, another to Khiva, and thus let

those Khans be induced to march against Bokhara, and let the British Government only give me twenty or thirty thousand tillahs, I am ready to support them; I make *Halt, Front!* (he said this in English, the only words he knows besides *no force.*) Three days after they were killed, the tyrant sent to me Makhram Saadat, and gave to me the full report of it, and I went to see the spot. There is a custom on the circumcision of a son to invite some great man, who takes the child upon his knees. I intend, if the British Government gives me twenty thousand tillahs, to invite the King, place him upon a seat undermined, and the moment he sits down I will blow him up. I know that he intends to kill me, but—(here the hypocrite lifted up his eyes to heaven, and said) '*Inshallah*,' God willing,—I shall put him to death."

W. This, neither the British Government, nor any Christian, will ever approve of, for Kings are considered by us as *Sille-Ullah, i. e.* the shadows of God. I will now ask you a question, and this it is,—What did he say when he heard of my arrival?

Nayeb. When he received the letter from the Khaleefa of Mowr, announcing to him your arrival, he informed me of it. I asked, "What does Your Majesty intend to do with him?" He replied, "If he brings no letters from Dowlat he shall fare like the former,—I put him to death." But his mind

was so restless, that he assembled about twenty Serkerdeha (grandees), most of them advising him to put you to death. One of them, my enemy, who was dismissed on my account from his situation of Governor of Samarcand, said to him, "Your Majesty asks me for my advice: I would recommend Your Majesty first to kill the Nayeb and then the Englishman." I received this news only yesterday, when Mullah Haje informed me of it by his wife; but fear not, I will stand by you, and to prove I have been a friend of Stoddart and Conolly and Sir Alexander Burnes, I will show you something.

Here he produced the following documents:

I. *From Colonel Stoddart.*

6 November, 1841.

I write this document in certificate of my sense of the good offices rendered to me at Bokhara, by Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan, who was extremely kind to me while I was recovering, under God's mercy, from severe fever and ague; I was ordered to this house in the beginning of this year, from the Daster-Khanjee, and since I have been with him, he has been of good service in forwarding my communications to and from the Ameer, and with Government, and in aiding to obtain permission for my departure from Bokhara. I have reported, and will further report, all the details of his good offices to Government, and I give him this as testimony of my gratification and sense of his kindness by way of introduction to any Englishman, and as he has requested it, thinking it may some day serve him, with my best prayer that God Almighty may bless him and his family. I sign this .

CHARLES STODDART, *given at the Garden.*

II. *From Captain Conolly.*

Received from Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan three thousand tillahs, which I have promised to get invested for him in the Honourable East India Company's Fund. I take this money on public account, and will write suggestions for allowing the Nayeb twenty per cent. profit on it, (the Bazaar rate of exchange to Cabūl,) when I next address the Envoy and Minister at Cabūl. This I merely give as a note of hand to secure him against accident to myself in the interim.

ARTHUR CONOLLY, *on a special mission to Tūrkistaun.*

Then, after this, the Nayeb produced a most friendly letter in Persian, but signed in English by Sir A. Burnes, which entirely deceived me with respect to the Nayeb's character; for Sir A. Burnes had warned me against the Nayeb when I met him at Cabūl; so I thought that Sir A. Burnes might have changed his opinion about the Nayeb, and have been deceived with respect to his character when he saw him in 1832; and I was further deceived by a letter, recommending me to him from Colonel Sheil; and lastly, by a despatch sent from Lord Aberdeen to Colonel Sheil, in which Abdul Samut Khan was recommended as a man worthy of credit.

The time of evening approached, and the band of soldiers played "God save the Queen," which most agreeably surprised me. I then asked him whether there were any other Europeans there;

he told me that there was one Italian, Giovanni Orlando by name, who came from Constantinople to Khokand with a Khokand Ambassador; that on the taking of Khokand, the King intended putting him to death, but that he, Abdul Samut Khan, saved his life, and brought him and his wife to Bokhara, where he now gains his livelihood by watch mending. I saw the man afterwards; he is a good-natured fellow of fair capacity, who was, as he expresses himself, "Un povero miserabile, nel suo paese," which is Parma, and is "Un povero miserabile," in Bokhara.

I then asked whether there were Russian slaves at Bokhara. He replied that there were in the town and in the villages about twenty. I said that I should like to ransom them; I had no authority for doing so, but I knew that my friends in England would assist me. He said that he would procure for me the twenty slaves for one thousand tillahs (ducats). I agreed to that in case I could openly take them with me. He said that he would arrange the matter. I wrote therefore a letter to Lord Aberdeen about it.

He then said he would give into my charge three thousand tillahs, to invest in the Bank of England. To this I decidedly objected, assigning as my reason, 1st, that I was totally unacquainted with money matters; 2nd, that it was very dangerous to carry

so much money through the desert. He replied that he would send one of his own servants with me as far as Meshed, who should carry it, and he said, "You will certainly not refuse when I deliver you from such a tyrant."

At last one of the Makhrams of the King came on the King's own business, and Dil Assa Khan also approached us. After the Nayeb had conversed with the Makhram a few minutes, the Makhram, Dil Assa Khan, and myself, sat down in the open garden with the Nayeb, to partake of a supper, when the Nayeb began, "But Mullah Youssuf Wolff, about one matter I have been astonished, and that is, that you came here with such a shabby present for such a great King as Nasir Ullah Behadur, who is a Padishah, and the Padishah of Bokhara Shereef, and of Samarcand of the tribe of Mankid, to bring for such a King only a present valued in the market-place at ten tillahs! You ought to purchase here for the Padishah nine times nine shawls, according to the usage of the country, every shawl to the value of thirty tillahs, so that you will have to incur an expense of eighty-one times thirty, which will amount to two thousand four hundred and thirty tillahs, but a little sum for the great Power of England."

I then said to the Nayeb, in the presence of the Makhram and Dil Assa Khan, "Now I must make you acquainted thoroughly with my circumstances,

and with every circumstance connected with my mission to Bokhara. The Government of England was thoroughly convinced that the report of Stoddart and Conolly's death was true, and a mighty vizier, Sir Robert Peel by name, openly stated all circumstances in the House, where all the Grandees of the Empire assemble; but some friends of mine and myself doubted the fact, especially as I was well treated at Bokhara twelve years ago. These few friends have allowed me one thousand tillahs for my journey to and from Bokhara. If Stoddart and Conolly had been alive, I might have thought myself authorized to spend two thousand four hundred and thirty tillahs, and even more, for their release, but as they are dead, I have neither authority from my friends, who have sent me, nor from Government."

Nayeb. Stoddart and Conolly's pay was but two hundred rupees a month, and yet they would have paid one hundred thousand tillahs; how much would you pay if you were imprisoned?

Here I perceived the height of my unguarded observation, and I began to tremble, and was already somewhat afraid that the Nayeb was not quite sincere. The Makhram departed, and it was already about midnight, when suddenly Makhram Kasem came from the city to the garden, breathing hard, the gate was shut, but His Majesty had ordered the gate to be opened. The Makhram told us that when

he brought the written conversation held between the Nayeb and myself, Hasrat (His Majesty) was sitting with his head supported by his hands, when suddenly he started and exclaimed, "What did Youssuf Wolff say?" They gave him the paper to read; he immediately sent word that the Ambassador would be ready in a few days to depart with me to England, with presents for the Queen. "Now," said the Nayeb, "you have permission to leave, and after to-morrow we send for Morteza the Kafila Bashee, who goes to Meshed, and before you leave there will also be ready articles of Conolly and Stoddart."

At this period, by order of the Ameer, I addressed the following letter to Captain Grover, giving the official details of the execution of Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly:

Sir, Bokhara, May 5, 1845.

I write this letter in the house of Nayeb Abdul Samut Khan, the chief of the Artillery and of the Arsenal of His Majesty the King of Bokhara, a sincere and excellent friend of the British nation, and in the presence also of His Majesty the Ameer's Makhram (private chamberlain); and I write this letter officially, by order of the King of Bokhara, to whom I give a translation of the letter, and therefore confine myself only to the most necessary topics, without comment, and without any observation on my part.

1st. On the 29th of April, the King stated to me, by medium of the above-named Nayeb, and in the presence of Mullah Kasem, the King's Makhram (private chamberlain), that he had put to death, in the month of Sarratan,

1259, Colonel Stoddart and Captain Conolly. Colonel Stoddart was put to death, firstly, on account of his having treated Royalty with the greatest disrespect on different occasions; secondly, that he had turned Mussulmaun, and then returned to the Christian faith; thirdly, that he had promised to get letters from England, and fourteen months had elapsed without receiving any answer, though the King had erected Japar khanas (posthouses) on his account. And with regard to Conolly, that he had been put to death for having induced the Khans of Khiva and Khokand to wage war against the King of Bokhara, &c. His Majesty has given me permission to leave Bokhara on the 9th of May, *i. e.* Friday next.

From Meshed I shall write everything more fully.

I am, Sir,

Your humble and obedient servant,

JOSEPH WOLFF, *Mullah of England.*

A musical band played "God save Victoria our Queen." They were Hindees from Lahore, formerly in the service of Runjeet Singh.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST.

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Wolff, Joseph
Narrative of a mission to
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